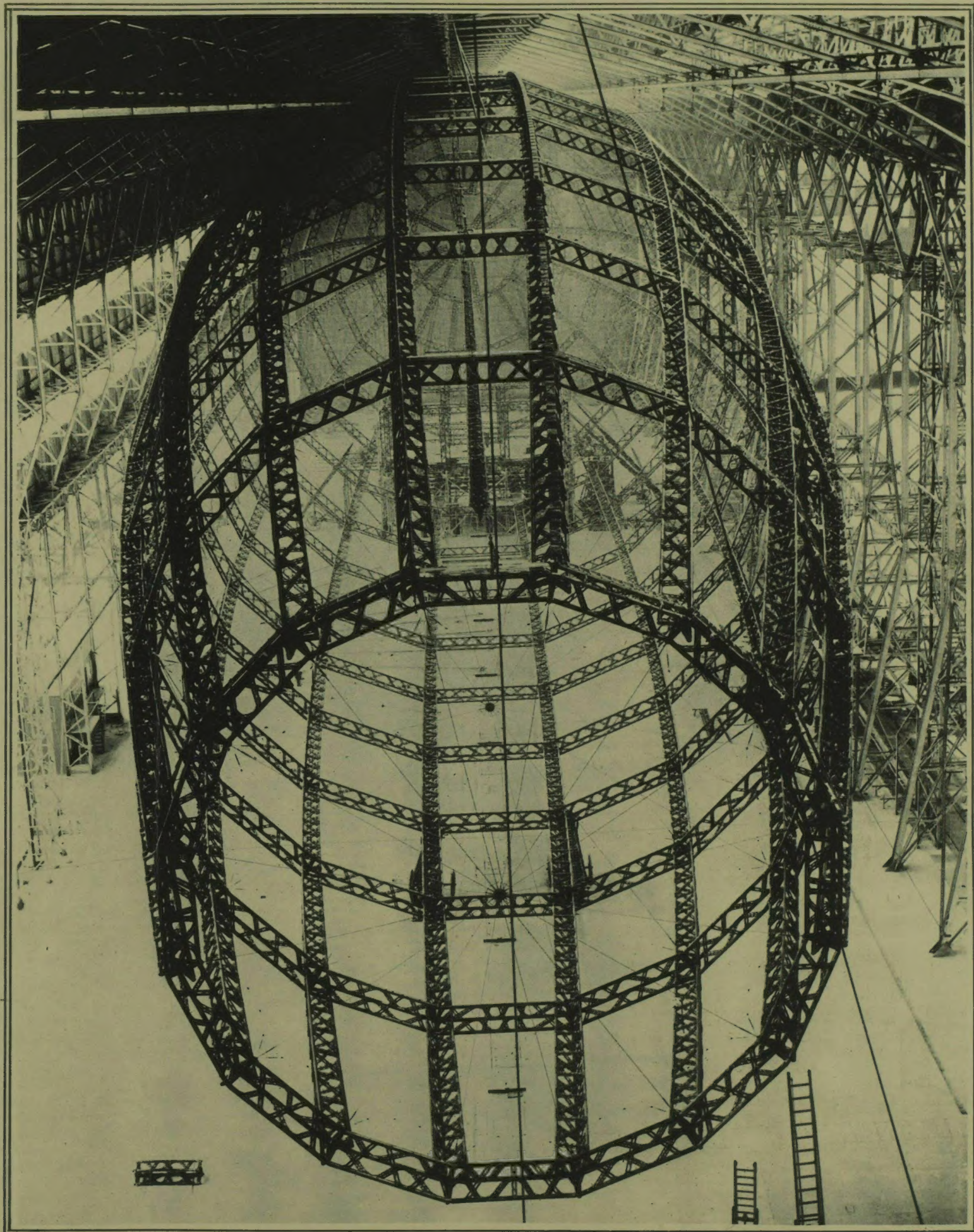


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1927.

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## BRITAIN'S NEW GIANT AIRSHIP TO CARRY A HUNDRED PASSENGERS: "R100" UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The building of the 5,000,000-cubic-foot airship "R100," for the Air Ministry, was begun last year by the Airship Guarantee Co., at Howden, in Yorkshire. Delay was caused by the industrial troubles of 1926, and the vessel will not be completed until April of 1928. The "R100" is 709 ft. long, with a maximum diameter of 130 ft. Her designed speed is 82 miles per hour. The actual displacement is 156 tons, nearly double

that of the "Santa Maria," the vessel in which Columbus sailed to discover America. There is accommodation for 100 passengers and a crew of 35; a restaurant to seat fifty; and promenade decks some 14 ft. wide. Heating, lighting, and cooking are all arranged electrically. The engine installation at present consists of six 700-h.p. Rolls-Royce engines, but these may be changed later for light Diesel engines.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just been looking at a new weekly paper, which is, I grieve to say, described as "a worthwhile paper." The American adjective is one which it seems hardly worth while to adopt; but there are several things in the pages which it may be found worth while to read. And, especially, there is one on the front page, which concerns something I mentioned recently on this page. I mean the mistakes arising from not knowing how an argument began, especially if it began some time ago, and perhaps began about the same time that we ourselves began.

Ever since I began, almost ever since I was a baby, I have been familiar with the statement that the creeds are crumbling. And, having watched the world from my first to my second childhood, I have come to the conclusion that the statement is quite untrue. The creeds, when they really are creeds, seem to me much the hardest and most indestructible material made by man, if they were made by man. Huge crowds of people are still reciting word for word the creeds that were composed before a single existing kingdom had a king, before a single existing nation had a name, when chariot-races still swept round the Roman amphitheatre, when legionaries still watched the eagles on the Roman Wall. That may have nothing to do with the truth of the creeds, but it surely has something to do with their tenacity. But what I have also noticed, in this brief span since babyhood, is that the very opposite of this critical opinion is the case.

What is always crumbling is not the creed but the criticism. Especially when it is of the sort which calls itself, with the well-known humility of science, the Higher Criticism. The person whose position is perpetually growing shaky, shifting, sliding, and breaking away from under him, is the advanced sceptic who is attacking the tradition of orthodoxy. It is he who has to abandon position after position, in order to continue the battle or even to remain in the field. A sharp and arresting example of this is given in the first article of the paper in question, which is by "An Enquiring Layman," and recalls the famous controversy between Huxley and Gladstone about the miracle of the Gadarene swine. I can remember the old age of Huxley and Gladstone and the echoes of that controversy. And what strikes me most about the years that have intervened is that Huxley's side of the argument has entirely altered; that it has really altered much more than Gladstone's. I have remarked this elsewhere, in a more general sense, with reference to the marked return of mystical and occult notions even in agnostic and pagan circles. If some generally respected and sincere enquirer, like Sir Oliver Lodge,

were to mention to-morrow a well-attested story of a stampede of cattle under the influence of some wild, occult force such as "earth-bound spirits," nobody would think the story specially inconceivable. It would seem no more impossible nowadays than half a hundred other psychic phenomena for which there is very fair evidence, though very varying explanations. It would not look like the mere grotesque remnant of an utterly dead demonology that it seemed to Huxley. Huxley might still disbelieve it, of course; he might deny that it was a miracle; but he certainly would not deny that Sir Oliver Lodge was a man of science.

But it was another and even quainter point which the paper recalled to me. I have to thank the writer

what Huxley said, he may, of course, go on being sceptical, but he certainly will not be permitted to call himself advanced.

In short, Huxley disputed the miracle in the name of the morality, of the very morality which is now most disputed. I cannot say I think his objection was very cogent in the particular case, for I take it we know nothing whatever about the special circumstances of the ownership of the swine of Gadara. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the swine belonged to some rich man who was, by owning them, considerably exploiting the means of production and the proletariat of swineherds. There are now many who maintain that Jesus of Nazareth was a Socialist; some who maintain He was a Communist. I do not mean

that I agree with them, but I do mean that they mean it as a compliment and not a depreciation. And those people would actually use as a compliment what Huxley used as a depreciation. The new advanced thinkers would think the thaumaturgist right exactly where the old agnostic thinker thought Him wrong. They might consider Him as right when He destroyed the property of the pork plutocrat as when He flung over the tables of the traders, which also might be called an interference with private property. I am considering all this, not from my own point of view, but from that of the poor unfortunate person who has to go on being an advanced sceptic. And it seems obvious that he has to attack the creed in the time of Bernard Shaw for exactly the opposite reasons to those he used in the time of Huxley. Meanwhile, the creed has remained exactly the same.

Now, it will not do to answer that the advanced sceptic

has advanced further. It is not a question of his advancing, but of his retreating. The later argument destroys the earlier argument; it does not carry it further. The first sceptic says that something is wrong because something else is right. If the second thing is not right, then there never was any reason to believe that the first thing was wrong. If I say Paul Jones was wicked because he was a pirate, and then go on to prove that piracy is perfectly innocent and respectable—well, then it follows that there was never any particular objection to Paul Jones, and there is an end of it. I use the example in an abstract and algebraic manner, without any intention of pronouncing on a particular problem of privateering and piracy. I merely mean that the critic's position does in fact collapse under him, and does not in fact serve as a spring-board from which he can leap to a new logical position which is quite inconsistent with it. It is not the creed, but the criticism that is always crumbling away, age after age.



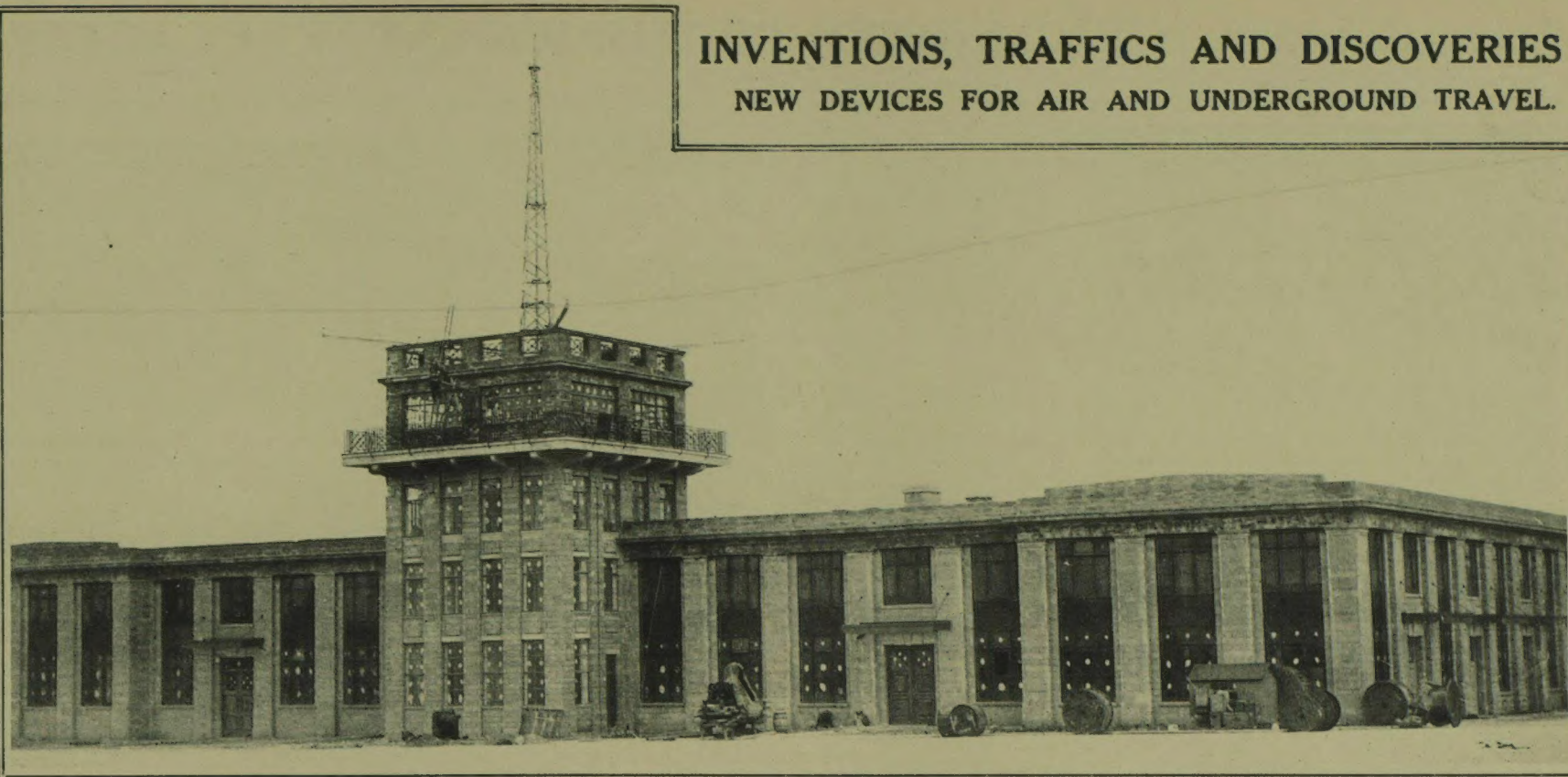
AFTER A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL IN TROUBLED RUMANIA: THE YOUNG KING MICHAEL (LEFT); WITH HIS MOTHER (FORMERLY PRINCESS HELEN OF GREECE), PRINCESS IRENE OF GREECE, PRINCE PAUL OF GREECE, AND MGR. MIRON CRISTEA, THE PATRIARCH OF RUMANIA, ONE OF THE REGENTS.

King Michael was born on October 25, 1921, son of the Crown Prince Carol, now known as Carol Caraiman, and his wife, Princess Helen, now styled the Princess of Rumania. The Regents are Prince Nicholas, uncle of the boy King; the Patriarch of Rumania; and the First President of the Court of Cassation.

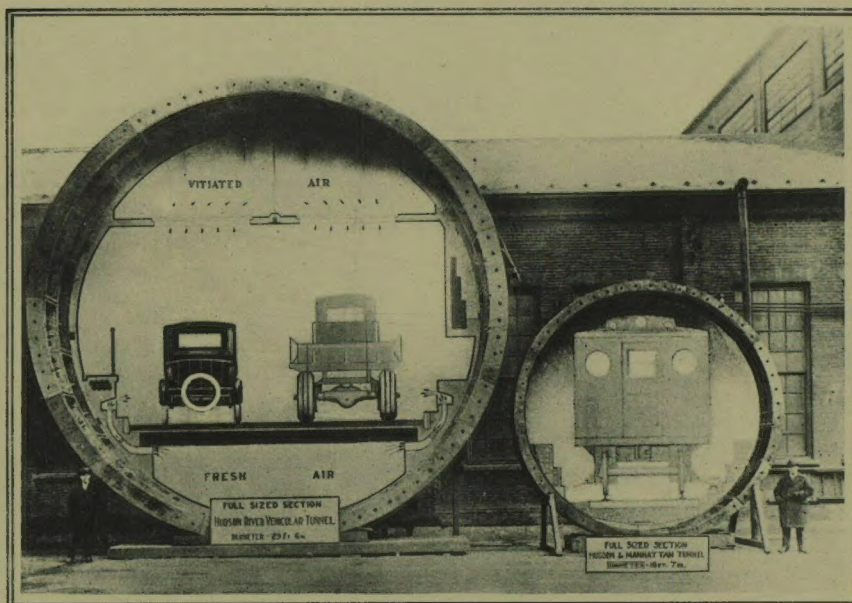
for reminding me of what I had completely forgotten, that Huxley was so very Victorian as to base his gravest objection to the miracle on the sanctity of Private Property. He wrote with a sort of solemnity: "Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanour of evil example." Huxley believed in the private ownership of pigs. So do I. I am now considered a most eccentric character for doing so. I am looked upon as a cranky Distributist, a stubborn and antiquated mediævalist, a fanatical idiot fighting against all the inevitable forces of the age, because I agree with Huxley and believe in the private ownership of pigs. I have even protested against those great social and hygienic regulations by which County Councils and medical officers have practically forbidden the private ownership of pigs. But never am I saluted as an advanced sceptic. And what is to become of the poor advanced sceptic? If he goes on saying



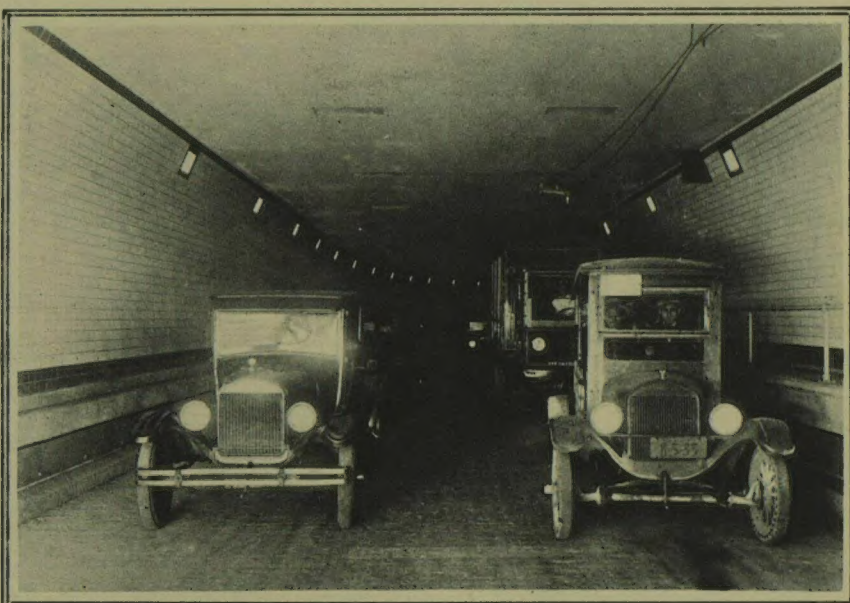
## INVENTIONS, TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES: NEW DEVICES FOR AIR AND UNDERGROUND TRAVEL.



THE FINEST AIR STATION IN THE WORLD UNDER CONSTRUCTION: THE NEW BUILDINGS AT CROYDON AERODROME, INCLUDING A HUNDRED-FOOT CONTROL TOWER CONTAINING WIRELESS DIRECTION-FINDING AND LIGHTING APPARATUS—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT AERIAL WIND-GAUGE MAST AND THE TERMINAL BLOCK, WHOSE FLAT ROOF MAY POSSIBLY BE USED ONE DAY AS A LANDING-STAGE FOR AIRCRAFT.



NEW YORK'S GREAT ROAD TUNNEL UNDER THE HUDSON: A SECTION OF THE NEW HOLLAND TUBES (LEFT) COMPARED WITH A SMALLER RAILWAY PREDECESSOR, AND SHOWING THE VENTILATION SYSTEM FOR MOTOR-CAR EXHAUST FUMES.

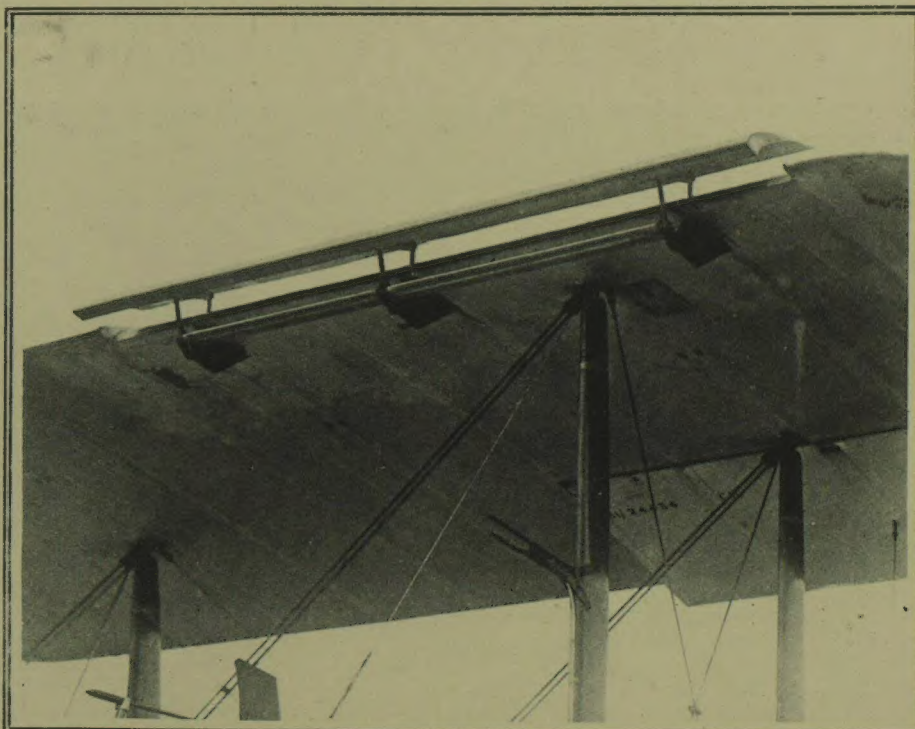


IN A HOLLAND TUBE (BETWEEN NEW YORK AND JERSEY CITY) OPENED BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE: AIR VENTS, CONCEALED LIGHTS, AND AN EMERGENCY TRAFFIC SIGNAL BOX (ON CEILING BEHIND FIRST CAR TO RIGHT).



A NEW SAFETY DEVICE FOR AEROPLANES RECENTLY DEMONSTRATED SUCCESSFULLY WITH THE SECRETARY FOR AIR (SIR SAMUEL HOARE) AS PASSENGER: A MACHINE FITTED WITH HANDLEY PAGE WING-SLOTS.

The new buildings at Croydon Aerodrome, which will make London's air port the finest in the world, are expected to be occupied early next year.—New York is to spend £200,000,000 during the next five years on improvement schemes, including tunnels, subways, and bridges. The first of these works—the Holland Tubes, named after the engineer who designed them, the late Mr. Clifford M. Holland—was opened on November 12 by President Coolidge. The twin tubes are the longest ever built—9250 ft. The chief problem was ventilation, to get rid of motor exhaust fumes. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, the British scientist, had discovered, from mining researches, that no one could live for an hour in an atmosphere containing over 4 parts of carbon monoxide to 10,000 parts of air. To prevent this danger, a system was devised by which vitiated air is carried away through the roof into an exhaust duct, and under the road is another duct from which fresh

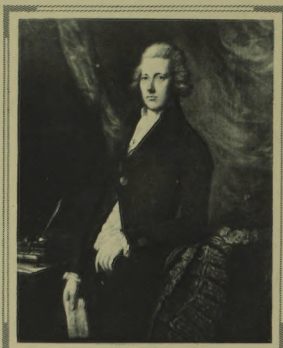


THE AIR SAFETY DEVICE FOR THE AMERICAN RIGHTS IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAS GIVEN £220,000: AN AEROPLANE WING FITTED WITH THE NEW HANDLEY PAGE AUTOMATIC SLOTS.

air rises.—On November 18, at Cricklewood aerodrome, Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air, went up as passenger in an old Bristol "fighter" fitted with the new safety device—the Handley Page automatic wing-slots. Their efficiency was very successfully demonstrated, and Service machines are to be fitted with them. Their effect is to retain lateral control in the event of stalling at a dangerous angle, and prevent a spin and nose-dive.



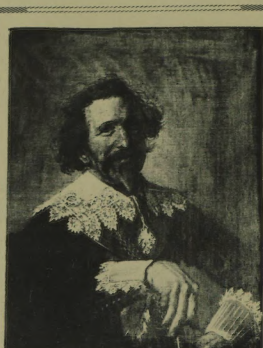
# THE IVEAGH BEQUEST TO BE SHOWN AT THE ACADEMY: A GREAT COLLECTION FOR THE NATION, WITH KEN WOOD.



"THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788).



"RETURNING FROM MARKET": BY RUBENS (1577-1640) AND FRANZ SNYDERS (1579-1657).



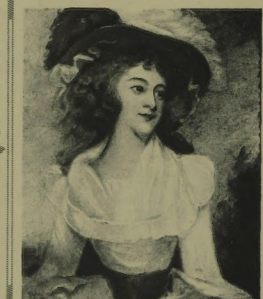
"THE MAN WITH A STICK": BY FRANS HALS (c. 1580-1666).



"MRS. SMITH AND HER NIECE": BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).



"HENRIETTA LOTHARINGS, PRINCESS OF PHALSBURG" (1634): BY VAN DYCK (1599-1641).



"MISS LINLEY": BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802).



"JAMES STUART, DUKE OF RICHMOND": BY VAN DYCK (1599-1641).



"THE GUITAR-PLAYER": BY JAN VERMEER OF DELFT (c. 1632-1675).



"MISS MURRAY": BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE (1769-1830).



"SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, THE HARROW PRODIGY": BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN (1756-1823).



"THE CHILDREN OF J. ANGERSTEIN": BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).



"MASTER PHILIP YORKE": BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792).

The late Earl of Iveagh bequeathed to the nation his great collection of pictures (estimated to be worth at least £500,000) and Ken Wood House, Hampstead, as a permanent home for the collection. In view of the fact that the necessary alterations to Ken Wood cannot be completed for some months, it has been arranged, through the good offices of the "Daily Mail," that the sixty-three pictures of the Iveagh Bequest are to be shown at Burlington House, in January, along with the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition, which this time takes the form of a memorial display of the work of Royal Academicians lately deceased. Most of Lord Iveagh's pictures are unfamiliar to the public, and their presence at the Royal Academy will greatly enhance the interest of the forthcoming exhibition. In an appreciation of the Iveagh Bequest, Mr. P. G. Konody, the well-known art critic, writes: "Less known even than this masterpiece

(Rembrandt's self-portrait of 1663) is Frans Hals's superb portrait known as 'L'Homme à la Canne' (The Man with a Stick) representing Pieter Van den Broecke, of Antwerp, founder of Batavia, with a subtle smile which recalls the famous 'Laughing Cavalier' in the Wallace Collection. . . . A picture of quite exceptional stateliness and dignity, even for so courtly a master as Van Dyck, is the full-length portrait of Henrietta of Lorraine, Princess of Phalsburg, attended by a black page-boy. . . . It was purchased at Antwerp by Endymion Porter for Charles I. At the Duke of Hamilton's sale in 1882 it realised £2100. . . . On the whole, Lord Iveagh concentrated upon securing an unrivalled collection of portraits by the great English portraitists of the eighteenth century, and more particularly by Sir Joshua Reynolds. One of the most attractive is the charming group of the Angerstein children, for which Reynolds was paid £200." In the picture "Returning from Market," the man's head is considered to be a portrait of Rubens himself. Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters" says: "The talents of Snyder's excited the admiration of Rubens, who frequently entrusted him to paint the animals, fruit, etc., in his pictures."





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### A BRITISH FOSSIL COME TO LIFE! THE FALSE-KILLER WHALE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN men casually speak of the study of Natural History as an interesting "hobby," one may say of them at once that they have no more than a vague perception of the theme on which they have ventured to express an opinion. It evidently conjures up in their minds but a momentary consciousness of things such as beetles, butterflies, and birds: things suitable enough as a source of amusement for youngsters—keeping them out of mischief—but which are scarcely "profitable" for grown men; though they may know some who, in spite of this weakness, are "quite good fellows"! This attitude is unfortunate; and I have a suspicion that it is

nosed whales, but, to his amazement, found the false-killer, *Pseudorca crassidens*!

Hitherto this species has held a place as a British whale solely on the evidence of a skull found in the fens near Peterborough, and described by Owen so long ago as 1841; and a skeleton found in the Cambridge fens a year or two ago, and presented by Dr. Garrod to the British Museum of Natural History. These probably are relics of similar catastrophes at a time when the Wash extended inland over what is now the fen land of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, which takes us back to the end of

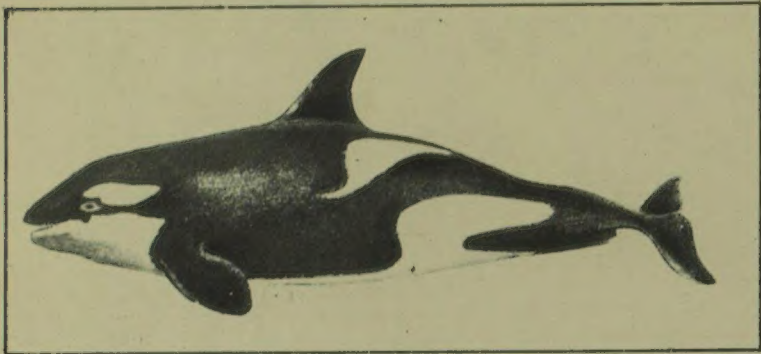
the last Glacial epoch.

From those far-off days till 1861, *Pseudorca*, so far as we know, never entered our northern seas; but in that year a school of about one hundred made their way into the Baltic. One or two were stranded at Middelburg, and the rest at Kiel. Curiously enough, no serious attempt was made to collect specimens, though Reinhardt did what he could. The British Museum will make amends for this mistake by securing, as skeletons, the bulk of the victims of the stranding in Dornoch Firth; while ample material in the way of viscera for dissection has been

collected, in addition to dissection made on the spot by Mr. Hinton. This is well, for his knowledge of cetacean anatomy is indeed extensive. The skeletons sent home will be used for exchange purposes with other museums. They will be much in demand, for it would seem that one might search all the museums in the world and not find more than twenty skulls, and parts of skulls, and half-a-dozen skeletons.

Somewhere about 1864 a mixed school of whales

Living as it does on cuttle-fish, one naturally asks, Why should it be so rare? For other species, such as the pilot or "ca'ing" whale, the great bottle-nosed whale, and the huge sperm whale, are of like habits in this matter of food, and are still relatively abundant. But we have a parallel in the case of the "beaked whales" of the genus *Mesoplodon* and *Berardius*, which also feed on cuttle-fish, and are rare. Of one, indeed, True's beaked whale (*Mesoplodon mirus*), but three examples have ever been taken: two in American waters, and one, now in the British Museum, off the Irish coast. Layard's beaked whale, and its near relative, *Mesoplodon*



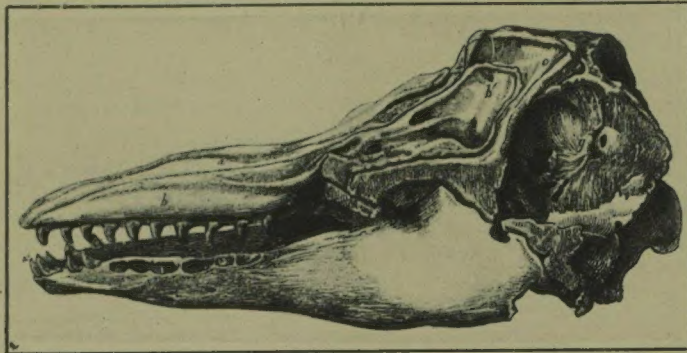
NOT VERY NEARLY RELATED TO THE FALSE-KILLER: THE VORACIOUS KILLER WHALE—ONE SPECIMEN OF WHICH WAS FOUND TO CONTAIN 14 SEALS AND 13 PORPOISES!

The Killer Whale, the males of which run to a length of 30 ft., has an enormous dorsal fin, as much as 6 ft. high, and a remarkable coloration, the under-parts being white, the upper jet-black, save for a pale-brown patch extending from the eye backwards, and a similar patch of a pointed oval behind the dorsal fin. Intensely active, it develops an enormous appetite. As many as thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals have been taken from the stomach of one animal!

sometimes due to chance acquaintanceships with enthusiasts who, concentrating all their energies on mere "collecting," bore all and sundry with their unquenchable babble of "rarities" which they have captured, often with a silver hook.

The detached, and unsympathetic, outlook on all things concerning Natural History to which I have just referred is well illustrated by the newspapers which have just called our attention to a "disaster" which befell a school of whales the other day on the shores of Dornoch Firth, Sutherlandshire. The incident is placed before us as though it were comparable to, say, a railway accident, or a record of the devastating track of a cyclone. We are to get what momentary thrill we may out of the "news," and wait for the next.

But there is much more in this stranding than appears to be realised. Such events, indeed, if our perception is alert, reveal, as it were, a "flash-light" picture of Life, and the calamities which dog its footsteps among the "lower orders of Creation." Such a picture becomes more, rather than less, interesting because it matches our own experience. The "King of Terrors" is always terrible, but he becomes still more fearsome when he slays in heaps, as in this case. It is not, however, on the slaying that I wish to lay stress, but rather on the slain, and the causes which led up to their end. These slain, then, were no ordinary whales, but of a species which men of science have rarely ever seen in the flesh. I am not sure, indeed, if the only two for whom this good fortune can be claimed are not the Danish naturalist, Reinhardt, in 1861, and Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, of the British Museum, who hurried north on receiving news of the stranding now under consideration. He went up expecting to find bottle-



EVIDENCE FOR CLAIMING THE FALSE-KILLER WHALE AS A BRITISH SPECIES: THE SKULL FROM THE PETERBOROUGH FENS.

This is the skull of the False-killer from the Peterborough fens described by Owen in 1841. On the evidence of this alone, and the skeleton found a year or two ago in a Cambridge fen, the claim to include the False-killer as a British species was based.

*densirostris*, are other excessively rare species of which complete skeletons are unknown.

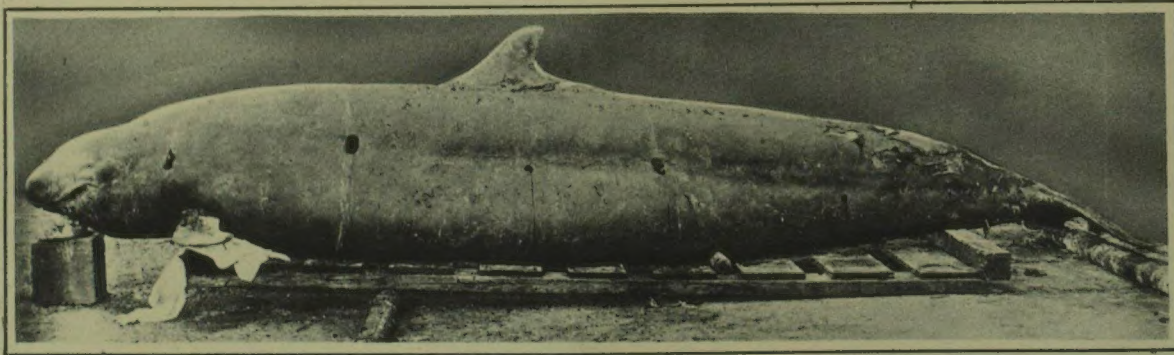
Although called the "False-killer," it is not, though some would have it so, very nearly related to the killer whale (*Orcinus orca*), but, as others have contended, to the pilot, or ca'ing whale; which used to be driven ashore by the natives of the Faroes and the Shetlands, a hundred or so at a time, for the sake of the oil they yield.

It may be that, on occasion, these whales will also eat fish, since from the stomach of the great sperm whales, bonitos and albacores have been taken. But, be this as it may, the wanderings of these creatures bring home to us an aspect of life in the sea seldom, perhaps, realised. We all know that cuttle-fish live in the sea, but it is clear that they must travel in immense hordes; since they must be for ever harassed by schools of whales of many species, some of huge size.

For sheer voracity, however, none of these whales can compare with the "killer," which will attack and kill the huge right-whales. By way of illustrating their insatiable appetite, let me cite an instance wherein from the stomach of one

of these animals no less than thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals were extracted! Whether he was still hunting for more at the time he was killed, we cannot say; but one may imagine that he had at least taken the edge off his appetite!

Here comes the moral of my story. Now that we are all talking of the not-distant world-shortage of food owing to the unchecked increase of population, these migrations of the false-killer, and their attendant disasters, have a sombre interest. But, for these creatures, the world is still large: for us there can be no "migration"; there will be "standing room only"—and another disaster transcending any that the world has yet witnessed. Let us take note of this "lesson in Natural History"!



A SPECIES UNKNOWN IN BRITAIN SINCE THE GLACIAL EPOCH: ONE OF THE 120 FALSE-KILLER WHALES (*PSEUDORCA CRASSIDENS*) RECENTLY STRANDED IN DORNOCH FIRTH.

The full-grown male False-killer is about nineteen feet in length, and weighs about two tons. The head, in proportion to the length of the body, is strikingly small. The coloration is of a uniform black. The female is somewhat smaller than the male. Not since 1861 has this species entered northern seas. The "school" stranded in the Dornoch Firth is the first recorded occurrence of this species on British shores since the days of the Glacial Epoch.

was stranded in Adventure Bay, Tasmania. There were killer whales, pilot whales (*Globicephala*), and false-killers. Of the last, skeletons at least were saved. One of them is now in the British Museum, one in the Museum of Cambridge University, and two in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. Tasmanian waters are to be regarded as the headquarters of this animal, whence from time to time mysterious migrations seem to take place—possibly on account of a famine in cuttle-fish. Single specimens have been recorded from Peru and the Caribbean Sea, two from Florida, one from Lower California, and one from Davis Strait; while "specimens" are said to have been taken at Travancore. But even in Tasmanian seas it seems now to be extremely rare.

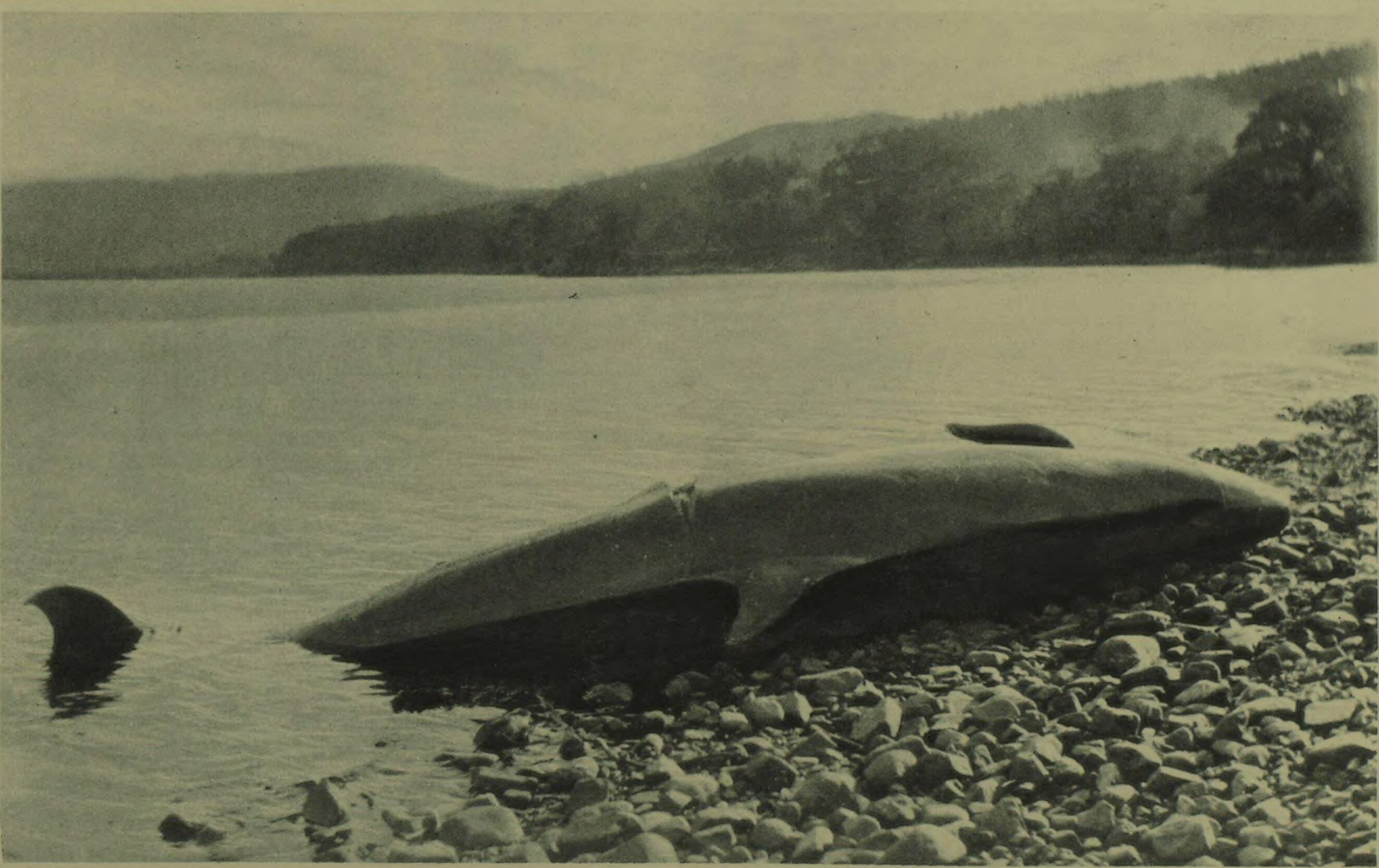


## A SCHOOL OF WHALES THOUGHT EXTINCT STRANDED IN SCOTLAND.

THE LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS E. WOOLFE-MURRAY.



ENTICED TO THEIR DOOM IN SHALLOW WATER BY A SHOAL OF HERRINGS: SOME OF THE 120 FALSE-KILLER WHALES (A SPECIES CONSIDERED EXTINCT) RECENTLY STRANDED IN DORNOCH FIRTH—A REMARKABLE EVENT THAT HAS GIVEN THE LITTLE SUMMER RESORT, BONAR BRIDGE, A "WINTER SEASON."



PRONOUNCED TO BE "ROYAL FISH"—A DECISION THAT ASSIGNED THE REMOVAL OF CARCASSES TO THE COASTGUARD (REPRESENTING THE BOARD OF TRADE) AND SAVED LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND LANDOWNERS FROM A SEVERE TAX ON THEIR RESOURCES: ONE OF THE STRANDED FALSE-KILLER WHALES.

One of the most surprising events in the history of zoology was the recent stranding of a school of 120 whales in the shallows of Dornoch Firth, on the coast of Sutherland. As Mr. Pycraft says on our "World of Science" page, they were "no ordinary whales, but of a species which men of science have rarely ever seen in the flesh. . . . Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, of the British Museum, hurried north on receiving news of the stranding. He went up expecting to find bottlenosed whales, but to his amazement found the false-killer, *Pseudorca crassidens*." A "Times" correspondent writes: "The school of whales was enticed far into

the Moray Firth by herring shoals. . . . By November 7 all life had apparently disappeared. The question then arose of removing the carcasses. . . . The burial of a whale previously stranded had cost £20, and the disposal of the bodies would have been a severe tax on the resources of any Highland town or landowner. . . . The Scottish Board of Health informed the local authorities that, if Royal fish, the work of removal lay with the Coastguard as representing the Board of Trade. The whales were identified as Royal fish by a representative of the British Museum. Many had already been towed out to sea and sunk in sixty fathoms."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

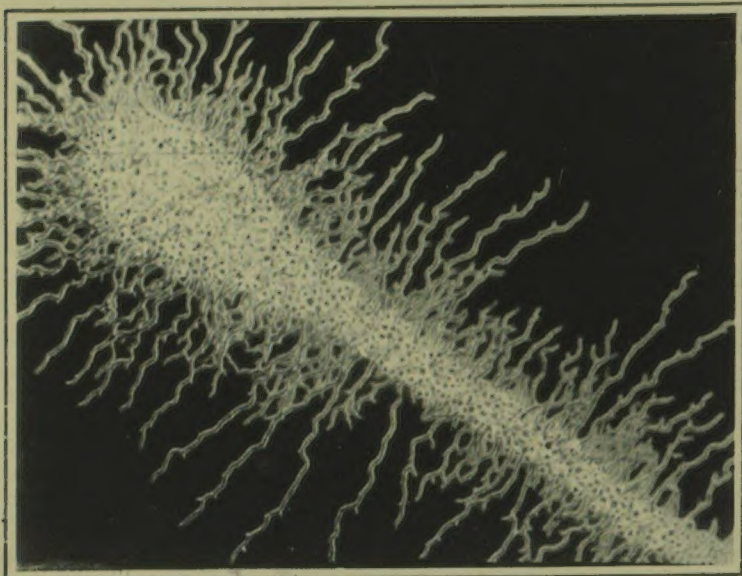
"ARRAS" (TIVOLI).—"ONE OF THE BEST" (MARBLE ARCH PAVILION).—"THE RING" (ASTORIA).

FROM the archives of the Imperial War Museum has come a film of the war more impressive in its simple statement of facts, more moving in its stark truth, than all the heroics and flaunting

severe criticism, whilst dozens of foreign films are allowed to pass unnoticed. That may be so, and the reason is that those dozens are just the swelling of a familiar flood which our "single spies" are called upon to confront and even to divert. In this task, this competitive endeavour of our present activity, each addition is of great importance, each picture needs to be a pillar of strength. Therefore to hail each picture with patriotic enthusiasm, regardless of its value, is not only a poor compliment to our capacities as film-makers, but also of poor service to the "great push." The impression I have gained from the British films recently completed is that too little attention is being bestowed on the story. The crudities of the old-fashioned melodramas cannot stand the searchlight of the camera. Loose threads, want of logic and of motive, actions that remain unexplained or ring false, so many points that may be glossed over by dramatic dialogue and the fine frenzy of an actor, stand forth in uncompromising disclosure against the background of realism supplied by the medium of cinematography.

telling scene. The episode in the gaming-house, whither the villain's tool is lured to be thoroughly fleeced by his evil genius, is admirably handled and full of tension. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Hunter, trying to combine three simultaneous actions, has split up the fine scene of the drumming-out by continually switching us off to watch a fight between the two villains, or the aimless doings of a comic soldier, or, again, to the swooning heroine, struggling to her lover's aid. It would have been far better for the steady growth of the drama had the ceremony in the barrack-square reached its culmination uninterrupted. The acting honours of this melodrama fall to the impersonators of the two bad men, Mr. James Lindsay as the master-villain and spy, and Mr. Carlyle Blackwell as his gambling catspaw. Miss Eve Grey and Mr. Walter Butler make a pretty pair of lovers, albeit as indefinite as their own love-story.

There is a good deal more punch, in every sense of the word, in Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's production showing at the Astoria and entitled "The Ring." Dealing with the career of a young prize-fighter, from the naphtha-lighted fighting booth of a country fair to the superior ring beneath the arc-lights in the Albert Hall, it is remarkable for the powerful handling of some of the scenes and for the skill which Mr. Hitchcock shows in suggesting the atmosphere he requires. There is movement, colour, humour, in the crowd amongst the merry-go-rounds and tents of the travelling fair. There is imagination and a sure sense of drama in the scenes of the great fight, where two men are fighting for more than a championship. Mr. Hitchcock's effects are solid, and he knows exactly how to get them. From the point of view of production, "The Ring" undoubtedly deserves the high praise it has received from all quarters. But I am not to be persuaded that the story itself reaches the level of its treatment. It has the merit of simplicity, for it merely tells of the prize-fighter's young wife who requites his unswerving devotion and hard work by running after his richer patron. Without a single scruple, she indulges her taste for a gay life, and when her husband remonstrates she leaves him instantly for his rival. I confess I found it difficult to work up any sort of interest in this heartless baggage, and still more difficult to find any joy in her conversion, when, seeing her husband on the verge of collapse in the fight, she creeps to his side to whisper words of courage that spur him on to victory. Here, again, the story strikes me as nothing but a framework for the real purpose of the picture—the traffic of the ring. The film has the advantage of excellent interpretation. Miss Lilian Hall-Davies, Mr. Carl Brisson, and Mr. Ian Hunter as the protagonists of the eternal triangle, and, indeed, the whole company, have evidently been inspired by their producer to a rare sincerity and strength.



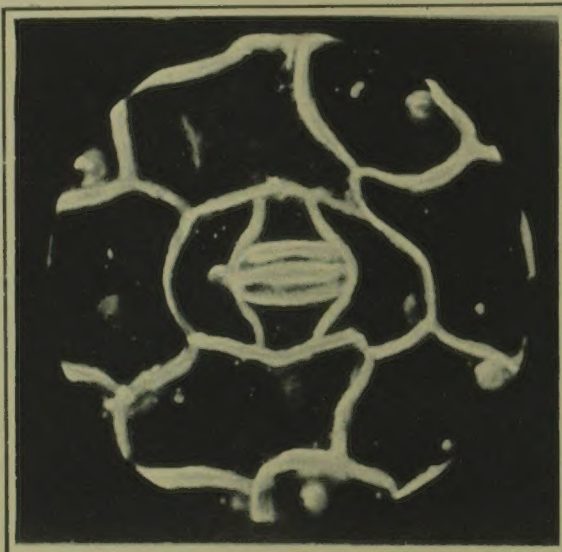
A FLY'S FOOTPRINT CONTAINING SPORES AND SHOWING GROWTH: A FASCINATING ITEM IN THE FILM "SECRETS OF NATURE."

This item occurs in a series of pictures called "Plants of the Pantry," and the programme says: "Flies are frequent distributors of mould from one food substance to another, and leave behind them what Sherlock Holmes never discovered—'Living Footprints' of mould spores that quickly germinate."

patriotism of war-romances. In "Arras" are no pretty girls and fancy dresses à la Tyrolean *Mädel*, but patient, beshawled women in rather draggled black skirts and serviceable clogs. Here are no hysterical soldiers hurling defiance at their Maker and mockery at Man from a convenient shell-hole, but companies of commonplace Tommies going about their duties so quietly, so unquestioningly, as almost to seem casual over it. Yet all around them is man-made devastation, catastrophe more cruel if not so complete as any born of Nature. Doomed Arras, with its broken Cathedral, its hundreds of homes reduced to inglorious heaps of bricks and mortar, with here and there a gay strip of wallpaper fluttering from the wreckage of a room like a flag on a sinking ship—Arras, incredibly battered, yet wearing still an air of patient fortitude; and the tragic orchards, every tree-trunk hacked in twain, crowns that should be, later on, a wealth of blossom and of fruit prone on the ground—if testimony were needed of war-hysteria, *circumspice*!

War, without any romantic frills, wears a strange mask of every-day-ness. "Over the top"—that moment that has petrified a pulse-beat in many a war melodrama—becomes almost a "go-as-you-please" scramble. You keep your hands in your pockets and whistle a tune and go out to dodge a few shells! Quite a game, that shell-dodging! Presently complacency is shattered, security rudely shaken; something seems to rise up and hit you between the eyes. Just a brief realisation of the horrible toll of war; just a glimpse of huddled forms—shapeless, scarcely human—of a muddy refuge in an angle of a trench where the German prisoners, doing a bit of work for England as stretcher-bearers, have set down their pathetic burdens; whilst the war goes on, and men carry on, even to the official photographers, until they have secured their picture, though hell be let loose around them. It is well that we should know what war is like, unsentimentalised war, its edges left raw, its mud prosaic and ugly. The Trustees of the Imperial War Museum, who gave the necessary permission to the Tivoli for the showing of this impressive document, are to be as much congratulated as is the management for securing the picture.

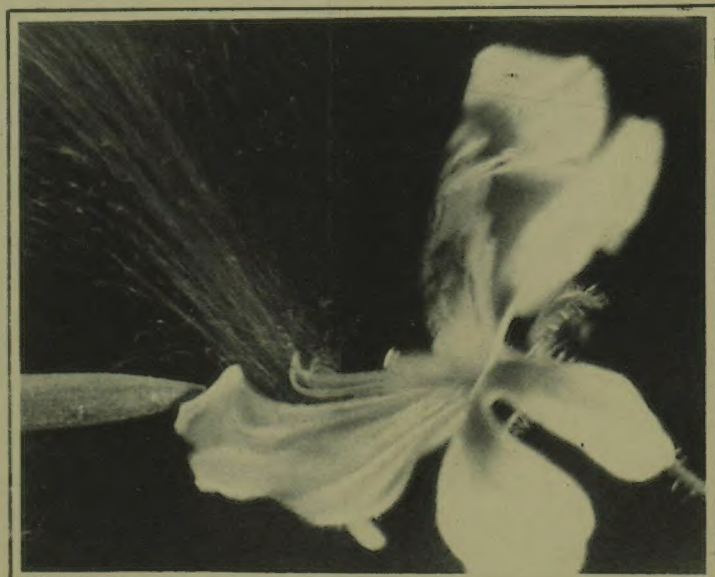
Whilst in technical achievement our British producers are forging ahead at a rate that augurs well for the future of British films, our scenarios seem to be lagging sadly behind. Time and again our praises would ring clarion-clear were they not muted by the poverty of plots. It has been said that we expect a great deal, perhaps too much, of our home-grown productions. We are blamed for subjecting every British film to close scrutiny and



A LEAF'S BREATHING ORGANS (STOMATA) THAT ABSORB NUTRIMENT FROM SUN, RAIN, AND AIR: A FILM PHOTOGRAPH FROM "SECRETS OF NATURE."

One section of the film "Secrets of Nature," is called "The Story of a Leaf." "In the leaf (we read) are placed the stomata, or breathing cells, which close at night or in bad weather. Then the cells remain inactive. On a fine day the stomata open, and the cells toil feverishly to transfer nourishment to the main stem."

Thus the old play by Seymour Hicks and George Edwardes, "One of the Best," despite the excellent military scenes and its delightful Regency dressing, falls short of complete success because of its weaknesses of plot. Such story as it possesses is wholly devised to lead up to the big scene—the drumming-out of the falsely accused hero, an episode in which the military drill and all the details of a ceremony which slowly and even pompously divests its victim of his honour are not lacking in emotional effect. But the villain's clumsy stratagems in his efforts to get hold of certain military papers, the even less credible fastening of the theft on to an innocent man, and the paltry enquiries into that theft at the court-martial, leave us entirely unconvinced. The whole thing is artificial, as artificial as the terrible "comic-relief," a fetish of the past that ought to be knocked on the head for good and all. Mr. P. Hayes Hunter, a new producer, has a discriminating eye for a charming setting and a



HOW THE "POOR MAN'S ORCHID" (*SCHIZANTHUS*) "SHOOTS ITS POLLEN ON TO A BEE'S BACK BY A CATAPULT WORKED BY THE INSECT'S OWN WEIGHT": A REMARKABLE METHOD OF FERTILISATION SHOWN IN A NEW FILM, "SECRETS OF NATURE."

"Secrets of Nature" is a fascinating natural history film presented at the London Pavilion on November 18 by Pro Patria Films, Ltd., and introduced to a distinguished audience by Mr. Bernard Shaw. One of six hitherto unshown pictures exhibited was "The Romance of Flowers," including wonderful methods of fertilisation.

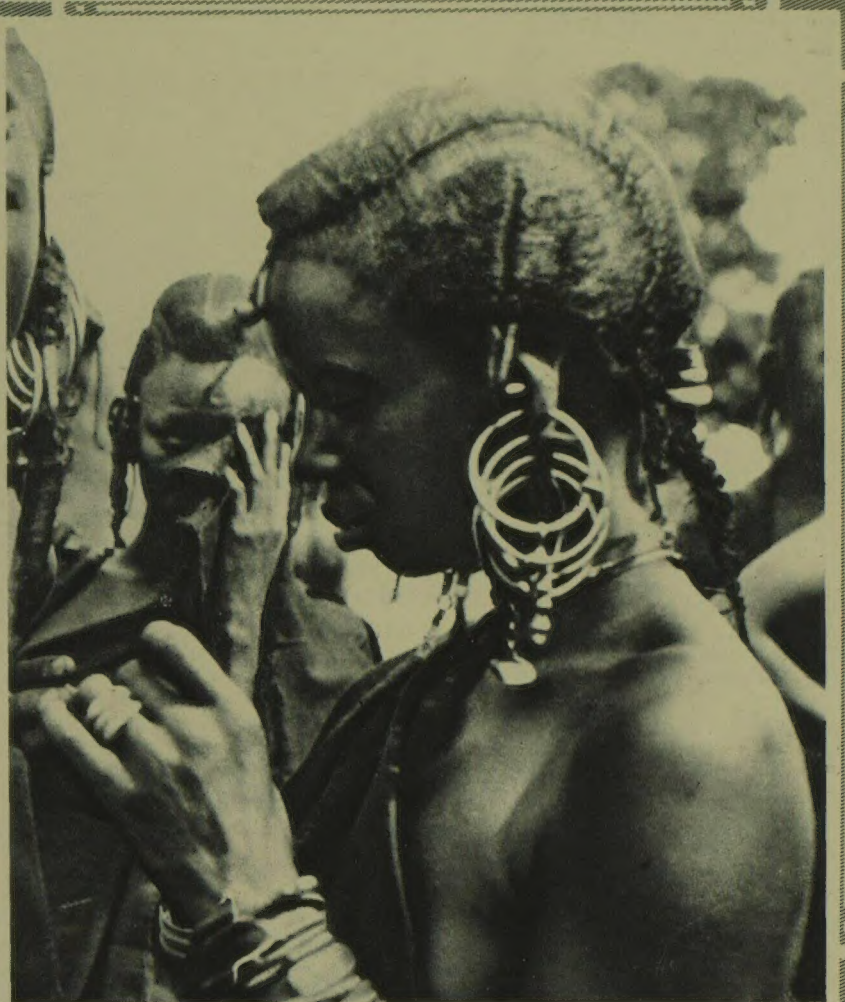


# STRANGE "BEAUTY CULTURE": FACE SCARS; DISTENDED LIPS AND EARS.

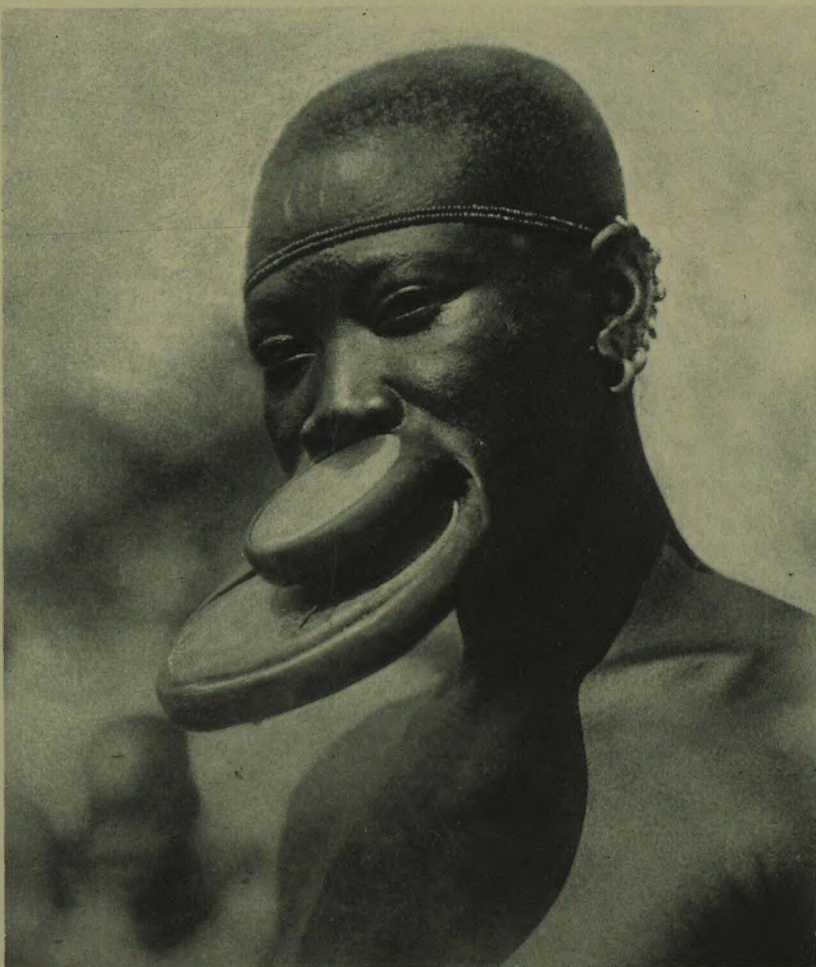
PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 FROM THE NEW FILM, "A VOYAGE TO THE CONGO"; NOS. 2 AND 4 FROM M. ANDRÉ GIDE'S FORTHCOMING BOOK OF THE SAME TITLE. BY COURTESY OF M. MARC ALLÉGRET.



1. A REMARKABLE COIFFURE IN A REMOTE PART OF FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA: A WOMAN OF THE FOULBÉ TRIBE, WITH A THICK RIDGE OF HAIR FROM BACK TO FRONT.



2. WITH HER EARS DISTENDED BY FOUR BIG RINGS, A "PIGTAIL," AND ROWS OF BRACELETS: A GIRL OF THE BORORO TRIBE, WHO ARE MAHOMETANS.



3. A CURIOUS IDEA OF "BEAUTY"! A WOMAN OF FORT ARCHAMBAULT, IN THE LAKE CHAD REGION, WITH HER LIPS ENORMOUSLY DISTENDED BY A PAIR OF DISCS, GRADUALLY INCREASED IN SIZE.



4. WITH HAIR PARTLY SHAVEN AND DEEP SCARS ON HER CHEEK, THE DESIGN INDICATING THE TRIBE TO WHICH SHE BELONGS: A SARA-MADJINGAYE BELLE

Fashion sometimes takes curious forms, even in this country, but none quite so strange as those seen in these remarkable photographs. They belong to the same set as those given on a double-page in this number, illustrating the journey of M. Marc Allégret and M. André Gide to a remote and little-known region of Central Africa. This expedition, as we have noted, resulted in the production of a wonderful film picture of native life, entitled "Voyage au Congo," which has already fascinated Paris, and is before long to be shown in London. It is described as giving a more intimate picture of native customs than has ever

been seen before. In some notes supplied with photographs Nos. 2 and 4 above we read: "The Bororo tribe, living west of Lake Chad, are Mahometans, and are migrating slowly eastward, with the idea of getting nearer to Mecca. They are a wealthy tribe, possessing large herds of cattle. This Bororo girl wears numerous ear-rings. Her hair is covered with rancid grease that has a disagreeable smell. The Madjingaye tribe is a branch of the great Sara tribe, one of the strongest and finest in Central Africa. The men wear a goatskin fastened behind. Most of the women wear nothing, but some have a bead apron."



## A CENTRAL AFRICAN "EDEN": UNIQUE IDYLLS OF NATIVE LIFE.



1. SURMOUNTED BY A BROKEN POT (MADE OF EDIBLE CLAY) TO PROTECT THE INMATES FROM EVIL: A CLAY-BUILT HUT OF THE BAYA TRIBE (AT ABA, UPPER SANGA), WITH A ROUND DOOR ABOVE THE GROUND.



2. WHERE MEN WEAR GOATSKINS AND WOMEN NOTHING: A YOUNG FATHER (IN A MASSA HAT) CARRYING HIS SON, AT MALA.



3. THE ONLY MOUNDING CLOTHING AT ALL: THE OF LERE, IN LITTLE PEARL-



WOMEN THAT WEAR ANY DAUGHTERS OF THE CHIEF EMBROIDERED APRONS.



4. A MOUNDING BEAU "DRESSED TO KILL": A YOUNG DANDY WITH PEARL NECKLACE AND BRACELETS.



5. HOW ONE TRAVELS ON THE LOONE RIVER: A CANOE WITH FOUR POLE-MEN AT EACH END, AND A STRAW "CABIN" AMIDSHIPS, THE ROOF COVERED WITH STRINGS OF HIPPOPOTAMUS MEAT DRYING IN THE SUN.



6. WITH SOME OF THEIR HUSBANDS' HAIR (A HIGHLY PRIZED GIFT) PLAITED IN THEIR OWN TO FORM AN ELABORATE COIFFURE—A SIGN OF SOCIAL POSITION: WOMEN OF A BAYA TRIBE, AT ABA.



7. "THE DANCE OF THE GODS": MOUNDING SORCERERS COVERED IN WEIRD COSTUMES OF FIBRE, PELICAN FEATHERS, AND PORCUPINE QUILLS, REPRESENTING DEITIES (MALE AND FEMALE) WHOM NO WOMAN MAY APPROACH.



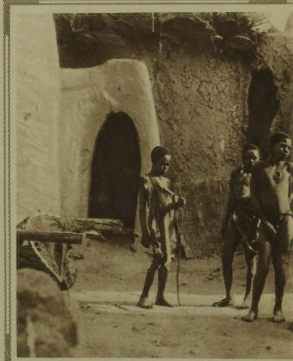
8. A CORN-BIN ON THE ROOF OF A HUT, IN A VILLAGE OF THE MOUNDING TRIBE: THE ROUND OPENING INTO THE GRANARY, WITH THE STRAW LID LYING BESIDE IT (TO RIGHT) AND A SUPPLY OF WOOD.



9. BEARING ON THEIR HEADS (PADDED FOR THE PURPOSE) "LARGE VESSELS WITH FUNNEL-SHAPED MOUTHS OF A TYPE PECULIAR TO THEIR TRIBE: A GROUP OF MOUNDING WOMEN.



10. WITH FISHING-NETS HUNG FROM HOOKS (TOP LEFT), CIRCULAR GRANARY (TO RIGHT OF "HORSE-SHOE" DOOR ON LEFT), AND WICKER CAGE (EXTREME LEFT) TO PROTECT POULTRY FROM EAGLES: BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY A MASSA FAMILY.



11. SHEPHERD BOYS BESIDE A CAGE UNDER WHICH AGAINST EAGLES: A GROUP AT MALA, A MASSA



THE POULTRY ARE PLACED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST EAGLES: A GROUP AT MALA, A MASSA



12. WITH DOORS CLOSED BY SHUTTERS OF THATCHED STRAW (LEFT): A GROUP OF CLAY-BUILT HOUSES AT LERE COMBINED WITH PECULIAR ROOF-GRANARIES SHAPED LIKE INSECT NESTS AND REACHED BY A LADDER OR FORKED TREE-TRUNK (CENTRE).

These remarkably interesting photographs were taken during an expedition into a remote and little-known region of Central Africa, made by a young French traveller, M. Marc Allégret, in company with the well-known French writer, M. André Gide. As a result of their journey they recently produced a film called "Voyage au Congo," which has run with great success for fourteen weeks at the Vieux Colomblé in Paris, and is shortly, we understand, to be seen in London. Some of our photographs, as noted above, form part of the film, and the others will be included as illustrations in M. Gide's forthcoming book (bearing the same title as the film) which is to be published by the "Nouvelle Revue Française." "This is the first time (says a Parisian critic) that an author of such rank has had recourse to the artistry of the film to render impressions of distant lands. It enables one to imagine what might have been

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, AND 12 FROM THE NEW FILM, "A VOYAGE TO THE CONGO." NOS. 1, 2, 5, 6, 10,

done by Stevenson himself in a film of the South Seas. The "Voyage au Congo" is very different from the ordinary travel film that lays stress on thrills and perils. It is a series of idyllic pictures . . . of a remote African Eden, whose inhabitants are seen both at work and at play. . . . To get their material the authors went on foot into the heart of the Equatorial forest, far from the tracks of the motor-car." A note on Photograph No. 1 says: "The clay used in this locality must be of a peculiar kind. When a pot happens to be broken, the bits are all eaten by the natives. It is the only district where this has been observed." Regarding No. 6, we read: "Women of the 'smart set' put some of their husbands' hair under their own. One of the most appreciated gifts from a man to a woman is a bunch of hair, which the lady plait with her own to make an elaborate coiffure, its height indicating her *succès mondain*."

AND 11 FROM M. ANDRÉ GIDE'S FORTHCOMING BOOK OF THE SAME TITLE. BY COURTESY OF M. MARC ALLÉGRET.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FEW modern books that come my way for review could be called "bookish." I am "undulated" (as the dressmaker said in *Punch* the other day) with travel books, sport books, art books, crime books, gossip books, and so *ad infinitum*. Apart from fiction, the modern book is a medium of talk rather than of literary craft; a "loud speaker" for the human gramophone. I am not objecting to such books; most of them are enjoyable, and many are magnificent; but they are not exactly literature.

How many authors on the autumn lists, one might ask, could be admitted to the classic company of "English Men of Letters"? To that series, by the way, a notable addition was recently made—"HORACE WALPOLE." By Dorothy Margaret Stuart (Macmillan; 5s.). The practice of literature, as understood at Strawberry Hill, differed somewhat from the modern manner. The epistolary art, of which Walpole was a master, has been killed by the typewriter. On the other hand, his pioneer work in social history opened up a vast field that is still being industriously cultivated.

The vogue of reminiscence is, at any rate, justified in such a book as "MEMORIES AND NOTES." By Anthony Hope. With a Photograph of the Author (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Apart from its happy pen-portraits of many famous contemporaries, it is especially attractive for what the author calls "the inside view of an old stager" regarding the literary profession. The inception of his most famous story is thus described: "One day—it was the 28th of November, 1893—I was walking back from the Westminster County Court (where I had won my case) to the Temple, when the idea of 'Ruritania' came into my head. Arrived at my chamber, I reviewed it over a pipe, and the next day I wrote the first chapter." This passage is typical of the book; it tells us something, but not all. What was it that really suggested Ruritania? Not, I presume, Charing Cross Station. The inner revelations are withheld, and on the whole the atmosphere of these memories recalls "The Dolly Dialogues" more than "The Prisoner of Zenda."

From another novelist comes a beguiling little book of essays—humorous, kindly, philosophical—entitled "TOKEFIELD PAPERS." By Frank Swinnerton (Secker; 7s. 6d.). The paper on cats reminds me rather of Leigh Hunt. How should a book not be beguiling when it is written by a man who says of his own aim in life: "I wanted to live in a little old-fashioned cottage in the country, to write goodish novels, and to marry for love. . . . I wanted to be happy. This last item was a superfluous ambition, because it is very difficult for me to be unhappy—Cheerfulness will keep breaking in."

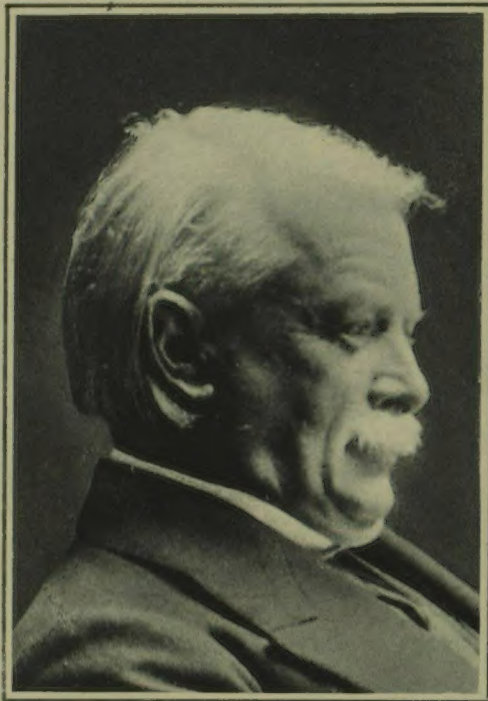
Every bookman and scholar will welcome "THE STUDENT'S GUIDE TO THE LIBRARIES OF LONDON." With an Account of the Most Important Archives, and other Aids to Study. By Reginald Arthur Rye, Goldsmith's Librarian of the University of London. Third Edition; Revised and Enlarged. With sixty-one full-page illustrations (University of London Press; 10s.). This large and excellently illustrated volume is far more than a guide to London's book treasures, although it fulfils that purpose to perfection. It contains also, in the historical introduction and elsewhere, much delightful reading about book production in the past, beginning with ancient Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia. "London," we read, "possesses not only the largest library in existence (*i.e.*, that of the British Museum), but also over 660 other libraries included in the Guide." It may interest the present Lord Mayor to know that one of the first circulating libraries was established in 1740, by "a bookseller called Batho at his shop in the Strand."

There are people who regard a book much as an entomologist regards a beetle—as something to catch and put in a glass case. The book-reader, as well as the book-hunter, however (and "I have known," as the Duchess of Plaza-Toro says, "instances in which the characteristics of both conditions existed concurrently in the same individual"), will enjoy "ENGLISH BOOKS, 1475-1900": A Signpost for Collectors. By Charles J. Sawyer and F. J. Harvey Darton. With 100 illustrations (London, Charles J. Sawyer, Ltd.; New York, E. P. Dutton and Co.; Two Vols., £2 2s.). As belits their subject, these volumes are beautifully printed and bound, while the illustrations include many interesting old title-pages, facsimile manuscripts, and woodcuts. Nor is the letterpress of a too-technical austerity.

While it tells all that the average collector needs to know on the practical side of his hobby—what books are to be sought in each period, their values, and prices paid—it stresses throughout the human and romantic aspect. The authors write so pleasantly, with so much geniality, allusion, comment, and biographical detail, that their work really amounts to a very readable history of English literature.

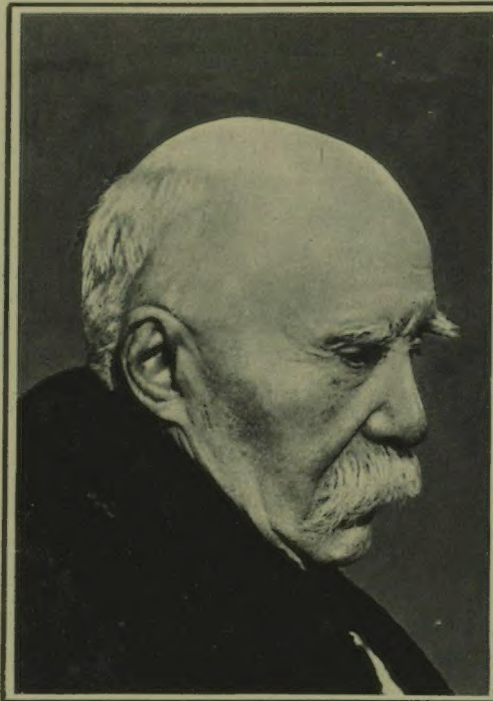
"What a part inns have played in English literature!" So runs a comment on Shenstone's one celebrated line, followed by allusions to the inns of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Defoe, Fielding, Dickens, Stevenson, "and so down to Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc." This brings me to two books in praise of "mine host"—an anthology and a history—which make an inseparable pair. The anthology, a delightful collection in prose and verse, is "THE BOOK OF THE INN." Being 200 pictures of the English inn from the earliest times to the coming of the railway hotel. Selected and edited by Thomas Burke (Constable; 7s. 6d.). The "pictures," of course, are "pen pictures." The companion book is "THE TAVERNS OF OLD ENGLAND." By Henry Pain Maskell. Illustrated by Alan Gill (Philip Allan; 10s. 6d.). An excellent brew, frothing with anecdote, and flavoured with social philosophy. The author's plea for the inn, as "a refuge from class hatred," is fortified by clerical support and a quotation from that convivial paper, the *Church Times*, anent St. Francis and "little Brother Beer."

As the inn is proverbially near the church, I now step



DOES HE (OR M. CLEMENCEAU) MORE RESEMBLE THE HEAD ON THE ANCIENT CANAANITE CULT-OBJECT ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE? MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

The 3000-year-old head from Beisan illustrated on the opposite page is thought to bear some resemblance both to Mr. Lloyd George and M. Georges Clemenceau ("the Tiger," as he is popularly called). We give portraits of both to enable our readers to form an opinion. M. Clemenceau, it may be recalled, is now eighty-six years of age, and is living in retirement.



IS HE (OR MR. LLOYD GEORGE) MORE LIKE THE HEAD SHOWN OPPOSITE? M. CLEMENCEAU, THE VETERAN FRENCH STATESMAN.

across to "HAWORTH PARSONAGE": A Picture of the Brontë Family. By Isabel C. Clarke. With four illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). Charlotte during her lifetime became a reluctant celebrity. Visitors flocked to "the little grey oblong parsonage," and even "neighbouring clergy (says the author) sought a pretext for coming over to see Mr. Brontë and wished to entertain him at the Black Bull (inns and literature again!) in the hope of catching a glimpse of his wonderful daughter." Isabel Clarke's admirable book is purely biographical, and offers no "fresh criticism and analysis of the novels." A notable feature is her exaltation of Emily.

Literary comparisons are the reverse of odious. It is intriguing to compare this book with "THE BRONTË SISTERS." By Ernest Dimnet. Translated from the French by Louise Morgan Sill (Cape; 7s. 6d.). The late Andrew Lang wrote: "The best book on the Brontës is in French, 'Les Sœurs Brontës,' by Ernest Dimnet." This long-awaited English version renders the work practically as it appeared in 1910, but the four famous letters from Charlotte to Dr. Paul Héger, published in 1913, are printed and discussed in an appendix, where M. Dimnet qualifies his statement that "not a word in Charlotte's correspondence permits the supposition that she was in love with her master." These letters, he adds, "created an immense sensation which only the discovery of Wordsworth's romance with a French girl has since equalled."

Summing up the romantic infatuation that inspired "Vilette," M. Dimnet concludes: "Everything is said when it is recalled that Charlotte Brontë was as pure as she was impassioned." These words prompt me to another

comparison, with the most vital and heart-searching book of self-revelation written in our day, by another woman novelist "dead ere her prime"—the "JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD." Edited by J. Middleton Murry (Constable; 7s. 6d.). In his prefatory memoir Mr. Murry emphasises "one element in her nature . . . essential to a peculiar quality of her work . . . a kind of purity."

There is a certain affinity also, *mutatis mutandis*, between the "Journal" and a self-record of singular charm left by a brilliant young archaeologist likewise doomed to early death—namely, "THE DIARY OF RUSSELL BERESFORD." Edited by Cecil Roberts (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). After being invalided out of the war, Russell Beresford was engaged in excavations at Carthage. His remark on the second page—"I have no use for women, nor they for me"—was later refuted by the episode that forms the central theme. But the love affair does not monopolise the interest, and the diarist makes us feel the romance of archaeology, especially at Carthage. "Why has no writer of genius (he asks) ever given his attention to this place? Flaubert failed, and had not the advantages of recent excavations. . . . 'Salammbô' is a butcher boy's nightmare. . . . Anatole France might have made Carthage live." Later comes a comment on "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard." "What a superb study Anatole France has made of this old archaeologist!" These *obiter dicta* serve to introduce "PREFACES AND INTRODUCTIONS: AND OTHER UNCOLLECTED PAPERS."

By Anatole France. Translated, with a Foreword and Notes, by J. Lewis May (Lane; 7s. 6d.), a welcome addition to the works of Anatole France in English, issued from the Bodley Head.

Taking my cue from Anatole France's preface to the poems of Simone de Caillavet, I lead on to the stage, by way of *grand finale*, a goodly chorus of bards. I regret that, owing to limitations of space, I cannot award any solo parts, but I would particularly commend Mr. Humbert Wolfe's masterly renderings from the Greek anthology—"OTHERS ABIDE" (Benn; 6s.), and Mr. Osbert Sitwell's deliciously original eclogues, "ENGLAND RECLAIMED" (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.), the first instalment of a trilogy presenting in poetic portraiture a panorama of English character. Indispensable to a study of contemporary verse is Mr. J. C. Squire's new anthology, "SELECTIONS FROM MODERN POETS" (Secker; 7s. 6d.), combining in one volume the first and second series. Here may be found, *inter alia plurima*, some inns immortalised by Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton.

Other famous living poets, whose work is always delectable, are represented in "MOTLEY" and "THE LISTENERS," two dainty little volumes by Walter de la Mare, and illustrated with woodcuts by Bold (Constable; 6s. each), and an equally dainty "LAURENCE BINYON ANTHOLOGY" (prose as well as verse). By Laurence Binyon (Collins; 6s.).

Similar to this last in format is "AN ANTHOLOGY FOR ANIMAL LOVERS." Edited by Elizabeth D'Oyley. With Introduction by John Galsworthy (Collins; 6s.)—a charming collection, though I miss some favourites from Matthew Arnold and Cowper. A famous poet compatriot of Anatole France is finely translated in "STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ IN ENGLISH VERSE." By Arthur Ellis (Cape; 5s.). With an Introduction by G. Turquet-Milnes, tracing the general movement of modern French verse.

A noteworthy historical drama in blank verse is "THIRTEEN EIGHTY-ONE." An English Tragedy. By William Chandler (H. Biskeborn; Stylus Press; Edition limited to eighty-seven). This play—one scene of which, be it noted, is laid "within a Kentish tavern"—treats of Richard II. and the death of Wat Tyler. The book is notable also as an exquisite piece of printing, and for the fact that "the play is composed entirely of Middle-English words." It makes me feel like the lady who was surprised to learn that she had always talked prose; I never knew I was so proficient in Middle English.

A kindred work (in prose) is "THE INSURRECTION." An Historical Play. By William H. Terry (The Cayme Press; 6s.). Its climax is the condemnation of Strafford. It inaugurates a series projected by the author on the Stuart Dynasty. It would be a refreshing change, I think, to study history from the stalls, and "not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books." C. E. B.



# "PROPHECIES" OF POLITICIANS: "TOBY" JUGS 3300 YEARS OLD.

DRAWINGS BY MISS D. BOULTON. BY COURTESY OF MR. ALAN ROWE, DIRECTOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO PALESTINE.



BEISAN 1927.



D-BOULTON.

BEARING A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE TO CARICATURES OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND M. CLEMENCEAU (COMPARE PORTRAITS OPPOSITE): THE HEAD OF THE DWARF-GOD BES, OR PTAH-SEKER, ON A CULT-OBJECT FOUND AT BEISAN, IN PALESTINE, DATING FROM THE TIME OF AMENOPHIS III., PHARAOH OF EGYPT (1411-1375 B.C.).

It is interesting to compare with the modern Toby-jug, for which there has of late been a revived vogue, these remarkable cult-objects, some 3300 years old, discovered recently during the excavations at Beisan, the Beth-shan of the Old Testament. A modern touch is lent to the head in the upper illustration by a curious resemblance to caricatures of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau (compare portraits on opposite page). The cult-object is described 'as representing the dwarf-god Bes, or Ptah-Seker, and Mr. Alan Rowe, the American archaeologist in charge of the work at Beisan, writes: "In this connection one is reminded of the dwarf-gods placed by the Phœnicians on the prows of their ships, as referred to by Herodotus III. 37. See also Max Müller's 'Egyptian Mythology,' pages 64 and 222." Both these cult-objects were unearthed at a level belonging to the period of the Pharaoh Amenophis III.—1411-1375 B.C. Regarding the elephant-headed object, the base of which has been restored (as indicated in the drawing), it is mentioned that in the same stratum was a Hittite seal bearing the figure of an elephant. The Beisan discoveries shed new light on the early Canaanites. An article on the subject by Mr. Rowe, with three pages of illustrations (one in colour) appeared in our issue of November 12.



ANOTHER ARCHETYPAL "TOBY" JUG: AN ELEPHANT-HEADED CULT-OBJECT, DATING FROM THE FOURTEENTH OR FIFTEENTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST, FROM THE AMENOPHIS III. LEVEL AT BEISAN.



# IN THE MATTER OF DAME FASHION.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MODES AND MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY."\*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND SONS.)

IN the years between the French Revolution and the European War, various and vain attempts were made to standardise dress, for reasons politic, economic, patriotic, hygienic—and cranky. Mirabeau attacked the inequality of attire, and the



"SPORTS DRESS" OF OTHER DAYS: "RUSSIAN TOBOGGAN"—A REPRODUCTION FROM THE "BON GENRE" OF THE PERIOD.

Reproductions from "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons.

National Assembly decreed that all distinctions in the costumes of the classes should be abolished. David sought to put France into *himation* and *chiton*. Twenty years later there were Germans who hungered for a staid and simple garb designed to indicate the national virtue! In 1848 "the women of Elberfeld issued a proclamation to the effect that in the future Germans should wear clothes made of materials manufactured in Germany, and the *Allgemeine Österreichische Zeitung* pleaded for a national costume—waistcoat, jacket, and feathered cap." In 1851, Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, of Seneca Falls, Ohio, pioneered the "large Oriental trousers" still remembered by her name—"even the few disciples she had fell away when the owner of a large London brewery dressed all his barmaids in Bloomer costume." Always it was proved that "Society is stronger than the individual."

But what "reformers" failed to do, circumstances have to some extent accomplished. Since the last of the dandies died and the industrialism of our machine-ridden age began to over-all the world, Man has conformed to a few models, save when clad ceremonially. No longer are there rivals to D'Orsay or to Brummel—"Brummel, who required three coiffeurs to arrange his hair; the one who understood how to deal with the back not being sufficiently practised in the arrangement of the curls

on the forehead, and the one who accomplished this having to make way for a third to give them the right set round the temples—Brummel, who ordered his gloves from two firms, one only making the thumbs, the other the four fingers," and in such extravagances vied with those earlier beaux of Hamburg who wore their coat-tails so long that they were obliged to hold them up when walking! There is a sameness about, a well-cut sameness, a cultivated monotony merely emphasised by the more prominent patterns of plus-fours and the "jazzes" of jaunty jumpers.

With Woman it is different; but even she is less lonely in her glory: thanks to mass production, there has been a levelling-up and, consequently, there is a greater tendency towards uniformity. It is well; for, whatever critics—even Judicial critics—may say, the dress of the neo-Georgian Eve is as sane as it is often beautiful.

Look back to the past, the comparatively recent past embraced by 1790-1914, its vogues and vanities, its affectations akin to—if less horrible than—that of which it is written: "In Paris, after Thermidor, it was thought to be good form to mourn—the remainder of the aristocracy had just been liberated from prison, and looked pale and emaciated; and so every woman, even if not a member of the higher class, put on the air of having been incarcerated and of having to mourn the death of near relatives. When the 'Bal des Victimes' was given in the Hôtel Richelieu, only those were admitted who had lost parents or brothers or sisters by the guillotine; it was not sufficient to be mourning an uncle or aunt only. The hair was shaved from the nape of the neck, as preparatory to execution; men and women greeted one another with a nod, as if their heads were just falling into the headsman's basket; and the ladies tied a narrow red ribbon round their necks to show the place where—it is not necessary to go farther! The society that succeeded fell into the opposite extreme, and frivolity gave place to an absurd affectation of sentiment."

Lack of space forbids the mention of more than a few of the feminine foibles. In 1795 came the "classic" excesses called the "naked fashion." "It became an amusement in society to weigh a lady's garments; her whole clothing, including shoes and ornaments, was not allowed in 1800 to weigh over eight ounces. . . . When the 'English' dress, with its sleeves and high neck, which had travelled over the Channel to Paris, returned to its native country, as the 'Greek' dress, sleeveless and *dé-colletée* to an impossible degree, it did not meet with a welcome reception. On the occasion of Mrs. Jordan appearing in it on the boards at Drury Lane, the audience in the stalls threw their pocket-handkerchiefs at her that she might clothe herself therewith, and she was obliged to retire and change her dress."

Then, in contrast: "Occasionally two dresses were worn over one another. Reichardt relates that he once saw Mme. Récamier at a reception in a splendid velvet dress, and when the dancing began she slipped this off, underneath it being an embroidered white silk ball-dress"; and, as further comment: "The preference for lighter stuffs led to these being worn even in winter—it was the fashion, and unreasonable to do so—two good reasons against which the warnings of the doctors were of no avail. The latter called catarrhal complaints the 'muslin disease,' and attributed the increase of consumption to the thinness of clothing. When the influenza broke out in Paris in 1803, as many as 60,000 fell ill daily, this high number being also put down to the account of muslin."

Followed the high waist, the no-waist and the low waist; sleeves and no-sleeves; bodices and skirts of all cuts and many incongruities; odd hair-dressing and odder head-gear; the buxom "line" and the slim "line"; trains, bustles, bugles, mantles, furs, feather boas, constricting corsets, greenery-yallery *jibbaks*, elastic "pages" for looping-up the skirt, shawls, airy frocks that burned like tinder, and, amongst the other things, most marvellous of all, the crinoline. Something was required to support the wide skirt—a full ten yards round! "About 1840, therefore, the under-petticoat was made more substantial, being lined with horsehair or corded; a straw plait was inserted in the hem, and as many petticoats were worn as possible. Over one of flannel

came another padded with horsehair, above that one of Indian calico stiffened with cords, then a wheel of thickly plaited horsehair, and finally a starched muslin petticoat, and at last the dress itself. . . . The idea of replacing the rolls of horsehair with steel wires was greeted as a salvation by women, and the inventor made 750,000 francs in four weeks. . . . Here is an advertisement from *The Illustrated London News* of 10 October, 1863: 'Ondina or waved Jupons do away with the unsightly results of the ordinary hoops, and so perfect are the wave-like bands that a lady may ascend a steep stair, lean against a table, seat herself in an armchair, pass to a stall in the opera, or occupy a fourth seat in a carriage without inconvenience to herself or others or provoking rude remarks of her

observers, thus modifying in an important degree all those peculiarities tending to destroy the modesty of English women; and lastly it allows the dress to fall into graceful folds.'

Wonderful, wonderful, and again wonderful! But let us quote another point or two. In the early nineteenth century, "the reticules were preferably shaped like ancient urns and made of cardboard, lacquered tin, etc., and ornamented to look like Etruscan vases." Vanity-bags in very truth!

At the same period, the conditions of journeys were such that "it was a customary thing . . . for women to travel in men's dress. The beautiful and adventurous Mme. Gachet, the original of Goethe's



A SPORTING WOMAN OF 1820: A PICTURE FROM THE "JOURNAL DES DAMES."



THE SORT OF THING THAT WOULD NOT SHOCK IN THESE DAYS—WHEN EVEN THE QUEEN OF SPAIN HAS LEGS! "A HINT TO THE LADIES"—AN ENGLISH CARICATURE OF ABOUT 1830.

Natural Daughter, who was continually moving from place to place, seldom wore the clothes of her sex; Bettina and Lulu Jordis travelled as men, and even

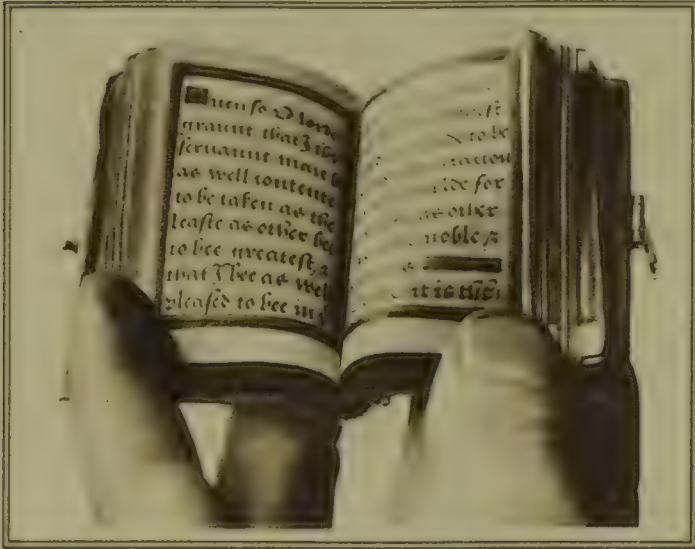
(Continued on page 982.)

\* "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century as Represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Time." Translated from the German of Dr. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn. Translated by M. Edwardes. With an Introduction by Grace Rhys and Additional Notes and Chapters by Grace Thompson. (Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; Four Volumes; £2 2s. the Set.)



## ROMANCE AND ART: A £10,000 MAZER; A QUEEN'S "MANUAL"; VANDALISM.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MAZER AND OF THE BOOK OF DEVOTIONS BY COURTESY OF MR. W. E. HURCOMB, OF CALDER HOUSE, PICCADILLY, WHO SOLD THEM BY AUCTION.



A TINY BOOK OF DEVOTIONS THAT BELONGED TO CATHERINE PARR:  
A MINIATURE "PRIVATE MANUAL" SOLD BY AUCTION FOR £260.



A MAZER SOLD FOR £10,000: THE MACGREGOR BOWL, ONE OF THE "BROWN BOWLS"  
OF THE BALLADS—SHOWING THE INSCRIBED RIM.



VANDALISM BY THIEVES IN FLORENCE: THE DAMAGED DONATELLO AND BERTOLI DI GIOVANNI  
PULPIT—SHOWING (CENTRE AND RIGHT) COLUMNS WITH THE STATUES REMOVED; AND (TO  
THE RIGHT, NEAR THE COLUMN) THE BROKEN FRIEZE.

The early fifteenth-century mazer bowl here illustrated was the property of Sir Malcolm MacGregor, chief of the Clan MacGregor, in whose family it had been for nearly five hundred years. It is ten inches in diameter. It changed hands at Mr. Hurcomb's on November 18, when it was bought by Messrs. Crichton for £10,000. The silver rim is inscribed with the words: "Ninian Bannachtyne. Lard. of ye. Camis. Soun To. Umquhyle. Robart Bannachtyne of ye Camis"; and in the silver-gilt centre of the bowl is a heraldic lion surrounded by medallions bearing the arms of Stuart, Douglas, Hamilton, and Crawford. A mazer, it may be added, is the "brown bowl" of the ballads, a drinking bowl of maple, or some wood of the sort, with spots in its grain. "Hence the word mazer," said the "Londoner" the other day. "When we talk of the malady called the measles, we are using a kindred word: if you catch the measles you will have spots on you." Mr. Hurcomb also sold the Book of Devotions.—With regard to the mutilated pulpit, a correspondent writes: "An extraordinary theft was carried out a few weeks ago in the Church of San Lorenzo at Florence. On each side of the nave stands a pulpit; one destined for the reading of the Gospel, the other for the Epistle. Both were commissioned by Cosimo de' Medici and executed by Donatello. One of them, illustrated here, was left incomplete by the artist at his death in 1466, and was finished by his pupil, Bertoli di Giovanni. One of the four



THE LION OF THE MACGREGOR MAZER AND THE SURROUNDING MEDALLIONS  
BEARING ARMS: THE INTERIOR OF THE BOWL.

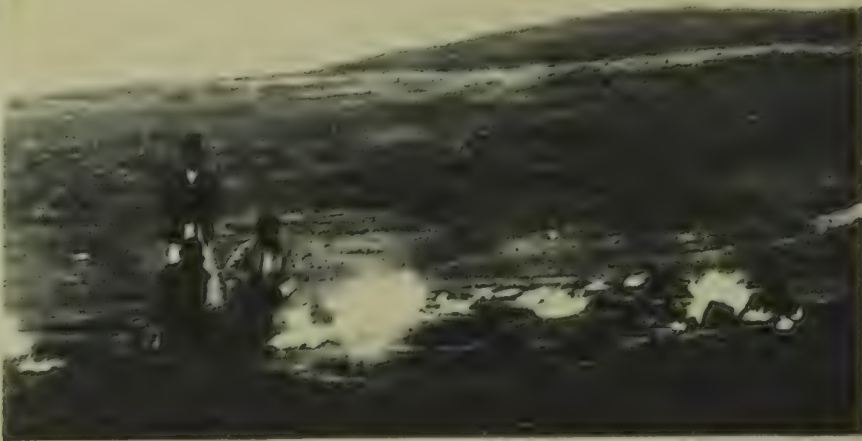


THE LID OF THE MACGREGOR MAZER, THE DRINKING BOWL WHICH FETCHED  
£10,000 AT AUCTION: AN ELABORATE COVER OF CARVED BONE.

custodians of the church was cleaning the nave, and happened to raise his eyes to the pulpit. He was horrified to see that part of the frieze was missing, together with two statues. The position of these can easily be identified in the photograph—the wood of the background is left bare. Up till the moment of writing, no clue has been discovered."



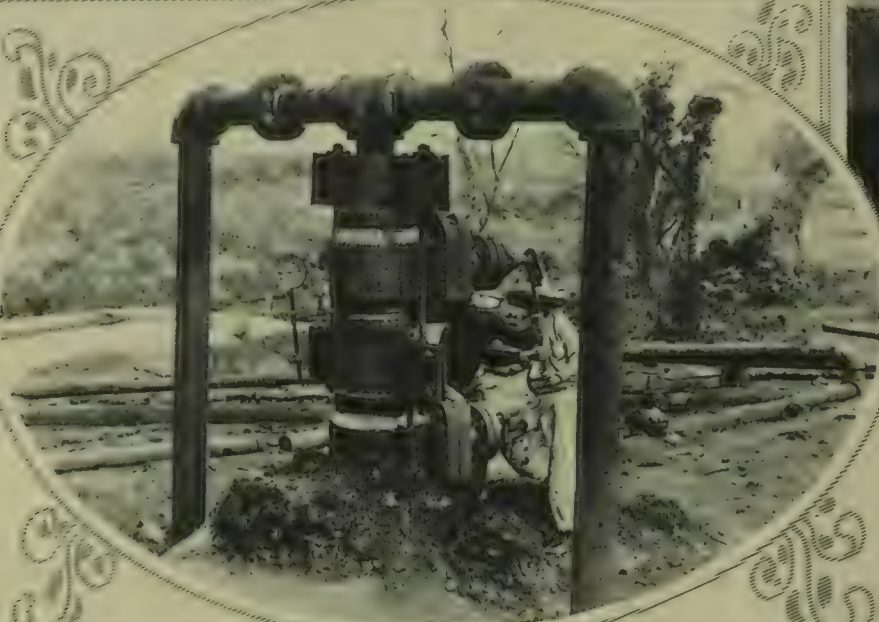
## WONDERS OF OIL-GETTING: THE EARTH-FLOW THAT DRIVES SHIPS AND CARS.



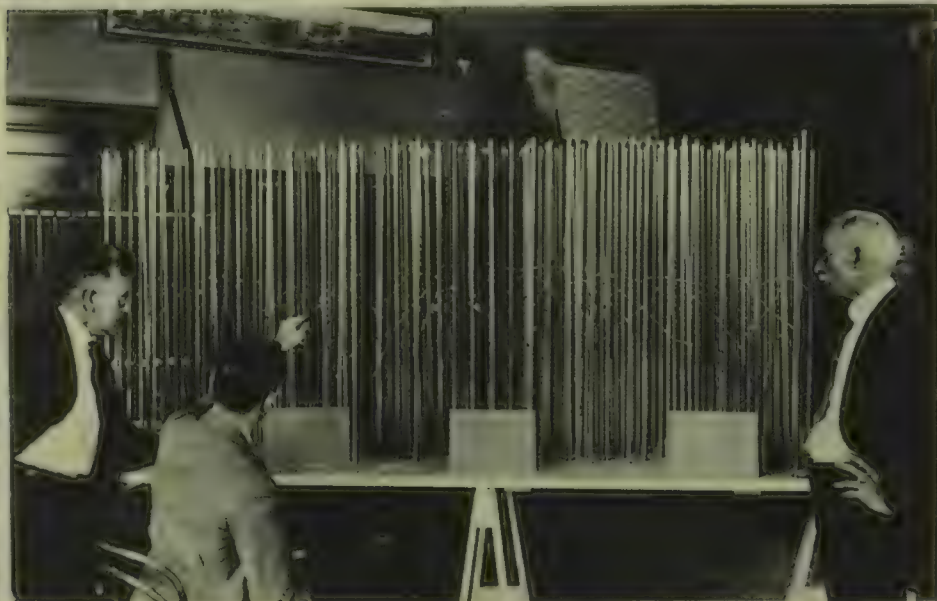
TRADITIONALLY IDENTIFIED WITH NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S "BURNING FIERY FURNACE" MENTIONED IN DANIEL: FLAMES SPURTING FROM THE GROUND NEAR THE SITE OF A RECENT GREAT OUTFLOW OF OIL NEAR KIRKUK, IN IRAQ.



THE GREAT OIL GUSHER (SINCE "CAPPED") RECENTLY STRUCK IN IRAQ, AT BABA GURGUR, NEAR KIRKUK: A HUGE COLUMN OF OIL THAT SHOT UP 150 FT., PRODUCING 50,000 TONS OF OIL IN A FEW DAYS.



HOW A BIG OIL "GUSHER" IS "CAPPED," OR BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL: THE SINCLAIR WELL, PANUCO FIELD, MEXICO, WITH A HUGE VALVE CLAMPED ON THE WELL CASING AND HELD DOWN BY A STEEL PIPE ARCH.



THE "PEG MODEL" METHOD OF MAPPING AND SURVEYING AN OILFIELD: A SYSTEM WHERE EACH PEG REPRESENTS A DRILLED WELL (WITH DEPTH MARKED) AND COLOURED THREADS FROM PEG TO PEG INDICATE UNDULATIONS OF OIL-BEARING STRATA



RENDERING THE WEARER AS IMMUNE FROM "THE BURNING FIERY FURNACE" AS SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABED-NEGO: A NEW TYPE OF ASBESTOS SUIT USED IN EXTINGUISHING OIL FIRES.

The world supply of oil fuel is now a matter of enormous importance. Some uneasiness has been felt in the United States at the rapid consumption of American oil, despite its great resources, and efforts are being made to acquire oilfields elsewhere. American companies, it is reported, are co-operating with British and other groups in developing oilfields in the Mosul region of Iraq. A remarkable gush of oil suddenly occurred recently at a drilling station of the Turkish Petroleum Company at Baba Gurgur, near Kirkuk, a town in Iraq, 210 miles north of Baghdad. About 3 a.m. one morning, oil suddenly began to flow, and soon shot up to 150 ft. in a huge column, at the rate of 7000 tons every twenty-four hours. The well was eventually "capped" pending construction of transport facilities. Near the spot is the traditional site of the Biblical "fiery furnace,"

a shallow basin (of about 100 square yards) on top of a hill, with about thirty flames (gas, not oil) spurting from the ground. They can be beaten out, but they light up again almost at once.—"Peg models" (as the one shown above of an oilfield in Oklahoma) are much used and save unprofitable drilling, as they show the depth of each well (marked on the peg), the course of oil-bearing strata, and the surface contours of the ground indicated by the tops of the pegs. The one shown above represents a surface that is fairly level. In a peg model of the Teapot Dome field in Wyoming, on the other hand, some pegs would be much higher than others. The new asbestos dress here illustrated enables a man to approach close to a burning oil-well and stop the flow. Before the invention many lives were lost in such fires.



# A Miracle of Gold-Work 5500 Years Old: The Ur Dagger.

By COURTESY OF MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, DIRECTOR OF THE JOINT EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY MUSEUM TO UR OF THE CHALDEES.



## THE GEM OF THE "DAGGER GRAVE" AT UR—LATELY A SOURCE OF NEW DISCOVERIES.

A new season of excavations began last month at Ur of the Chaldees, the city of Abraham, and work was resumed at the "dagger grave" (named after the beautiful weapon here illustrated). Further diggings soon revealed new treasures, including hundreds of gold beads and pendants. We now illustrate the dagger and its sheath in all the beauty of its actual colours. A photograph of it appeared in our issue of April 23 last. Describing it as "the season's crowning reward," Mr. Woolley writes: "The hilt is of one piece of deep-

blue lapis lazuli studded with gold; the blade is of burnished gold. The sheath is of solid gold, the front entirely covered with an intricate design in filigree. It is in perfect condition. Produced at any date, it would have been a marvel of design and workmanship. It is astonishing indeed when we realise that it was actually made nearly 5500 years ago, and is one of the oldest-known examples of the goldsmith's art." The handle, it may be noted, is pierced with a hole for a gold ring.



## Akin to the Scottish Red Deer: A North American Monarch.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY FREDERICK T. DAWS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WAPITI: DEER WHICH ARE FREQUENTLY CALLED ELKS, BUT ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE ELK OF EUROPE.

The wapiti, or, to give it its formal name, *Cervus canadensis*, is a North American deer which belongs to the same group as the Scottish red deer. In its own country, it is frequently called an elk. In this connection, it is interesting to quote the "Century": "'Wapiti' is chiefly a book-name of this

deer, which has generally been known since about 1809 as the *elk*—a name applied in Europe to a very different animal, corresponding to that called *moose* in North America." By which it may be gathered that authorities agree to differ! The full-grown male may exceed sixteen hands at the withers.



# RANSOMED FROM BRIGANDS IN MOROCCO: RELEASED FRENCH CAPTIVES.



AFTER THEIR RELEASE FROM CAPTIVITY AMONG BRIGANDS: (LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED) MME. STEINHEL, M. YVES-STEEG (NEXT BUT ONE), AND MME PROKOROFF; (STANDING) M. JEAN MAILLET (LEFT) TALKING TO A FRENCH OFFICER.



TWO LITTLE FRENCH GIRLS RANSOMED FROM BRIGANDS WHO MURDERED THEIR PARENTS: CHRISTINE AND JACQUELINE ARNAUD.



MURDERED BY MOORISH BRIGANDS, WHO HELD THEIR CHILDREN TO RANSOM: THE LATE M. AND MME. ARNAUD.



CAPTURED BY MOORISH BRIGANDS DURING A BOAR-HUNT, AND RECENTLY RANSOMED: (L. TO R.) MME. STEINHEL, M. JEAN MAILLET, M. YVES STEEG (NEPHEW OF THE RESIDENT-GENERAL), AND MME. PROKOROFF.



THE RETURN TO SAFETY AND CIVILISATION AFTER BEING RANSOMED FROM BRIGANDS: MME. STEINHEL (CENTRE) CONGRATULATED ON HER RELEASE, ALONG WITH HER THREE COMPANIONS, AT THE FRENCH POST OF KISIBA, IN MOROCCO.



THE SCENE OF THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE RANSOM OF FRENCH PRISONERS FROM MOORISH BRIGANDS: THE PICTURESQUE STRONGHOLD OF MOHA OU SAID, THE HOME OF CAID ALI.

M. Yves Steeg, nephew of the French Resident-General in Morocco, with M. Jean Maillet, Mme. Steinhel, and Mme. Prokoroff, were released by their captors near Kisiba, on November 17. They were escorted to the rendezvous by seventy tribesmen, and were awaited by Commandant Foiret with the ransom. M. Steeg said that on October 20, when they drove out in a motor-car on a shooting expedition near Kaspah Tadla, they were attacked by seven brigands armed with French rifles. He was compelled to drive the car into a clearing, where Mme. Prokoroff's little dog was killed. They were then forced to walk into the mountains all night and up to 2 p.m. the next day, being prodded with knives or bayonets at any sign of slackening. Their captors discussed putting them to death, until they learned M. Steeg's relationship to the Resident-General. The two little girls, Christine and Jacqueline Arnaud, aged six and four, were ransomed on the same day. They had been carried off on October 8, near Kenitra, by brigands who murdered their parents. After their release the children were taken to Rabat and placed in the care of Mme. Steeg, wife of the Resident-General.



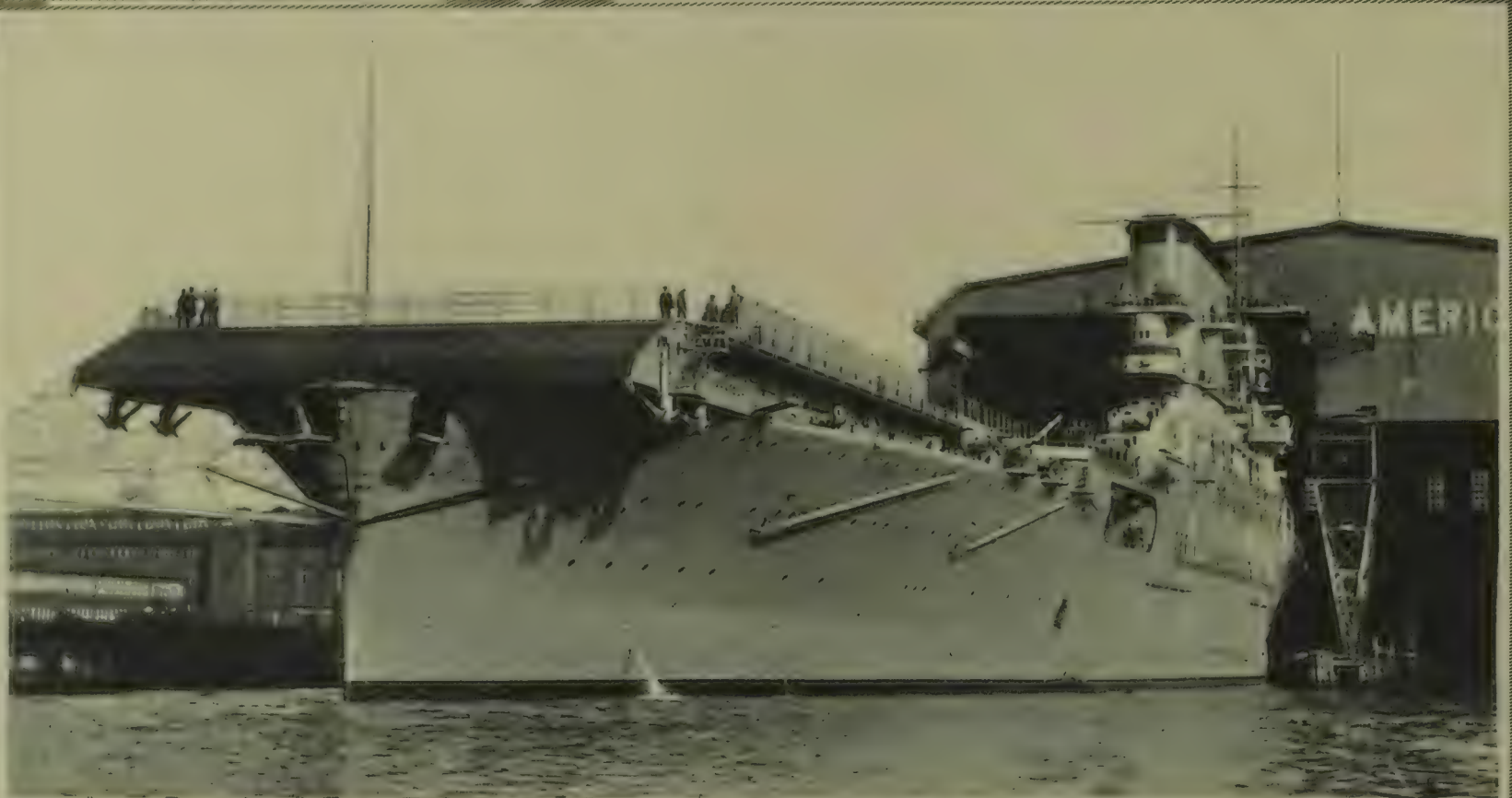
## AMERICA'S NEW GIANT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE "SARATOGA" COMPARED WITH KINDRED SHIPS—AMERICAN & BRITISH.



A PREDECESSOR OF THE "SARATOGA": THE U.S.S. "LANGLEY," HER FLYING DECK LINED WITH AIRCRAFT, ON THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.



ONE OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS OF THE BRITISH NAVY, WHICH MAKES UP IN NUMBER FOR INFERIORITY IN POINT OF POWER AND SIZE: H.M.S. "ARGUS"—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE OF THE SHIP, WITH FOUR AEROPLANES ON THE FLYING DECK.



LONGER AND BROADER THAN ANY OF HER KIND, AND HAVING THE GREATEST HORSE-POWER (180,000 H.P.) OF ANY WARSHIP IN THE WORLD: THE NEW 33,000-TON UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, "SARATOGA," ELECTRICALLY DRIVEN, AND ABLE TO CARRY 83 AEROPLANES AND 8 SEAPLANES—A VIEW SHOWING THE STARBOARD SUPERSTRUCTURE



A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER HAVING (LIKE THE "SARATOGA") A SUPERSTRUCTURE ON THE STARBOARD SIDE: H.M.S. "HERMES," WITH ONE OF HER SEAPLANES IN FLIGHT.



THE STRANGE EFFECT OF THE LOFTY SUPERSTRUCTURE ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE DECK, GIVING A LOP-SIDED APPEARANCE: A BOW VIEW OF H.M.S. "HERMES," WITH AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.

The new American aircraft-carrier "Saratoga" was ceremonially put into commission in the United States Navy on November 16, at South Camden, New Jersey. After taking on board, at San Diego, some of her complement of 83 aeroplanes and 8 seaplanes, she will join the U.S. Battle Fleet in the Pacific. The "Saratoga" is a ship of 33,000 tons (the maximum for aircraft-carriers under the Washington Agreement) and cost £8,000,000. She and a sister ship, the "Lexington" (to follow shortly), were designed originally as great battle-cruisers of 43,500 tons. All her machinery is operated by electricity, and her four 45,000-h.p. motors give her a designed horse-power

(180,000 h.p.) greater than that of any other warship. Her main deck is 888 ft. long, and her superstructure consists of bridge, turrets, masts, and a great elliptical smoke-stack, crowded into a space hardly 20 ft. wide against her starboard rail. There are lifts to raise aeroplanes to the top deck, and, on the deck below it, a catapult for launching aeroplanes. Comparing the "Saratoga" with British aircraft-carriers, the "Times" naval correspondent said recently: "What this country lacks in the size of individual ships is made up for by numbers, for we have six large aircraft-carriers built and building, as against three for the United States and four for Japan."



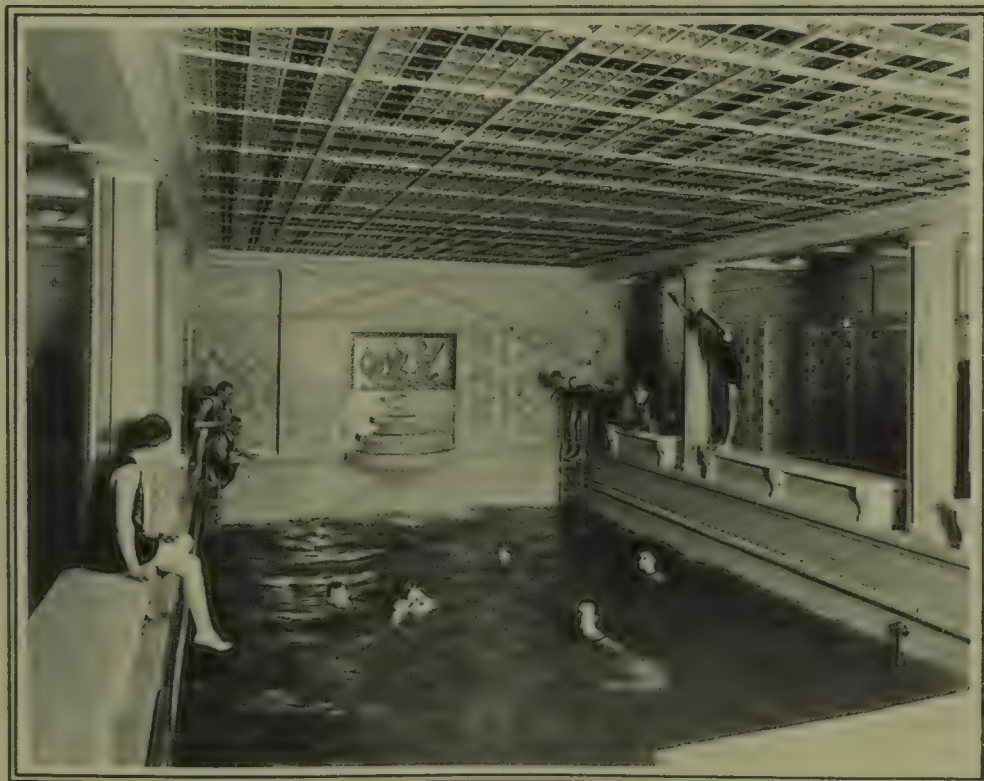
# "WIMBLEDON" AT SEA: LAWN-TENNIS ABOARD A LINER.



A FULL-SIZED LAWN-TENNIS COURT ON THE SPORTS DECK OF THE "CAP ARCONA": A GAME IN PROGRESS IN THE LARGEST VESSEL BUILT IN GERMANY SINCE THE WAR.

One of the novelties of the new German liner, "Cap Arcona," which left Hamburg for Buenos Aires on November 19, is a sports deck, the highest of the decks. This contains a full-sized lawn-tennis court, with a fifteen-foot "run-back," and with galleries for spectators, who are protected by netting. Play will take place not only by day, but, under powerful electric lights, by night. Other features are full provision for the usual open-air ships' games; swimming, electrical, and other baths; and a gymnasium. The ship is of 27,000 tons gross, but she has a cargo-carrying capacity of only 400 or 500 tons. She is the largest vessel built in Germany since the war, and the second largest ship in the newly built German Mercantile Marine; and is the largest steamer (as distinct from motor-ships) in the South American trade.

(Continued opposite)



THE SWIMMING - BATH.

Her draught is 27½ feet, and this, plus unusually low water in the Elbe, made the beginning of her maiden voyage unexpectedly eventful: she came to rest twice in the shallow river. She is driven by two sets of single-reduction turbine engines, generating 24,000 brake horse-power, and yielding a speed of 20 knots. Oil fuel is used, and about 6000 tons are required for each voyage. Amongst the devices installed are submarine signalling, the gyro compass and self-steering system, and the electrical Echo sounding apparatus. A speciality is made of wireless, and in this connection it is interesting to note that it is the ship's intention to broadcast wireless concerts for the benefit of "listeners-in" aboard cargo-vessels. It will be possible also to speak to land by means of wireless telephony.



# "QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS" AT SEA: A BATTLE-SHIP'S MAST, "FITTED AT INTERVALS WITH FLATS."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. (COPYRIGHTED.)



## THE "BRAIN" OF A BATTLE-SHIP: THE TRIPOD FOREMAST CLUSTERED WITH TIER UPON TIER OF CONTROL-TOPS.

We are enabled here to show the tier upon tier of cabins and control-tops that cluster round the tripod foremast of a (pre-"Nelson") battle-ship of the Atlantic Fleet, and form the "brain" of the ship. In the latest type of ships such as the "Nelson" (illustrated in our issue of November 5), this cluster of control-rooms has grown into a veritable tower, and has been facetiously dubbed by the Fleet "Queen Anne's Mansions." Right at the top is seen the Director Tower, in which are the pistols for firing the main guns. Below this is the Spotting Position, filled with a complicated mass of instruments for range-finding and registering the ranging of guns on the target. Climbing down a naked steel ladder attached to the great steel mast, we reach a smaller room which controls

the searchlights, and two firing pistols—to port and starboard—for firing the submerged torpedo tubes. Just forward of this and on a slightly lower level is the Navigation Position and Chart House; and then, descending a more comfortable ladder, we pass the Admiral's Chart House and the sea cabins of the Admiral and the Captain. The 6-inch Director Tower controls the battery of 6-inch guns. Lower, we reach the Navigating Officer's cabin, and the Signal Distribution Cabin. A "Times" writer says: "That which from a distance appears to be an ungainly tree for the support of bunches of steel 'mistletoe' turns out on closer acquaintance to be a graceful and lofty column, fitted at intervals with tastefully designed flats."



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: THE MOST INTERESTING NEWS



1. TESTING THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE GLOZEL DISCOVERIES: THE PRESENCE OF AN OBJECT INDICATED (DURING EXCAVATION) BY DISCOLORATION OF THE SOIL.



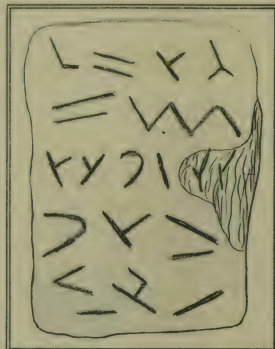
2. A DISCOVERY HELD TO PROVE AUTHENTICITY: THE SAME SITE (AS IN NO. 1) FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, WITH THE OBJECT UNEARTHED—AN "INSCRIBED" CLAY BRICK.



3. EXAMINING THE BRICK (AFTER DRYING): (L. TO R.) DR. MORLET (CENTRE), DR. FORRER (STANDING, BAREHEADED), HEAD OF INQUIRY, AND ABBÉ FAVRET (KNEELING, LEFT).



6. A CHURCH LIKE AN ORGAN: THE GRUNDEVIGS CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN, AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW STYLE IN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.



7. THE INSCRIPTION ON THE CLAY BRICK FOUND AT GLOZEL (SHOWN IN NOS. 2 AND 3): AN OBJECT CONSIDERED TO PROVE THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE "FINDS."



8. A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF REINFORCED CONCRETE IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF DEVASTATED FRANCE: THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. LAURENT BLANDY, NEAR ARRAS, ENTIRELY BUILT OF THAT MATERIAL.



12. THE OPENING-UP OF AN UNKNOWN REGION IN SPANISH MOROCCO: PART OF A NEW 200-MILE ROAD BETWEEN CRUTA AND MELILLA, THROUGH THE HEART OF THE RIF COUNTRY—SHOWING JEBEL TISERIN, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN THE PROTECTORATE.



13. THE GREAT FLOODS IN NEW ENGLAND THAT CAUSED THE LOSS OF OVER 125 LIVES: THE SUBMERGED AIR PORT AT HARTFORD, THE CAPITAL OF CONNECTICUT—A REMARKABLE VIEW TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The now famous discoveries at Glozel, near Vichy, which some archaeologists alleged to be a "fraud" and a "fake," while others held them to be genuinely prehistoric, have recently been examined on the site by a committee appointed by the International Institute of Anthropology at Amsterdam, headed by Dr. Forrer, and including the Abbé Favret. The controversy chiefly concerns the inscribed clay tablets, which, if genuine, greatly antedate the art of writing. At the present moment, the Committee has not published its report, but it is generally believed that authenticity has been established, especially by the Abbé Favret's discovery of the clay brick (above illustrated) the condition of which made any faking incredible. Over 3000 objects found, including implements, pottery, idols, and ornaments, are in a museum at the farm on the site, and 1000 others in Dr. Morlet's house at Vichy.—The first census ever held in Turkey took place at Constantinople on October 28, when the whole population was required to remain indoors for the day, all shops and hotels were closed, and

# OF THE WEEK FAR AND NEAR RECORDED BY ILLUSTRATION.



4. DURING THE FIRST CENSUS EVER HELD IN TURKEY: CONSTANTINOPLE ON CENSUS DAY, WHEN THE WHOLE POPULATION HAD TO REMAIN INDOORS—GALATA BRIDGE COMPLETELY DESERTED.



5. THE FIRST CHANNEL CROSSING BY CYCLE-HYDROPLANE: M. RENÉ SAVARD, A YOUNG PARISIAN, STARTING FROM CALAIS, WHENCE HE PEDALLED TO DOVER IN 6½ HOURS, ARRIVING COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED.



9. CONSTANTINOPLE LIKE A CITY OF THE DEAD ON THE DAY OF THE FIRST TURKISH CENSUS: A STREET IN GALATA EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A PARTY OF CENSUS OFFICIALS.



10. NEW GERMAN COINS STRUCK IN HONOUR OF THE PRESIDENT'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: (ABOVE) THE NEW HINDENBURG SILVER FIVE-MARK PIECE; (BELOW) A HINDENBURG BRONZE COIN.



11. A YOUNG FRENCH HORSEWOMAN'S 200-MILE RIDE FROM PARIS TO BERLIN AND BACK: Mlle. RACHEL DORANGE WELCOMED IN PARIS ON HER RETURN.



14. A DISASTER OF THE RECENT GALES, BELIEVED TO HAVE COST NINE LIVES: THE WRECK OF THE "ALASKA," A SCOTTISH MOTOR HERRING-FISHING BOAT (PROBABLY CUT IN TWO ON A REEF) WASHED UP ON THE KINCARDINE COAST.



15. DRIVEN ASHORE AT ROKER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE WEAR, DURING THE RECENT GALES ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST: THE SUNDERLAND STEAMER "EPOS," WITH HUGE SEAS BREAKING OVER THE EXPOSED SIDE OF THE SHIP.

trams, trains, and boats ceased running. The only people seen in the streets were the five thousand census-takers. The census was organised by a Belgian, M. Camille Jacquard.—M. René Savard, of Paris, has set up a new Channel record by pedalling across from Calais to Dover in a bicycle fixed on floats.—The new Grundvigs Church at Copenhagen is to be consecrated on December 11.—The new Hindenburg 5-mark piece is inscribed, on the reverse: "The German State's most faithful servant." The inscription on the bronze piece reads: "As a birthday present I would ask the unity of the German people, for without unity there is no power."—Mlle. Rachel Dorange took two and a half months to ride from Paris to Berlin and back, via Brussels and Amsterdam, averaging thirty miles a day.—The 49-ton motor fishing-boat "Alaska," of Macduff, Banffshire, left Lowestoft for Macduff on November 17, and later was washed up on the Kincardine coast with her starboard side ripped away, apparently through striking a reef. It was feared that the crew of nine were lost.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE FIFTH EARL CATHCART.**  
(Born, June 26, 1862; died, November 17.) Third son of the third Earl. Succeeded his brother in 1911. Formerly in the P.W.O. Yorks Regiment.



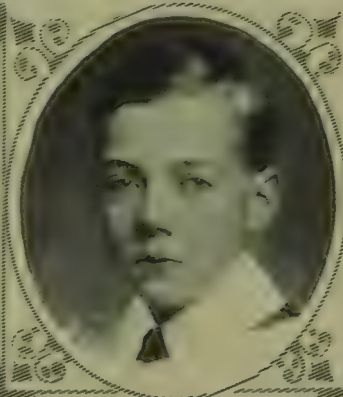
**SIR GEORGE FULLER,**  
K.C.M.G.  
Appointed Agent-General in London for New South Wales. Premier of New South Wales, 1922-25. Member for Wollondilly since 1915. A barrister-at-law.



**M. A. F. YOFFE.**  
Reported to have committed suicide in Moscow on November 17. Born in 1883. Formerly a Soviet Ambassador, functioning in Berlin, in Peking, and in Vienna.



**MR. WILLIAM WOODWARD,**  
F.R.I.B.A.  
Died on November 17 at the age of eighty-one. Designed many London buildings, and was joint-architect for the Piccadilly Hotel. A former Mayor of Hampstead.



**MASTER E. LOUGH.**  
A soloist of the Temple Church. Famous as a boy soprano whose gramophone records for "H.M.V." have aroused the greatest interest in musical circles.



**THE NON-STOP FLIGHT TO INDIA ATTEMPT WHICH ENDED IN FORCED LANDINGS: CAPTAIN R. H. MCINTOSH (LEFT) AND MR. BERT HINKLER, THE PILOTS.**



**AFTER HIS ACQUITTAL: M. MANULESCU, PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA'S AGENT, WITH HIS WIFE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THEIR HOME.**



**THE FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR AS A DOCTOR OF SCIENCE: M. PAUL PAINLEVÉ AT CAMBRIDGE; WITH THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, THE REV. G. A. WEEKES.**



**THE SULTAN MOULAY YOUSSEF.**  
Sultan of Morocco. Died on November 17 at the age of forty-five. Succeeded his brother, Moulay Hafid, in 1912, and has been succeeded by his third son.



**SPANISH ROYALTY AT A MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND HUNT: THE PRINCESSES BEATRICE AND MARIA CHRISTINA AT SIX ASHES.**  
The Queen of Spain, the guest of Lord and Lady Ednam, at Himley Hall, near Dudley, attended the meet of the Albrighton Woodland Hunt at Six Ashes on November 19. Her Majesty was content to watch from a motor-car, but her daughters rode with the field.

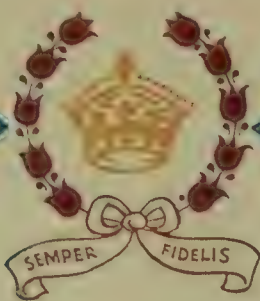


**MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.**  
(Born, October 24, 1873; died, November 17.) Liberal Minister and journalist. A former Under-Secretary, Home Department; and Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster.

Sir George Fuller will take up his new position early next year. Meanwhile Lord Chelmsford continues to act.—M. A. F. Yoffe was President of the Russian Delegation at the Brest-Litovsk negotiations which ended in Russia's withdrawal from the war. He also figured in the peace negotiations between Russia and Latvia and Russia and Poland. Germany expelled him on a charge of conducting Bolshevik propaganda. Most recently he was Vice-Chairman of the Concessions Department of Russia.—The flight of Captain McIntosh and Mr. Hinkler came to an untimely end. The pilots were forced to land first at Bialokrynica, near Podhajce, in Eastern Galicia, and then at Mszana, near Grodek, twenty miles west of Lwow (Lemberg).—M. Manulescu was court-martialled on a charge of high treason, "an endeavour to change the Constitution." He was acquitted.

Defending Prince Carol's agent, General Averescu said, according to reports, "No law exists to prevent Prince Carol's return."—On Nov. 16, Cambridge conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Science upon M. Painlevé, the French Minister of War, and Professor of Analytical and Celestial Mechanics at the Sorbonne.—The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman was one of those very clever men who are harshly treated by Fate, and, although he met with successes, he faced an exceptional number of rebuffs. As a journalist he did some brilliant work; and he was Director of Wellington House Propaganda Department from 1914 until 1918. As a politician he held various posts, including those of Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board; Under-Secretary of State, Home Department; Financial Secretary to the Treasury; and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.





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# EVE and the ORANGE



If Woman gave Man the Apple, she made up for it afterwards by giving him the orange. It was a Miss Keiller, a lady of Dundee, who invented the original Dundee Marmalade. In the hundred

years that have passed since then, who can count the happiness she has brought through her famous confection? Thus woman accomplishes her usual destiny—to destroy one Paradise and make another.

## KEILLER'S DUNDEE MARMALADE

Famous for Quality  
for over 100 years

Famous for Quality  
for over 100 years



# THE DOUBLE RUSSIAN ILLUSION.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

*the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.*

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

ONCE more the West is in difficulties with Russia. The efforts made to bring about an understanding with the new masters of the Kremlin are everywhere subject to rebuffs from the most varied incidents. Is Russia destined to be Europe's eternal illusion and deception?

In 1914 the whole world saw in Russia the pillar of the anti-German coalition. Russia alone could arm millions of men. She alone was an inexhaustible reservoir of forces. She alone could fight invulnerably for years. She had swallowed up the Grand Army: what could the little imitators of Napoleon, brandishing their impotent swords against her, expect? Her strength was compared to that of a steam-roller. A few rare sceptics hung their heads. We did not heed them. During all the first years of the war, Russia's immensity maintained the courage of the Allies.

How facts were destined to contradict all these hopes! Supported on a solid network of iron, an army of the twentieth century was able to do what the Grand Army had failed to accomplish: defy "General Winter," invade Russia, and throw down the Colossus. The mass on which the West counted for beating Germany revealed itself as a great weakness. After six months of war, the Russian Army was only an immense, badly armed crowd which in the end, having grown tired of allowing itself to be uselessly massacred, revolted. The people turned against their masters the arms which had been given them to make war with. Much weaker from a military point of view than she had been supposed to be, Russia was also the great weakness of the anti-German coalition from the moral point of view. The Allies had taken up arms, promising to champion the liberties of the world. The world gave its sympathies to the cause according to the degree in which it believed in the sincerity of its declarations. But, while everyone recognised that England and France could consistently fight for the liberty of the world, Russia did not enjoy the same confidence. The Empire of the Tsars seemed, to the sometimes interested scepticism of parts of Europe and America, to be but poorly prepared by its history to take part in a Crusade for liberty.

It was with the fear of Russian despotism that the German Government justified the war in the eyes of the Socialistic masses. It was on account of Russia that the great majority in Sweden were Germanophile. It was on account of Russia that certain very influential Jewish centres in Northern America remained hostile to the intervention of the United States until 1917. Another still more curious and less well-known fact is that Russia was to a great extent responsible for the attitude of the Vatican during the first three years of the war.

In the spring of 1918, I chanced to have an opportunity of talking, in Rome, with one of the highest prelates of the Vatican. Russia had signed the Treaty of Brest Litovsk, and had given up the struggle: the issue of the war seemed more uncertain than ever. The illustrious personage spoke to me with the warmest sympathy with regard to France, which did not surprise me, for I knew that he had lived for many years in Paris before attaining his high ecclesiastical dignities. I was more surprised by the benevolent way in which he spoke of the Allies in general, giving me to understand that their defeat would have seemed to him a great misfortune. But when I said to him that everyone was under the impression that the Vatican had been on the side of our enemies, he protested loudly.

"How could we take the side of the Entente so long as Russia was a part of the Alliance? The Western Allies had promised Russia immense Catholic territories if they were victorious. You know what was the fate of Catholicism under Tsarist Russia. The Entente's victory, with Russia as an ally, would have been as great a catastrophe for the Catholic Church as the Reformation."

I give the last sentence word for word. It still, after ten years, rings in my ears. I was so forcibly struck by it, and not only by its exaggeration. If the comparison was a little exaggerated, its justification from the point of view of the man who uttered it seemed to me very strong. . . . But I wondered also why the Vatican, or those who spoke for it, had never used that argument to explain its attitude; and I said so to the person who had accompanied me when I made this visit. "From the Catholic point of view the argument about Russia seems to me a very strong one. But why have you never given public expression to it? This is the first time

It was thus that the conservative illusion about Russia came into being, and Europe lived upon it until 1917. Are we about to see it replaced by a revolutionary illusion of the same nature? If the classes that in 1914 saw in Russia the salvation of Europe hate her to-day as the incarnation of the Evil One, certain revolutionary parties, which up till 1914 hated her as a barbarous Empire, admire her to-day as the country in which is preparing no less a thing than the definite redemption of humanity. Light will come from the East! But this is again an illusion. The old illusion had its roots in the antiquated attachment of the superior classes to the old forms of absolute authority. The new illusion is born from what we may call the romantic legend of the Revolution. Because the history of Europe, and of the world was changed by a formidable upheaval at the end of the eighteenth century, we think that that unique event will be reproduced every fifty years, and that human life will in future be a long, uninterrupted series of miraculous regenerations.

But that mystical confidence in the renewal of the world by Russia rests on a confusion of words. We call every violent and profound perturbation that occurs in the political and social state of a country a "revolution." There are revolutions—but they are very rare—which have been produced by the power of ideas, aspirations, and new activities. There are others, and they are more numerous, whose cause must be sought in the collapse of an old régime which, enfeebled by time and disasters, had no longer the strength to maintain itself. The French Revolution and the Revolution of '48 belong to the first category; the Russian Revolution to the second.

The Russian Revolution did not triumph because Russia had gradually created the doctrines by which she is governed to-day, and which at a given moment she felt an irresistible need to put into practice. The ideas by which Russia is now governed came to her from abroad; and the day before the revolution they were unknown to the vast majority of her population. Worn by time, shaken by general discontent, shattered by the war, the old machine of the Tsarist régime suddenly broke down; an immense void was then produced, in which the country struggled for six months, not knowing what would become of her. Nothing existed any longer, neither army nor administration, nor justice nor government! A small group of the disciples of Marx was able to profit by the general confusion: With money furnished by Imperialist Germany, these revolutionaries paid a little armed force; with that force they seized upon power; and, power once grasped, they applied the doctrines which

they had learned in their books to justify the conquest of power. But they were able to apply those doctrines because the old régime had already collapsed, and as a consequence of an internal decomposition which was independent of their action.

The Russian Revolution is, in fact, nothing but a particular instance, and the most gigantic one, of the political crisis which the destruction of the monarchical system brought on in Continental Europe. Among the monarchies which governed Europe in 1914, Russia was the only one which had mercilessly proscribed liberal doctrines and representative institutions. The Duma, which was convoked in 1906, had, one may say, not even begun to function when the World War broke out. In other countries, Italy, for instance, the small oligarchy which, based on the monarchy, had governed for half a century, had obtained for the nation a beginning of liberty and the rudiments of representative government. Finally, there were other countries, like Germany, where the Court and bureaucracy were the preponderating powers, but where public opinion, organised parties, the Press, and representative institutions already considerably limited their power. The participation of the people in the government, although in a

[Continued on page 986.]



THE SEVENTH WOMAN TO ENTER THE PRESENT HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE COUNTESS OF IVEAGH, M.P. (SECOND FROM RIGHT), ELECTED FOR SOUTHBEND IN SUCCESSION TO HER HUSBAND, LORD IVEAGH, HERE SEEN WITH HER AND THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS (L. TO R.), BRIGID, HONOR, AND PATRICIA.

In the recent bye-election at Southend (due to Viscount Elveden, M.P., having become Earl of Iveagh on his father's death), the new Countess of Iveagh, the official Conservative candidate, was returned with a clear majority of 3615 over all the three other candidates. Lady Iveagh, who was married in 1903, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Onslow and sister of the present Earl, who is now Under-Secretary for War. Lord and Lady Iveagh have one son (born 1912) and three daughters (seen in the above group)—Honor (born 1909), Patricia (born 1918), and Brigid (born 1920).

that I have heard it, and I admit that I had never thought of it."

In fact, from every point of view, political, military, economic, Russia was the most feeble of all the Powers who formed the anti-German coalition, and the one which could least stand the strain of a long war. Why did public opinion in Europe consider her invulnerable, and possessed of indefinite powers of resistance? Because Russia was an immense Empire and governed by an absolute monarchy. Throughout almost the whole of Europe the superior classes and the majority of the intellectual classes had still in 1914 so many prejudices against representative government and liberal institutions that they were dazzled by the contemplation of an absolute monarchy, without a Parliament, without liberty of the Press, and surrounded by the splendours of Asiatic ceremonial. The history of 1812, the immensity of Russia's territories, and her enormous military forces completed the illusion. When the Marquis San Giuliano, Minister for Foreign Affairs in Italy in 1914, said in after-dinner conversations in drawing-rooms that Russia was not a Power but a weakness, his hearers thought he was joking.



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

## Three Queens in London.

Three Queens have been busy in London during the past two weeks. Queen Mary has spent a great deal of time in connection with the distribution of garments from her Needlework Guild, but she has also been shopping industriously, buying the Christmas presents that she likes to select personally. Her shopping list must be a wonderful thing. It is well understood that she likes to move about among the other customers, and, though they watch her with interest, the London women do not disturb her or follow her about, so it was odd to hear of three thousand people crowding round the doors of a shop she visited the other day, waiting to see her come out. That used to happen just before Princess Mary's wedding when they went shopping together, but an excess of interest at the time was excusable.

The Queen of Norway, who is said to be looking for a flat in London with the idea of spending some of the winter here, has also been going about quietly enjoying the shops and the shop windows, and visiting her friends. The Queen of Spain and her daughters have had a wonderful time. They were disappointed in their wish to come to London during the season, but they have been enjoying a sort of compressed special

do not possess long hair, and, if they did, the long plaits would only be appropriate to the mediæval style which Miss Aileen Guinness selected for her wedding gown. As a rule, the modern girl is content to wear a period frock with a shingled head, and it is just as well that she should, for those frocks are usually more becoming than the style of hair-dressing that used to accompany them.

Miss Guinness had chosen frocks for her pretty group of bridesmaids that harmonised with her ivory-tinted velvet, but of a fashion centuries ahead of hers. Everyone agreed that their curious gold and pearl head-dresses were most becoming. Lady Iveagh and her relatives had laid aside their mourning for the day, but most of the guests had avoided bright colours, and the gathering was much less of the social occasion it would have been but for the late Lord Iveagh's death, and the friendly intimate note was emphasised.

## An American Visit.

The Dowager Lady Swaythling means to spend the rest of the year in America with her daughter Joyce. She will meet

carefully," said Lady Astor. "I have listened to thousand of speeches that have been carefully prepared, and I always think they are like omelettes that have grown cold." This remark, which could be sadly echoed by many bored audiences, seems to explain Lady Astor's speeches. No one would ever think her omelettes had got cold, though on occasions they are certainly disintegrated. She is a very unequal speaker. Her maiden speech in the House of Commons was probably carefully prepared, and it was one of the best things she has done.

## The Celestial Cook.

Everyone is glad that Lady Cobham is accompanying her husband on his twenty-thousand-miles flight round Africa. The wives of our great airmen do not give such expression to the anxiety they endure while waiting for news of their safety as Miss Ruth Elder's husband did, but it is very well understood, and in the past Lady Cobham has had the sympathy of millions. They remember how brave and cheerful she was during her husband's last great flight, and they are glad that she is sharing his adventure this time. He is very fortunate to have her with him. He will not be troubled about her nerves, for she is quite happy in the air, and he knows that even Solomon would have had a good word for the wife who, when flying at a high altitude, can type out her husband's records or cook his dinner with equal skill and equanimity, and give first aid in case of need to the crew. On their return she will be able to add to the book which she will help him to write a chapter on "My Favourite Air Recipes."

## A Short Engagement.

The wedding of the Hon. Janet Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter, to Mr. Ian Douglas Campbell is following very close on the announcement of her engagement. It is to take place on Dec. 12, and will be at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street. This is the chief Presbyterian church in London, and one of the most interesting weddings there in recent years was that of Mr. Bonar Law's daughter to General Sir Frederick Sykes, when there was a great gathering of notable people. Miss Aitken will wear a wedding dress of white chiffon, and will have ten

## A Christmas Gift Competition.

NEXT week's issue will contain a novelty in the form of an entertaining competition to test the skill and observation of our readers.

Prizes will be offered to the value of £50.

The competition will serve the purpose of solving the embarrassing problem of selecting a suitable Christmas Gift.

her son, Mr. Ewen Montagu, who is a student at Harvard, and will visit some of her friends in the Southern States. She has many friends in America, and there are numbers of American officers who will recall the great hospitality she and her husband showed them when they were in London during the war. Lady Swaythling will be a good deal missed during her absence, for she has a charming personality, many active interests, and hosts of friends. She is a fine musician, and combines an appreciation of the arts with a just appreciation of beautiful clothes, and she dresses well.

## Lady Astor's Speeches.

Lady Astor made an amusing speech the other day when, as President of the Electrical Association for Women, she opened the attractive little club-room at the association's headquarters in Kensington. These women are looking forward to a wide sphere of usefulness when, with a larger and cheaper supply of electricity, our housewives begin to make a much freer use of domestic electricity, and they will be able to explain in show-rooms and homes how the various electric appliances are to be used. They look forward, they say, to helping the housewife to get rid of drudgery. Lady Astor chaffed them about this, suggesting that wives and mothers will always have plenty of work to do as long as there are men in the home, and electricity will not get rid of the men.

Many of these women will do a good deal of public speaking. "Don't prepare your speeches too



IN THE COSTUMES THEY WORE AT MRS. GUINNESS'S PARTY: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, AS AN ELECTRICIAN OF THE MOSCOW THEATRE, AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS HIS FRIEND.

season. Queen Victoria has been shopping too, but the young Princesses must be rather astonished to find out how many other things they have managed to do in a very short time.

## Lady Iveagh, M.P.

Lady Iveagh had a joyous campaign at Southend, where she is extremely popular, and so well known that she did not have to go canvassing from door to door as a woman who had not been connected with the district might have done. She had merely to walk along the street, and people came hurrying to talk to her. "Vote for your friend of fifteen years," said one of her posters. But, curiously enough, it was her popularity that might have proved her undoing. For one thing, she had earned her popularity in recent years as Lady Elveden, and many people did not recognise her under her new title. "Who is Lady Iveagh?" was a question that many of her canvassers had to answer. And, because she was certain to get an enormous number of votes, many of those who hoped to see a woman so capable and effective in the House of Commons thought she was so perfectly safe without their votes that they need not trouble to go to the poll.

## The Bride's Tresses.

The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket will probably be remembered in social history as the bride who was married in 1927, at St. Margaret's Church, with her hair hanging over her shoulders in two long plaits. It is not likely that the precedent she set last week will be widely followed. For one thing, most brides



ONE OF THE GUESTS AT MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS'S FANCY-DRESS PARTY: COUNTESS PAHLEN—AS "THE SWAN."

Countess Pahlen is one of the many distinguished Russians who have sought refuge in England from the Bolshevik oppression. For Mrs. Guinness's party she chose the costume of the Swan, so well known to all of us by the dance that Pavlova has made famous.



GIVER OF A FANCY-DRESS DINNER-DANCE LAST WEEK: MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS—IN A RUSSIAN HEAD-DRESS. Mrs. Benjamin Guinness gave a most entertaining fancy-dress party last week. All the guests had to appear in costumes taken from some Russian Ballet or other. Mrs. Guinness herself is here seen wearing a Russian head-dress.

bridesmaids. One of these is to be Lord Ashfield's daughter, the Hon. Grace Stanley, whose engagement was announced a few weeks ago.





Like moles they travel underground,  
For Waltham Green or Wapping bound,  
In working togs, or gaily gowned -  
But troglodyte.

Drawn and coloured by D Zinkuser and dedicated, with permission,

## THE UNDERGROUND

They speed along Apollyon's way  
While lift and escalator play  
At 'put and take' the livelong day -  
And half the night.

to John Walker Esq., distiller of Fine Whisky, Kilmarnock, Scotland.



# Fashions &

# Fancies

## Lovely Lingerie in New Designs.

Lingerie is a subject always very close to one's heart, and there are some fascinating new garments designed to accompany the season's fashions.

For instance, created specially for wearing under picture frocks are the lovely petticoat knickers sketched on this page, boasting a "wrap-over" of georgette edged with net, fitted with knickers which are held to the knees by elastic covered with ribbon shaded a little deeper than the rest. These are obtainable for 39s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. A special feature is being made of "dancing knickers," very short and close-fitting affairs which cannot thicken the silhouette. They range from 29s. 6d., and are quite irresistible, fashioned of crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and triple ninon, with fairylike insertions of delicate lace and net. Boudoir caps in quaint and most becoming shapes are also legion, ranging from 1 guinea. The little Dutch cap on the right in the trio sketched below is available in various styles, and costs 21s. 9d. Another innovation which is practical as well as pretty is a new backless brassière for the evening. It is made of triple ninon with edgings and shoulder-straps of tiny silk flowers. Across the back are only two narrow bands of elastic covered with the floral trimming, and even one of these may be dispensed with and tucked in quite neatly each side. It costs only 18s. 9d.

## Pyjamas and Nighties.

Amidst the delightful luxuries of boudoir caps, brassières, and dancing knickers, there are also the indispensable night-dress and pyjamas in many attractive forms at Harvey Nichols'. Sketched on the extreme left is a pretty nightie of blue satin with a yoke of net and a true-lover's knot in floral ribbon appliquéd on the front. It costs £2 19s. 6d.; while

*After a day's sport in the open air, the skin can be given a delicate whiteness by using La-rola's Lily Bloom, a fragrant toilet preparation which hides all blemishes.*

63s. is the price of the yellow broché pyjamas trimmed with jabots of lace on the jumper and the sides of the trousers. New nightdresses of lace wool lined throughout with chiffon are obtainable for 39s. 6d., and for 25s. 9d. unlined; while coatees to match are only 15s. 9d. Artificial silk nightdresses trimmed with écu lace can be secured for 25s. 9d., and pyjamas of good washing satin range from 69s. 6d.

## Lily Bloom for the Complexion.

It is difficult for the modern English girl to live up to her reputation, "fair as the lilies," when she spends her days in pursuit of sports in the open air. The keenness of winter weather is bound to redden and coarsen her skin, and yet in the evening her complexion is expected to look as smooth and beautiful as the poet's inspiration. To achieve this end, Beetham's La-rola Lily Bloom is an invaluable ally. It is a splendid toilet milk for beautifying and protecting the face, neck, hands and arms, when wearing evening dress. Not only is it fragrant and refreshing, but it gives a delicate tint to the skin. Obtainable everywhere, the price is only 2s. 6d. a large-sized bottle. Those bound for Switzerland should make a point of investing in a supply.

## Party Frocks and Winter Undies.

During the holiday season, small folk change lightly from woolly suits to thin party frocks, and consequently it devolves upon their underclothes to keep them from chill. "Chilprufe" garments are of pure wool, so fine that their weight is almost negligible, and they protect the body from undue heat and cold. There are Chilprufe garments of every shape and size, obtainable at all the leading outfitters.

*Designed to wear specially under picture frocks are the petticoat knickers on the left of georgette and lace; and the crêpe-de-Chine nightie, broché and lace pyjamas, and pretty boudoir caps also come from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W..*

## Flowers for Christmas Decorations.

This year the vogue for artificial flowers as table and room

decorations has become stronger than ever. And the skilful Mayfair artificial-flower workers at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., have prepared for the festive Christmas season by creating a wonderful garden of flowers. There are lovely rhododendron trees in tubs, available for 8 guineas, and single branches are from 10s. 6d. Exquisite sprays of apple blossom in decorative square bowls can be obtained for 3 guineas, and laburnum, wisteria, and acacia, in the delicate colourings of the real flowers, are the same price. Small orange-trees can be secured for 10s. 6d., giving a lovely splash of colour to a room panelled in dark oak; and there are Madonna lilies, cyclamen, and hosts of other flowers which make excellent Christmas gifts.



*Christmas parties are not far off, and kiddies need, with thin party frocks, cosy Chilprufe undies such as these to brave the cold.*





Portrait of  
our padre  
after  
his first sip  
of Worthington



(... even the mess-waiter was amazed!)



## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S OPERA SCHEME.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, who has at last made public his opera scheme, shows a clear grasp of the essentials of any successful appeal to the country. In the first place, he has realised that sporadic and isolated attempts at running grand opera are necessarily doomed to failure. It is quite useless to give one season of grand opera in London, even if it is superlatively well done, because even with every seat in the house sold at the average theatre available, such as Covent Garden, there is almost certain to be a loss. And, since it is only possible to be sure of selling all the lower-priced seats, the loss is likely to be considerable—amounting, according to Sir Thomas Beecham's calculations, to some such sum as £60,000.

Again and again such sums as £10,000 have been lost in a single opera season, and these sums have been spent without achieving anything permanent. No doubt, they have given great enjoyment to the public, and they have spread the taste for opera wider among the people. But how useless and unfruitful that is when it leaves the public without any opportunity of gratifying this acquired taste! That the liking for opera is widespread in this country is proved by the striking reception which Sir Thomas Beecham's appeal has already had. He has asked for 150,000 subscribers of ten shillings a year for a period of five years, so that an efficient opera scheme under his direction can be carried out. It is essential that there should be sufficient money to be able to continue the operatic organisation for five years. And I would beg of Sir Thomas Beecham not to start forming his opera company or to begin giving performances until he has sufficient money to carry on for five years without a break. What ruins all these projects is their temporary nature. Every time a public-spirited music-lover subscribes to a big scheme of this sort, he is left less accessible to further appeals if the scheme collapses after a short period or is only a partial success.

It is also impossible to organise an operatic company efficiently for only one year. You cannot collect the right artists and make the necessary demands upon their time and energies unless you can offer them some security, some brief permanence. The

general character and temper of an operatic company which knows its existence is ensured for a period of five years is totally different from that of a scratch body of performers who know they will be scattered to do the best they can for themselves after a single season. Under the latter conditions it is impossible to get good work. A good operatic company can only result as the creation of years of working together under a musical director of high capacity. In Sir Thomas Beecham we have such a director, and there is a great amount of trained and partially trained talent available in this country which at the present moment is being given no opportunity to develop at all.

So far the response to Sir Thomas Beecham's scheme has been such as to arouse the strongest hopes. At his offices of the Imperial League of Opera, 161, New Bond Street, subscriptions have been pouring in from all parts of the country. According to an announcement in the daily Press, Sir Thomas Beecham declares that "seventy-five per cent. of these letters contain cheques, £1 being the popular subscription covering two years, and promises of 10s. a year for the ensuing three years. One envelope contained a cheque for £1000. If they keep up like this, the success of the plan is assured."

This is good news for those, like myself, who have always declared that the public of this country is extremely musical, and that what we suffer from is not lack of musical talent or appreciation, but lack of organisation. Our artistic record is in this respect similar to our record in other fields. We have first-rate material, not to be surpassed anywhere in the world, but we have not learned how to make the best use of it. There is a lack of corporate, co-operative effort, and without this corporate backing all fine efforts of struggling individuals are fruitless and vain. I therefore hope that everybody who is interested in Sir Thomas Beecham's scheme will become a subscriber by sending £1 to the League in Bond Street as an advance subscription for two years. In return for this, the subscribers are entitled to special terms, which means seats at a reduced price and a choice of seats; the allotment will go by priority of subscription.

If Sir Thomas Beecham's scheme is successful, which seems likely, it will raise in an acute form the long-standing problem of a theatre. There is in

London no theatre suitable for the performance of opera. Covent Garden, as I have often pointed out, holds barely two thousand people, and the greater part of its seating accommodation consists of stalls and boxes. In any case, we have been informed that the Covent Garden Theatre is to be pulled down in about two years' time in order to make room for the expanding market. The scheme to remove the market to the Foundling Hospital site very rightly collapsed through the opposition of various public bodies and of public opinion. But if the market is to be confined to its present site it must find more room, and the theatre, beautiful as it is, with its historic memories of the nineteenth century, will probably have to go. It is all the more to be deplored because Covent Garden is a perfect building from the acoustical point of view, and, in spite of all the increased scientific knowledge on the subject, the modern architect cannot be sure of any new building being absolutely successful in this respect.

But, the economic disadvantages of Covent Garden being too great to be overcome, there is nothing for it but to endeavour to get a new opera house built. It is extremely difficult to-day to find a suitable site for such a building, but there is one site available which is ideal for the purpose, and that is the Foundling Hospital site. The existing Foundling Hospital could be used as offices and rehearsal rooms, and would make a most imposing "frontispiece" to the theatre, which could be built very economically behind it. The old chapel with its galleries over the entrance floor would make an ideal foyer. There are side-street entrances, and the main entrance opens into the Foundling Hospital grounds, which afford ample room for the parking of a thousand or more motor-cars. This would mean that from all Greater London, with its seven and a-half million population, the ordinary man could drive with his family in his small car straight up to the theatre entrance, leave his car on the spot without payment of any garage fee, and walk out of the theatre into his car after the performance and drive home. Those who know anything of the traffic conditions in Shaftesbury Avenue, or in theatre-land generally, will be able to realise what an enormous asset this is to a theatre. The traffic situation in the West End of London at night at theatre time is appalling. One has to struggle on the curb, and then wait a

[Continued overleaf.]

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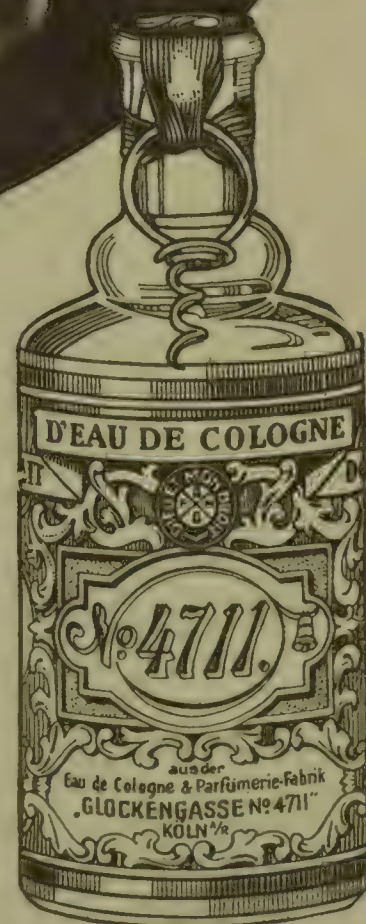


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*(Continued.)*

quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before one can get a disengaged taxi-cab. When one has found a taxi, one remains jammed in the traffic for another quarter of an hour, and on a wet night the discomfort is indescribable.

As for the owner of a small car living, say, at Purley or at Finchley, it is too much of an ordeal altogether for him to take his family to the theatre in his car. For, after depositing his women-folk on the pavement in front of the theatre, he has to go miles, perhaps, before he can find a garage where he can leave his car. He has to pay for garaging his car while at the theatre; he has to walk, or if it is wet take a taxi, from the garage to the theatre; and at the end of the performance he has to go out, in the rain possibly, to get his car out of the garage and bring it to the theatre, where his women-folk stand shivering. Is it any wonder that, under such conditions, people prefer to stay at home and listen to the gramophone or the wireless?

In New York the police have stated that they are no longer capable of coping with the theatre traffic around Broadway, and they have suggested that the theatres will have to be dispersed. There is, therefore, every argument in favour of the Foundling Hospital site, where for many years to come it will be possible to cope successfully with the traffic.

But it is impossible, or rather, it would be very difficult, to raise the money by public subscription to build a National Opera House on to the Foundling Hospital, even although it would serve the double purpose of preserving that beautiful site and that fine old historic building. If, however, it were combined with the National Memorial Theatre to Shakespeare in London, for which a fund of £80,000 is already in existence, the scheme ought to be feasible. There is no reason at all why the one building should not serve the two purposes. What is wanted is a theatre to seat about three thousand people, so as



THE REVIVAL OF "HE WHO GETS SLAPPED," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE: (L. TO R.) BARON REGNARD (MR. FREDERICK LLOYD), CONSUELO (MISS GABRIELLE CASARTELLI), "HE" (MR. MILTON ROSMER), AND ZINIDA (MISS DORIE SAWYER).

"He," the hero of Andreyev's play, is a young aristocrat who, embittered by his wife's infidelity, becomes a clown in a circus as his "retreat" from the world. His name is never mentioned, but his card commands the highest respect. In the circus he finds other love dramas. Consuelo, the Tango Queen, is beloved by Bezano, a bareback rider, but is sold by her vile father to a gross millionaire, Baron Regnard. Zinida, the lion-tamer, loves Bezano. "He" eventually takes tragic means to save Consuelo from the Baron. It might be called a problem play, for the author's purpose is elusive.

to include a large number of low-priced seats. Such a theatre, with all the modern stage equipments, would be suited equally to the performing of opera and drama. There is also plenty of room in the two wings of the already existing Foundling Hospital for the managerial and other offices of both the theatre and the opera house. All that would be necessary would be to work out the division of the operatic and dramatic seasons during the year. When the dramatic company was performing in London, the operatic company could be touring the provinces, and vice-versa.

This scheme has every possible advantage—economic and artistic. If Sir Thomas Beecham had such a theatre available, the success of his venture could not be in question, for I repeat that the prime economic difficulty of making opera pay is to find a theatre in London that will hold about three thousand people, and contain a large number of low-priced seats.

I feel this base and home of operations to be of such primary importance that I should like Sir Thomas Beecham, if he gets a sum of £150,000 from subscribers, to set about seriously to discover some means of securing this National Theatre on the Foundling Hospital site before he begins spending his money. It only needs a few public-spirited rich men like Mr. Samuel Courtauld, Mr. Bernhard Baron, and Mr. W. R. Morris to get together and make a small initial contribution, so that a public appeal could be successfully launched. For, if the response shown to Sir Thomas Beecham is already so great, how much greater would the response be, not only from Great Britain, but from the Dominions and America, for a National Theatre and Opera House to be built on the site where Handel gave so many of his performances, which would preserve as its foyer the chapel where Handel himself so often played the organ!

W. J. TURNER.



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### AN ARNOLD BENNETT STORY AT THE COURT.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, who in many ways is so big an artist, has not that bigness which is free from a sneaking liking for big things merely because they are big. From early days the apparatus of luxury, the external trappings of wealth, as well as the power it can command, have exercised a curious appeal over his mind. That this foible should have persisted is all the more singular in that he has enjoyed—and earned—marked good fortune, and could afford to show indifference in the matter. A sort of artistic Nemesis seems to have overtaken him in the play he and his old collaborator, Mr. Knoblock, have shaped out of his novel, "Mr. Prohack," of which the very interesting theme is: What will a man of moderate means do with a fortune which suddenly comes his way? How will it affect his character? Mr. Prohack is a bit of a "card," a Treasury official whose income does not grow; Bohemian in his dress, humorous in his ideas and speech, keeping close guard on his emotions, but a little concerned about fitting his income to the demands of his family and household. Moreover, as Mr. Laughton pictures him in his make-up at the Court, he is singularly like the Arnold Bennett we know. The first act of the play, which reveals Mr. Prohack in his home and brings him news of his luck, is extremely happy, and gives promise of delightful entertainment. Alas! that promise fails to eventuate. In the midst of interviews with a caricature of a secretary, dreary financial transactions, and even more dreary flirtations with a widow who looks like being a vamp, but acts as a kind of Providence, the quaint Mr. Prohack we have met disappears; he is converted into a puppet, and, apart from certain good lines he has to say, only springs to life again when an artificial series of troubles are over, and the fortune he has nearly lost comes back to him enhanced. Wealth makes a wreck of him as a character, and the theme of wealth does not inspire Mr. Bennett as playwright. Mr. Laughton does his best for Prohack *père* just as does Miss Hilda Sims for Prohack *mère*; and Mr. Carl Harbord for their rash son, and Mr. Scott Sunderland for the messenger of good fortune; but their best is seen while the

Prohacks are poor, and, though Miss Elsa Lanchester makes a droll enough secretary, she cannot prevent the tale from falling to pieces. Here is a case of art collapsing as soon as the fairy Pecunia peeps in at the window.

### "THE SQUALL" AT THE GLOBE.

It is an ingenious play we get from Mme. Jean Bart in "The Squall"; perhaps its ingenuity alike in story and symbolism is almost too mathematically thoroughgoing. We are shown a Spanish household on which the sun shines, and in which an atmosphere of love and fidelity reigns. Dolores and José are celebrating the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Their son, Luis, has just secured sweet Anita's promise to be his wife. There is a pleasant understanding between the servants, Pedro and Manuela. Suddenly the stage darkens and a storm breaks. Cries are heard and knocks on the door, and there enters a little gypsy minx who proves to be in flight from a tall and grim-looking gypsy chief. He is told she is not there, and the girl, who is given shelter, quickly proves to be more of a squall than the storm itself. She entices all three men into kissing her, and thereby excites all three women's jealousy. Father almost murders son before she is found out for the worthless baggage she is. When the gypsy chief makes a second entry she is cheerfully passed on to his tender mercies. Sunshine again. Malcolm Keen and Mary Clare put fire into their work as the parents; Mr. Wallace Geoffrey as the son has some passionate moments; and Miss Rosalinde Fuller storms through the play. Whether such a siren would have proved so irresistible is a matter of doubt.

### A CONGREVE REVIVAL AT WYNDHAM'S.

Miss Edith Evans's Millamant needs no introduction to the majority of keen London playgoers. Memories are not so short that the revival of "The Way of the World" at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, can be forgotten thus early; nor, though Miss Evans has since added Farquhar's Mrs. Sullen to her portrait gallery of Restoration heroines, can the revelation of comedy power the earlier Lyric production provided have passed out of recollection. If it has, however, here she is at Wyndham's, enabled to revive the impression, supported by several of

her former colleagues. Her Millamant retains the old brilliance of technique and sparkle of wit, and adds to these things more personal charm. Miss Dorothy Green is still the Mrs. Marwood; the Petulant of Mr. Norman V. Norman and the Fainall of Mr. Henry Hewitt are well in the picture; and Mr. Scott Russell's Sir Wilful Witwoud is as full-blooded a study of old-world manners as could be wished. Fortunately, too, in the new Mirabell, that of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, we get exactly the right *vis-à-vis* to Miss Evans's Millamant, gallant, whimsical, sprightly, eloquent.

### "THE BIG DRUM" AT THE ADELPHI.

The most notable feature of Mr. Harold Holland's mystery play, "The Big Drum," now given at the Adelphi, is the suggestion made that an actress on the stage has been shot by someone present in the auditorium. The shot is supposed to be fired during the performance of a provincial melodrama. A neat touch of burlesque is given to that performance, and the change from travesty to apparent murder is done decidedly well. But the author's invention does not seem strong enough to exploit this excellent start, and explain in terms of exciting drama why it was his leading lady met with her fate. We see lights on a dark stage; there is more shooting; mysterious figures hide their faces; we watch the antics of a superstitious charwoman; there is an abundance of alarms and excursions; but there is no real drive, no progressive interest, in Mr. Holland's story. And so, though Miss Una O'Connor, Miss Muriel Alexander, Mr. Jack Raine, and others act brightly enough, there is no getting away from the conclusion that "The Big Drum" holds out hopes at its start which are not fulfilled.

Motorists will be interested to learn that his Majesty the King has expressed his approval of the Daimler "Double-Six," and has given instructions for the cars of State to be fitted with engines of this type. The order has been received by Messrs. Stratton Instone, Ltd., officially appointed distributors of Daimler Cars, and the work will, of course, be carried out by the Daimler Co., Ltd., at Coventry.

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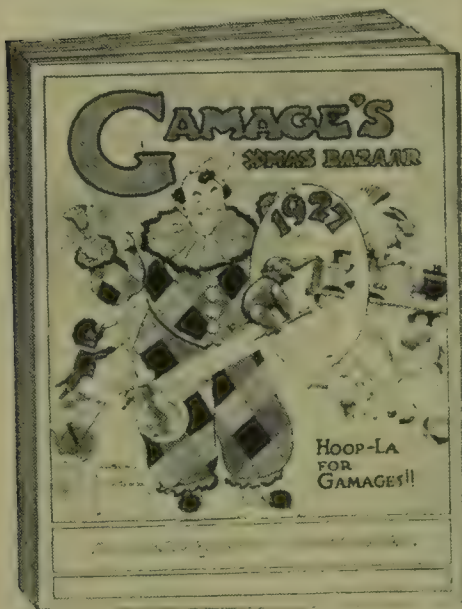
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## IN THE MATTER OF DAME FASHION.

(Continued from Page 956.)

the Humboldts put their four girls into men's trousers when they took them to Rome."

At the close of the eighteen-seventies closeness of fit was a fetish. "It is said on good authority that the Empress Elizabeth of Austria had her riding-habit sewn on over her bare skin."

And now, lest it be imagined that "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century" does not justify its title, let it be said that it more than justifies it: Manners are almost as prominent as Modes; and "Nineteenth Century" is taken to include that part of the twentieth century which preceded the Great War.

To give a slight idea of the interest of the Manners, we quote again: "In 1840 smoking was still looked upon with some disfavour, but had become a general habit, which no laws or fines, however severe, succeeded in suppressing. In Prussia it was at first forbidden to smoke cigars in the street, then it was allowed on condition, as a safeguard against fire, that the cigar be enclosed in a wire case. Up till 1848 no smoker dared keep his cigar in his mouth as he passed a sentry, on pain of arrest."

In the late 'thirties "the passion for theatregoing gave rise to new professions. Clapping had been in existence since the beginning of the nineteenth century, but now the directors of the Parisian theatres employed 'Pleureuses,' whose weeping secured the success of the melodrama; and 'Chatouilleurs,' who at the right moments saved the situation by laughing."

Thus we might continue indefinitely, without having to cite a dull paragraph. It but remains, therefore, to recommend "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century" to all and sundry, remarking that the general reader will enjoy it every bit as much as the specialist devoted to a particular period, and adding that the illustrations in colours and half-tone are not only most illuminating and invaluable to the artist, but are

to be numbered in hundreds in each volume, as is befitting in a work whose main title continues "As Represented in the Pictures and Engravings of the Time."

E. H. G.

## THE TRANSFORMATION OF SOUTHSEA.

WITHIN the last two years, by the expenditure of large sums of money, Southsea has taken its proper place amongst resorts. A great transformation has been made, and with its natural advan-



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tages, sheltered position, and record winter sunshine, it now claims to rank among the foremost seaside towns. Southsea faces the Isle of Wight, and from its magnificent promenade glorious views of England's Garden Isle can be obtained across the Solent and Spithead. A ceaseless pageant of shipping, including some of the largest liners, passes over these waters, and the scene is pleasantly varied by the manœuvring

of submarines, coastal motor-boats, seaplanes, and other craft. Southsea has two piers, open all the year round, where first-class concert parties and military bands perform. At the South Parade Pier during the winter season, plays from the chief London theatres are given, whilst every Sunday afternoon there is a symphony concert. This pier has been recently fitted with elaborate wind-screens. Southsea Common, once a bare expanse, has been acquired by the Corporation, and is now the finest stretch of gardens, turf, tennis courts, and bowling greens on the coast. For nearly two miles there are beautiful ornamental beds, gay with flowers at all times. There are a dozen or more hard tennis courts, always playable in winter, three bowling greens, and a putting course—all close to the Corporation tea-house and the new bandstand.

Southsea enjoys splendid facilities for all outdoor sports. Close to the South Parade Pier are the Canoe Lake Grounds, where tennis, bowls, and croquet can be played for a nominal fee, whilst a little further along the sea front is the Corporation miniature golf course. On the lake, model yacht and steamboat races are held, whilst on certain days children can safely enjoy trips in miniature canoes and paddle-boats. Nine golf courses are within reach, besides the links (eighteen holes) recently opened by the Corporation at the Great Salterns Estate. At the various public parks and grounds, facilities are provided for football, tennis, hockey, bowls, and so on.

The visitor to Southsea also has at his disposal the resources of Portsmouth, including three theatres, two music-halls, numerous concert and dance halls, and over thirty cinemas.

Boating and fishing can be enjoyed at almost all times and under practically safe conditions, owing to the natural breakwater formed by the Isle of Wight. The town is also a splendid centre for excursions. Portsmouth is rich in historic associations, and these, combined with the Royal Dockyard, the Naval Museum, the *Victory* and modern war-ships in the harbour, are an unique source of interest.



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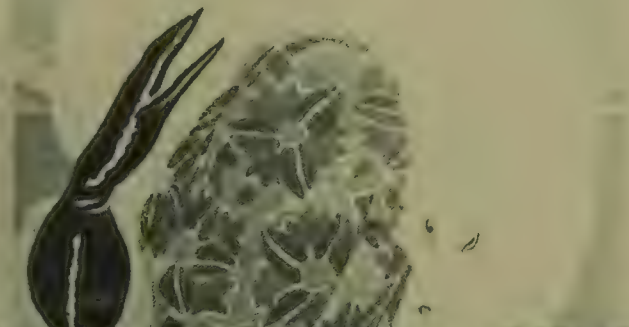
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THE COVER OF "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## WINTER PRECAUTIONS.

THAT terror of the average motor-owner, Winter, is once more upon us; and all of us who own any sort of a car, from a pre-war relic to the latest

in the early morning, and the look of the sky last thing at night assures us that nothing more than a rug carelessly thrown over the bonnet is needed, as a kind of form rather than a genuine protection. The trouble is that we cannot place the smallest reliance on anything to do with English weather. While these words are being printed the thermometer

may tumble from a safe 50 deg. to a perilous 20 deg.

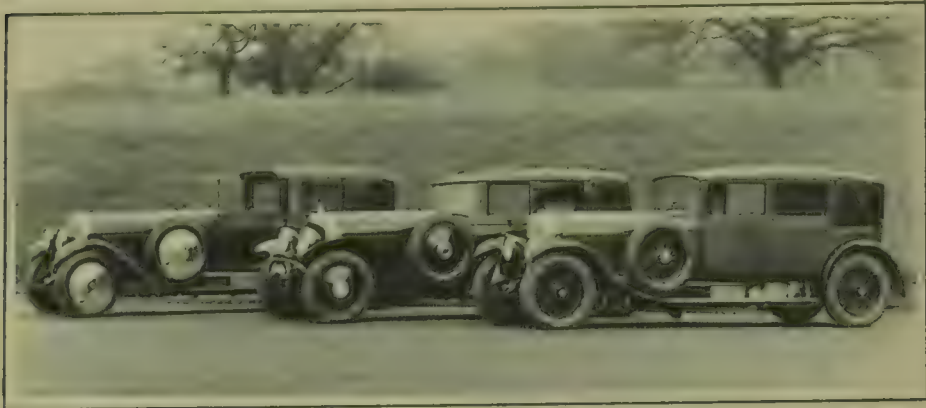
In my wanderings about the country, staying with motor-owning friends who offer hospitality in their garages to my car, as well as to myself in their houses, I am often impressed with the extraordinary scorn of winter weather in England which is displayed by people who have really known trouble from these black

and ugly months. I am not, of course, talking about those super-fortunates who have steam-heated garages, but about the far more numerous kind who have barns or sheds or ancient coach-houses, whose doors would serve best, perhaps, as awnings. I have seen cars backed into these frail structures, and those same open-work doors shut within a few inches of the radiators, and have wondered the next morning, on seeing the nocturnal degradation of the thermometer, what tragedy would be found on the after-breakfast visit to the motor-house. Tragedy has been found, or I should not be writing these notes. So long as frost freezes water and exercises its peculiarly baleful influence on petrol gas, so long will the car in an unheated garage be a worry to its owner and a source of profit to the accessory-maker.

Of the twin bogies, a frozen engine or radiator is not only by far the worst, but by far the most easily disposed of. Assuming your garage to be

unheated, and, as is usually the case, peculiarly accessible to frost, there is one precaution—and only one—which will insure your engine against ruin without your having to pay a sixpenny premium. No matter how troublesome the consequences may be, make a rule of invariably emptying the water-system overnight. There are thousands of people,

*(Continued overleaf.)*



A DISTINGUISHED TRIO: THREE SIX-CYLINDER BENTLEYS, ALL OF WHICH WERE EXHIBITED AT THE RECENT MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

thing in multi-cylinder charm, have begun to experience that uneasy feeling about the twin bogies of difficult starting and frost-cracked water-jackets, pumps and radiators.

This same bogey season burst on us in the first half of the present month, with an alarming display of Arctic conditions. Within twenty-four hours or so the thermometer fell from summer (1927) temperature to a perfectly respectable (any year) winter minimum, and, having made us all excessively uncomfortable, worried, and apprehensive for about a week, reversed the procedure in one night.

This piece of history is not irrelevant. It is exactly that kind of thing which makes winter so trying to the motor-owner, whose luck is none too good, or who believes that it is none too good. It amounts to the same thing in the end, for he is bound to suffer.

We may have weeks of frost, or weeks of nice soft weather, when our engines start with alacrity



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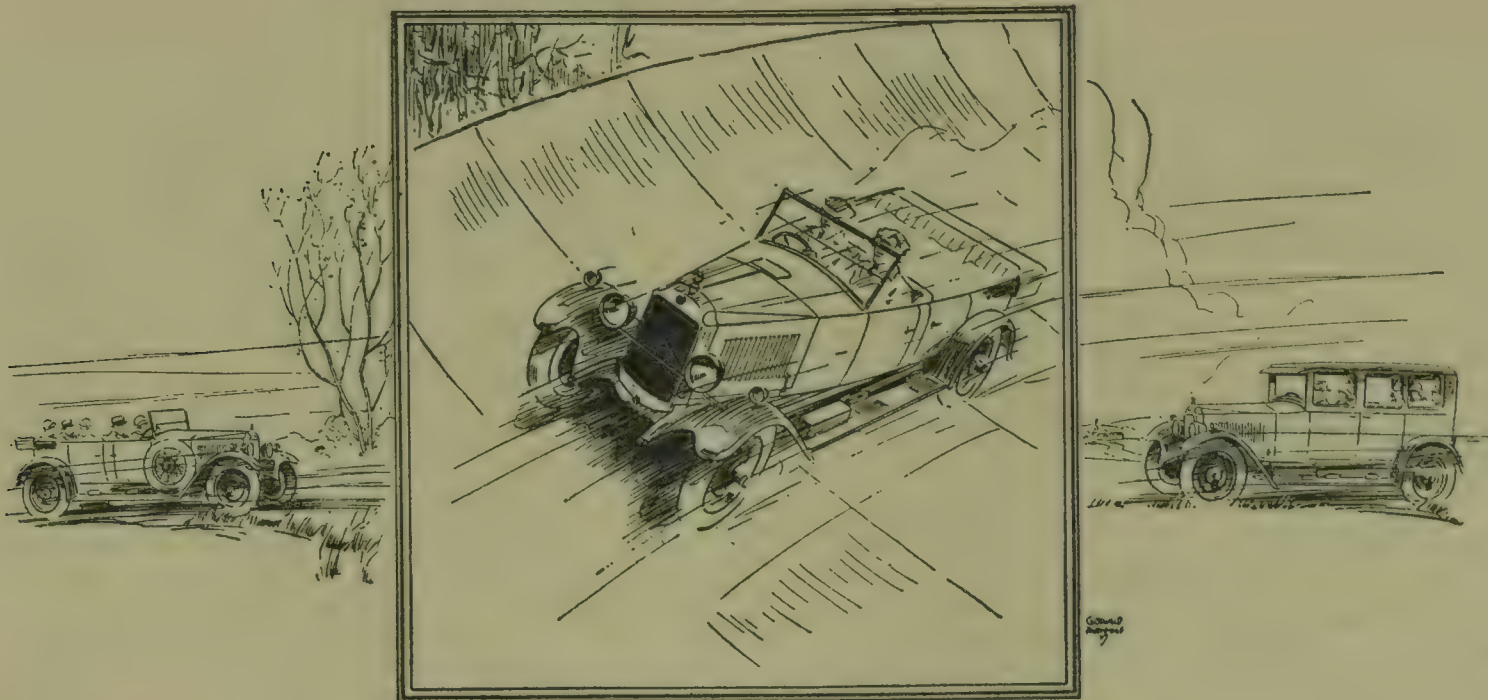
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(Continued.)

of whom, incidentally, I am one myself, who have a perfectly inexplicable dislike of emptying their radiator. I imagine it must be some form of disease, as it entails no trouble to speak of at the moment, and, at the very outside, a few minutes' very light labour to follow it up when the car is to be used again. We do not mind filling our petrol-tanks, but we seem to hate to fill our radiators. A firm line must be taken on this question. Make it one of the guiding Rules of Life never to leave your car with a full radiator in a cold garage.

If your water-circulation is by pump, let your engine run very gently while there is a certain amount of the water left, and until the last drop is out. A small quantity is sometimes trapped in the pump itself, and you would be appalled to know what damage can ensue from the unnoticed leakings on a really frosty night.

Safety-lamps are to be bought in quantities, and I believe they do prevent frost reaching the water in the radiator of the water-jackets, even though they may not all assist the starting-up; but I think that my plan of emptying is the more sensible, for this reason: when the time comes next morning for starting-up that very cold piece of machinery, you will nearly always find that the only way in which to coax a reluctant engine into life is to fill the radiator with very hot water. If, therefore, you use any form of heater to keep the frost away from the cold water in the radiator, all your labour is wasted. The water that you have so religiously protected from frost must be let out, and something considerably more reviving from the kitchen substituted.

Not many engines to-day start on cold mornings so readily as was the case quite a number of years ago. If we had been obliged to swing the engine by hand as often as our self-starters do to-day, we should not have done half as much motoring as we did in that hopeful period. There are probably a dozen reasons for this or that engine showing itself to be a bad starter, but I have not yet come across any example of an otherwise properly tuned engine failing to yield to the persuading influence of boiling water poured on to the inlet-pipe. Primitive, but effective—another proof of the long distance we have yet to travel before our cars are anything like as good as they are supposed to be.

My winter precautions, therefore, are concerned

solely with water, and nothing else. There are undoubtedly ingenious gadgets of various kinds to be had, which will safeguard you against the disastrous results of frosts and enable you to make a quick start in the morning. They cost anything from £1 upwards. Letting out the water, and using hot water the next day, as I have described, produces the same result, but it costs nothing. No, I am wrong; it does cost something—in time. If you have a fairly big radiator, you will certainly spend ten minutes, perhaps more, in filling, emptying, and refilling with hot water. But I should not call it wasted; I should call it true economy in every sense of that much misquoted word.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.

## THE DOUBLE RUSSIAN ILLUSION.

(Continued from Page 971.)

subordinate capacity, was not a constitutional fiction, but a political reality.

By keeping in mind these differences, we can explain what happened in the three countries. When the monarchy fell, Germany had already a considerable personnel at her disposal who, with the co-operation of the former Imperial bureaucracy, were capable of working a Parliamentary Republic. It was thanks to this previous preparation that the republic was able to establish itself and consolidate itself in Germany. In Italy, where the old oligarchy, already enfeebled before the war by multitudinous maladies, found itself after the war utterly unable to govern, the country made an effort to govern itself. But its psychological preparation was still imperfect; parties were not sufficiently organised; the old political personnel, trained in a Parliament which had very limited powers, and those to a great extent apparent only, did not possess the necessary qualities for working a representative system like that of France or England. For a moment the country found itself, as it were, suspended between two impossibilities. Hence the difficulties with which it has been struggling during the past eight years.

In Russia, absolute monarchy collapsed into the void because it had ruthlessly destroyed all the social forces which might have controlled, limited, or replaced it. Bolshevism was only an audacious expedient for reconstituting a gendarmerie, an army, an administration, and a government from the remains of the Tsarist Empire. The Russian Revolution, therefore, has no greater historical importance for the world than the Mexican Revolution. It touches Europe more than the Mexican Revolution, on account of the geographical position which Russia occupies; but, like the Mexican Revolution, it is only an internal crisis of a very vast country where an old régime has

crumbled to pieces and where a new Government must be created out of nothing. The doctrines which the Russian Revolution utilises to solve this problem have principally been useful, up to the present, in saving what could still be saved of the former absolutism of the Tsars. The great States of the West passed through this crisis long ago. One does not see what they could learn in the school of that State which is trying to-day to solve the problem which the West solved in the last century.

Yes, yes; I know that the West is also at grips with very serious difficulties. The great States of Europe, France, England, and Germany, are beset by many anxious problems. But, despite the shocks of the Great War, these States are sufficiently solid not to fear annihilation; and it seems very doubtful whether Russia can show them the best way to get out of the difficulties in which she is herself floundering. The representative régime is the best form of government which our civilisation has created. It is stronger and more supple, more active and more just, more balanced and more humane, than any other régime which preceded the French Revolution. It is not perfect, and efforts further to ameliorate it are meritorious. But we cannot see how revolutions which would take us back to despotic and irresponsible forms of government could help us to solve problems which demand the co-operation of all intelligences and all volitions.

The West, in fact, pays Russia too much honour. As it was simple enough to believe that Russia would be the invincible rampart of our liberties against the power of Germany, so it now imagines that the clumsy imitations of our republics with which she has to content herself are going to reveal to us the vital secret of the future. The conservative illusion has prepared the revolutionary illusion; but the latter is destined to disappointment like the previous one, and even more easily. It will not need a historical catastrophe to awaken those who see in their dreams a new light arising in the East.

The truth is simpler. The alliance of the European Powers with Russia was, in a war like that which began in 1914, inevitable. The number of Great Powers being limited, France and England were not embarrassed by too great a choice; they were forced to ally themselves with Russia to counteract the enormous forces of the Germanic coalition. But that alliance entailed the most serious inconveniences, especially on account of the different principles of authority by which the Western States and Russia were governed. Foreign Ministers and diplomatists may repeat as much as they like that the internal affairs of a country only concern itself. In Europe, at all events, the internal affairs of a country have almost always a universal importance. Two countries which are governed by opposing principles will always distrust each other, even if a common interest forces them into an alliance.

(Continued overleaf.)

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The Russian Revolution, if it did for a moment compromise the fate of the war, had also certain advantages for the Western Allies which we must not disregard. We know how difficult it was to conclude a peace which was not too much in contradiction to the principles enunciated by the Allies during the war. What would have happened at the Peace Congress in Paris if Tsarist Russia had been represented there, with her insatiable hunger for territories, with her Neroian mania for national and religious unity, with her fanatical hatred of liberal ideas, all inflamed by victory? It was a real miracle that the Empire of the Tsars should have fallen, together with that of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, without compromising the victory of the Allies. What a liberation for the world! One of the most inextricable knots in European history was cut in an almost miraculous manner, which no prophet could have foreseen.

Has the difficulty reappeared in a new shape? The Russian Revolution rejects the political principles of the West equally with Tsarism. France and England agree with Soviet Russia still less than they did with Tsarist Russia. But we must not allow ourselves to be too much impressed by the external forms of the new conflict. In reality it is less serious and profound than the old one. The Russian Revolution endeavours to preserve as much as possible the ancient absolutism of the Tsars. That is its real secret. But the Soviet Government have already been obliged to moderate it; and they will be obliged to moderate it still further in the future. If Germany, France,

and England continue to develop their liberal and democratic institutions, Russia will draw near to the West and its political forms in course of time.

Gramophone enthusiasts are well aware of the fact that records made by the new electrical recording process give a high quality of reproduction never attained by the earlier records, which were made after transmitting sounds of the original performances through a horn on to a wax master disc, *via* a diaphragm and stylus. Following upon electrical recording, a still greater advance has been achieved by the makers of "His Master's Voice" gramophones and records, who demonstrated last week a wonderful instrument that electrically reproduces records with great volume of sound capable of filling a dance hall, a restaurant, or a large drawing-room.

In the "H.M.V." electrical reproducer, an electrical sound-box, a valve amplifier, and a loud-speaker take the place of the usual sound-box, tone-arm, and amplifying horn. The electrical sound-box picks up the vibrations from the record by means of a needle, and converts the vibrations into electrical energy. The needle-holder is fitted to a thin diaphragm to which is applied a special form of oil "damping."

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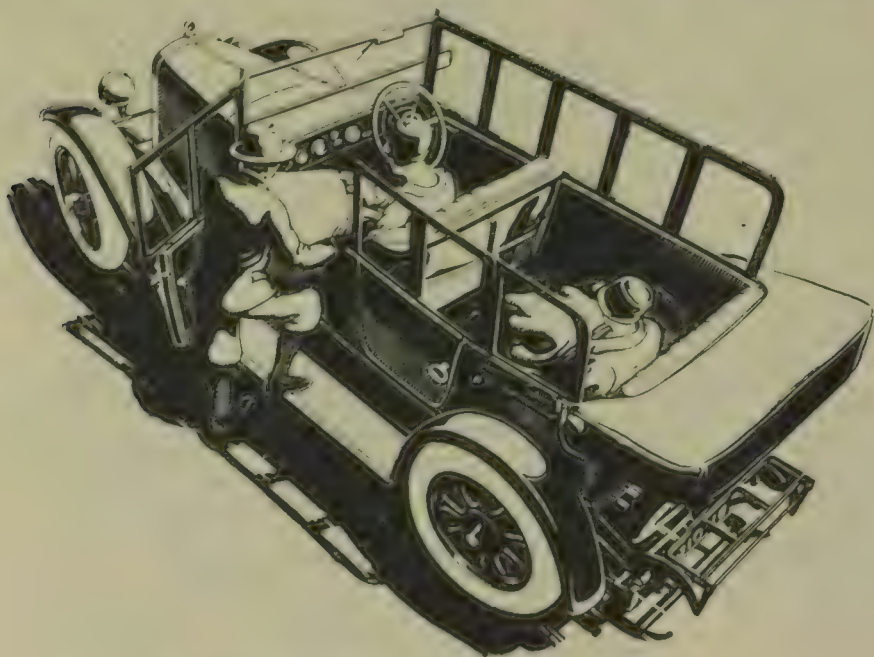
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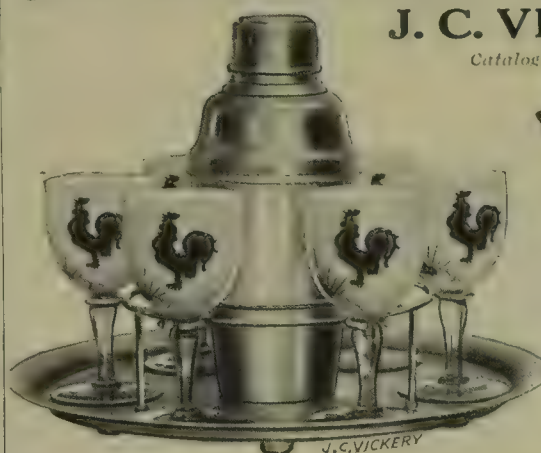
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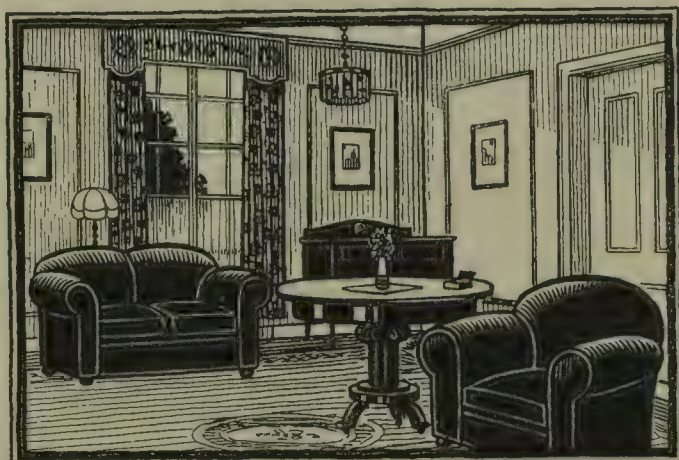
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S.F.  
47/6



# The Illustrated London News Christmas Number 1927.

## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

### COVER DESIGN IN COLOURS by FÉLIX DE GRAY

A cheerful winter scene as a Dutch Old Master might have imagined it, in a jewelled setting.

### PRESENTATION PLATE: "HER MAJESTY." After the latest portrait of Her Majesty the Queen by ARTHUR T. NOWELL, R.I., R.P.

A dignified and lifelike portrait of Queen Mary in her favourite shade of blue.

### CHRISTMAS EVE IN A CONVENT CHAPEL. A Full-Page Drawing by EDGARD MAXENCE.

Four touching verses explain the sad mystery in these White Sisters' faces.

### PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING. A Full-Page Drawing by the late R. CATON WOODVILLE.

In the eighteenth century, orders of the day could wait while the Colonel savoured his vintage Madeira.

### TITLE-PAGE IN COLOUR by LONGMATE: Fairy-Tales.

Christmas gift-books people the modern child's fancy with antique forms, witches, dragons, and castles in the air.

### THE CHARM OF CHILDHOOD THROUGH THE AGES, as Portrayed by OLD MASTERS. Three Pages in Colour.

Page 1: Sixteenth and seventeenth-century children as Maella, Terborch, Belle, and Nattier saw them. Page 2: Children by Mengs, Velasquez, Rosales, and Allori. Page 3: Anne Milbanke (afterwards Lady Byron) by Hoppner.

### THE PIGEON MAN. By VALENTINE WILLIAMS, the Author of "Clubfoot." Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

A story of the German Intelligence Service in Belgium in the momentous months of 1918.

### SAINTE THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS. A Full-Page in Colour.

"The Little Flower of Lisieux" as pictured by M. EDGARD MAXENCE, the well-known painter of religious subjects.

### CHRISTMAS IN SOUTH AFRICA. A Full-Page in Colour by C. E. TURNER.

The season "below the Line" has only a carpet of white narcissi to contrast with the snow-clad scenery of Old England

### A FRIEND OF ST. FRANCIS. A Poem Translated from the Italian of TOMMASO DE MONTALTO. Designed by MARY H. ROBINSON. Two Full-Pages in Colour.

These mediæval pages describe eight famous events in St. Francis's life.

### A PAINTER'S INTERPRETATION OF BEETHOVEN. Four Pages in Colour specially Painted by JOSÉ SEGRELLES for The Illustrated London News, with Notes by the Artist.

Page 1: The Master communes with the forces of Nature. Page 2: The Fifth Symphony expressed. Page 3: The Sonata in F Minor and the Symphony "Eroica." Page 4: The "Moonlight Sonata" and the Sonata "Patetica" translated into colour.

[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)

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**GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN.** By WINIFRED DUKE. With six Illustrations by GORDON NICOLL.

Here is the Christmas ghost story, but modernised in setting and in thrill.

**OH, CHARMING YOUTH!** A Full-Page in Colour from the Painting by MUENIER.

A tender vision, reminiscent of Pope and the dainty world of "The Rape of the Lock."

**A DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR** by ELEANOR BRICKDALE, Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

Love challenges Death in the lists of Life.

**BLESSINGS ON THE FALLING OUT THAT ALL THE MORE ENDEARS.** A Full-Page in Colour by EDWARD OSMOND.

The quarrel of Pierrot and Pierrette in a sylvan setting.

**MISS PARDEW AND MISS THOLE.** A Short Story by SUSAN ERTZ. With four Illustrations by STEVEN SPURRIER.

Describes the hatreds and triumphs of two old maids over a young "eligible" in an hotel at Monte Carlo.

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**ONCE-UPON-A-TIME LAND.** Two Pages of Fairy-Tales Rewritten and Decorated by FÉLIX DE GRAY.

Mr. Félix de Gray's gay fancy lends a new charm to these old French tales by Perrault and Madame D'Aulnoy.

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How the leading fop of the State of Verenza fell from power, and the ingenious torture by which Prince Teodoro attempted to quell his pride.

**TWO FULL PAGES IN COLOUR** by GORDON NICOLL.

Page 1: Don Pedro's Spectre breaks in on Don Juan's feast. Page 2: A Scottish hostess's arrogant act.

**TWO LITTLE DREAMS.** A Fairy Fancy from a Water-Colour by GIBSON TEMPLE.

**THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.** By BARBARA BINGLEY. With Illustrations by REGINALD CLEAVER.

How a discontented wife of Calcutta had her eyes opened by the Chinese "Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil."

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Orders of the Day—December 25.



PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

FROM THE DRAWING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1927



## Christmas Eve in the Convent Chapel.

Snowy coif o'er brows as pale;  
Austere robe and ample sleeve;  
Rank'd along the altar rail  
Kneel the nuns on Christmas Eve.

Not for these a mother's joy—  
Love and home and nested brood;  
Baby girl and baby boy—  
Wistful, cloister'd sisterhood.

In Maid Mary's bliss or pain  
How shall such as these have part?  
Yes! beneath each habit plain  
Beats unstill'd a woman's heart.

Soft they sing on Christmas Morn,  
Pure as mountain snow new-driven:  
"Unto us a Child is born;  
Unto us a Son is given!"



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This Picture shows ISIS (Goddess of Tutankhamen's Canopic Shrine) GUARDING SECRETS OF THE PAST.

**THE SECRETS OF TO-DAY**  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER  
1927.



FAIRY TALES.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LONGMATE.



# The Charm of Childhood Through the Ages as Portrayed by Old Masters.



"LA INFANTA CARLOTTA," BY MARIANO SALVADOR MAELLA (1739-1819); A PORTRAIT IN THE PRADO AT MADRID.



"HELENE VAN DER SCHALKE," BY GERARD TERBORCH (1676-81); A PORTRAIT NOW AT AMSTERDAM.



"Mlle. BETHUSY ET FRÈRE," BY ALEXIS SIMON BELLE (1674-1734); A PORTRAIT GROUP AT VERSAILLES.



"PRINCESS MARIE ISABELLE DE BOURBON" (GRANDDAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.), BY JEAN MARC NATTIER THE YOUNGER (1685-1766); A PORTRAIT AT VERSAILLES.



"THE PRINCESS WITH THE PARROT," BY ANTON RAFAEL MENGES (1728-79); A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG INFANTA, NOW IN THE PRADO AT MADRID.



"THE INFANTA MARGARITA," BY VELASQUEZ (1599-1660); A PORTRAIT NOW IN THE PRADO AT MADRID.



A STUDY OF SOUTHERN GIRLHOOD: A PICTURE BY A NINETEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH PAINTER, EDUARDO ROSALES (1837-73).



"NINO DON GARCIA," BY ALESSANDRO ALLORI (1535-1607); A STRIKING PICTURE BY A FLORENTINE ARTIST FAMOUS IN HIS DAY.

The children of bygone days contrast strangely with those of to-day in costume. Despite somewhat oppressive clothing, however, the spirit of childhood remains manifest in them. Some of these pictures find mention in Mr. Haldane McFall's very interesting book, "Beautiful Children Immortalised by the Masters." Thus, of Terborch, he says: "If his superbly rendered portrait of the little *Helene van der Schalk*, at Amsterdam, be not the portrayal of a beautiful child, the beauty of the painting of the ethereal antique

little body in the white dress and apron, with basket hung over arm, playing the part of a good Dutch housewife, raises it to the rank of one of the immortal things wrought by the skill of man's hands." Of Menges, Court Painter to Charles III. of Spain, we read: "The quaint little *Princess with the Parrot*, for all her stiff air of the Court, is possessed of the charm of little-girlhood." Nattier was Court Painter to Louis XV. of France.



# The Charm of Childhood as Portrayed by an Old Master.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810). REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, MARY, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.



**"Anne Isabella Milbanke"**  
(afterwards Lady Byron).

Anne Isabella Milbanke, daughter of Sir R. Milbanke, was born on May 17, 1792. She married Lord Byron, the poet, on January 2, 1815, and her only child, Augusta Ada (afterwards Countess of Lovelace), was born on December 10 in that year. Lady Byron died in 1860.





## THE PIGEON MAN.

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS,

Author of "The Man With The Clubfoot"; etc.

Illustrated by W.R.S. Stott.

### I.



FLANDERS in '18, and March coming in like a lion. With a purr that, nearer the Front, might have been confused with the thudding of distant drum-fire the icy rain beat against the panes. At the streaming window of a dingy bedroom of the Hôtel du Commerce a girl stood gazing listlessly into the street below. Outside, over the gleaming cobbles of the little Belgian town, the great grey lorries, splashed hood-high with Flanders mud, slithered along in an endless train, swerving from the road's greasy crown only to make way for the snorting Staff cars that, freighted with begoggled officers in field-grey, from time to time came roaring down the street. In and out of the traffic, despatch-riders on motor-cycles whirled and rattled, staying their progress with trailing, gaitered leg to inquire the location of Operations or Intelligence offices of the Corps established there. In the hotel bedroom the crockery on the wash-stand jingled to the din of the street.

Without turning round from her observation post the girl flung a question across her shoulder. She was tall, and the black frock she wore emphasised her slimness. Her shining red hair, loosely coiled about her well-shaped head, was the only blur of positive colour among the neutral shades of the room.

"Am I to wait the convenience of the Corps Intelligence office all day?" she demanded sullenly. At a table against the wall an officer in field-grey sat reading the *Kölnische Zeitung*. He did not lift his eyes from his newspaper at the girl's question.

"Such were Colonel von Trompeter's orders, *meine gnädige*," he retorted.

She stamped her foot and faced the speaker. "This room stifles me, do you hear?" she exclaimed tensely. "I don't mind the rain: I'm going out!"

"No!" said the officer.

"Do I understand that I'm a prisoner?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders as, stretching forth his arms, he folded back the paper. "You're of the service, *Fräulein Sylvia*," he rejoined placidly. "You've got to obey orders like the rest of us!"

"Agreed," she cried. "But they can trust me, can't they?"

The officer shrugged his shoulders again. "Doubtless the Colonel had his reasons for not wishing civilians to roam about Corps Headquarters. . . ."

"Bah!" she broke in contemptuously. "Do you think I'm blind? Do you really imagine, Captain Pracht, that I don't know"—she waved a slim hand towards the window and the sounding street beyond—"what all this movement means? Every railhead from the North Sea to the Vosges is pouring forth men and guns; your troops released by the Russian Revolution are gathering to deal the Allies the final—"

Pracht sprang to his feet. "*Um Gottes Willen*, mind what you're saying! You speak of things that are known to but a handful of us—"

"Quite so, my friend. But will you please remember that I am of that handful? My sources in Brussels are excellent—" She broke off and contemplated her companion's face. "Why has Colonel von Trompeter sent for me?"

"There I can answer you quite frankly," said the Captain. "I don't know."

"And if you did, you wouldn't tell me?"

The officer bowed. "It would be hard to refuse so charming a lady anything. . . ."

She shook herself impatiently. "Words, merely words!" she cried.

She let her eyes rest meltingly on his face. They were strange eyes, madder-brown under dark lashes. "Have you ever been in love, Captain Pracht?"

The officer's face set doggedly so that two small vertical lines appeared on either side of his thin lips under the clipped brown moustache. "Never on duty, *gnädiges Fräulein*—that is"—he paused, then added—"unless commanded."

"Why, then," she put in merrily, "I might have spared myself the trouble of locking my door last night."

Captain Pracht flushed darkly, and a little pulse began to beat at his temple. She looked at him fixedly and laughed. "You have a charming *métier*, Herr Hauptmann!"

An ugly look crept into his face. "The same as yours, *meine Gnädige*!"

A patch of colour crept into her pale cheeks. "Not quite!" Her voice vibrated a little. "Men know how to protect themselves. They go into these things with their eyes open. But almost every woman, even in the Secret Service, is blinded by love . . . once." She sighed and added, "the first time . . ."

"The gracious lady speaks from personal experience, no doubt," the officer hazarded. His manner was unpleasant. With calm disdain she looked him up and down.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"I have always said," the Captain announced ponderously, "that women were too emotional for Secret Service work. Especially foreigners."

"Rumanians, for instance?" suggested the girl sweetly.

"I was not speaking personally," retorted the officer huffily. "If we must have women spies, then why not Germans? Our German women have an ingrained sense of discipline, a respect for orders . . ."

The girl's gurgling laugh pealed through the room. "But their taste in nighties is dreadful," she broke in. "You must remember, my dear Captain Pracht, that our battlefield is the boudoir—"

At that moment the door was flung back. An orderly, in a streaming cape, stood there. "Colonel von Trompeter's compliments," he bawled out of a wooden face, saluting with a stamp that shook the floor, "and will the Herr Hauptmann bring *Fräulein Averscu* to the office immediately."

### II.

"The trouble about this job of ours, young Horst," said Colonel von Trompeter, "is to recognise the truth when you find it!"

A heavy man, the Herr Oberst, but handsome still with his fearless eyes of the brightest blue, straight nose, and trim white moustache. The blue and silver Hussar cap which, in defiance of all clothing regulations, he insisted on wearing with his staff uniform, was the only evidence that he had started his army career in the light cavalry, for advancing years had endowed him with the body of a heavy dragoon. His big form, muscular yet under its swelling curves, was moulded in his well-fitting service dress of grey, frogged with the Brandenburgs of the Hussars, and the broad pink stripe of the Great General Staff, together with the glossy brown field boot into which it disappeared, set off admirably his length of leg.

A fine blade, the Herr Oberst, with a naturally intuitive mind sharpened by the intensive training of War School and Great General Staff, a gift of lightning decision and a notable aptitude for languages.



But, more than this, he was a man of rugged character, of unflinching moral courage, and as such ranged head and shoulders above the swarm of silver-laced sycophants at Headquarters who assiduously lick-spittled to his Excellency Lieutenant-General Baron Haase von dem Hasenberg, the Corps Commander. For his Excellency, a choleric old party with the brains of a louse and the self-control of a gorilla, was his Majesty's friend who with supple spine had genuflected his

Excellency, stood by their Chief. For the rest, every imaginable form of chicane and sabotage was employed in the attempt to drive Colonel von Trompeter into seeking a transfer. In almost every branch of Corps Headquarters, save only the Intelligence, it became as important to defeat Colonel von Trompeter and his assistants as to beat the English who held the line in this part of Flanders. And his Excellency proclaimed at least thrice a day to all who would hear him that Trompeter was "*ein taktloser Kerl*."

When, therefore, on this wet March morning, "the old man," as his staff called Trompeter, delivered himself of the apothegm set forth above, Lieutenant Horst, his youngest officer, who was examining a sheaf of aeroplane photographs at his desk in a corner of the office, glanced up with troubled eyes. It was rare, indeed, that "the old man" allowed the daily dose of pin-pricks to get under his skin. But to-day the Chief was restless. Ever since breakfast he had been pacing like a caged lion up and down the wet track left by the boots of visitors on the strip of matting between the door and his desk.

"Operations are making trouble about the shelling of the 176th divisional area last night," the Colonel continued.

"With permission, Herr Oberst," Horst put in diffidently, "these fresh troops carry on as though they were still in Russia. Their march discipline is deplorable. They were probably spotted by aircraft—"

The Herr Oberst shook his grizzled poll. "Won't wash, my boy. They went in after dark. That explanation we put up to Operations when the 58th Division had their dumps shelled last week. Operations won't swallow it again. Humph—"

He grunted and turned to stare out into the rain. A battalion was passing up the street, rank on rank of soaked and weary men. Their feet hammered out a melancholy tattoo on the cobbles. There was no brave blare of music to help them on their way. The band marched in front with instruments wrapped up against the wet. "Fed—up," "Fed—up," the crunching feet seemed to say.

The Colonel's voice suddenly cut across the rhythmic tramping. "What time is Ehrhardt arriving with that prisoner from the 91st Division?" he asked.

"He was ordered for eleven, Herr Oberst!"

"It's after that now—"

"The roads are terribly congested, Herr Oberst!"

The Colonel made no reply. His fingers drummed on the window pane. Then he said: "Our English cousins are concentrating on the Corps area, young Horst. They've got a pigeon man out. That much was clear when that basket of pigeons was picked up in Fleury Wood last week."

"A pigeon man, Herr Oberst?"

"I was forgetting; you're new to the game. So you don't know what a pigeon man is, young Horst?"

"No, Herr Oberst!"

"Then let me tell you something: if you ever meet a pigeon man, you can safely take your hat off to him, for you're meeting a hero. It's

a job that means almost certain death. A pigeon man is a Secret Service officer who's landed by an aeroplane at some quiet spot in the enemy lines with a supply of carrier-pigeons. His job is to collect the reports which spies have already left for him at agreed hiding-places. He fastens these messages to the legs of his birds and releases them to fly back to their loft..."

"Does the aeroplane wait, Herr Oberst?"

The Colonel laughed shortly. "*I wo!* The pigeon man has to make his way home the best he can. They usually head for the Dutch frontier..."

"He's in plain clothes, then?"

"Of course. That's why I say the job means almost certain death. Even we Huns, as they call us, are justified in shooting an officer caught in plain clothes behind our lines."

The young man pursed up his lips in a silent whistle. "Brave fellows! Do we send out pigeon men too, Herr Oberst?"

His chief shook his head. "They wouldn't stand an earthly. The pigeon man can only operate successfully among a friendly civilian population. Well?"

An orderly had bounced into the office, and, stiff as a ramrod, now fronted the Colonel. "Hauptmann Ehrhardt is here to report to the Herr Oberst."

The clear blue eyes snapped into alertness. "Has he brought a prisoner with him, Reinhold?"

"*Jawohl*, Herr Oberst."

[Continued on page 13.]



"Will the Herr Hauptmann bring Fräulein Averescu to the office immediately?"

way up the rough road of promotion under the approving eye of the All-Highest War Lord.

His Excellency detested his Chief of Intelligence. He might have forgiven Colonel von Trompeter his outstanding ability, for brains are an asset on the staff of a Corps Commander when awkward incidents have to be covered up; and Baron Haase had not been a lucky leader. But his Excellency was enraged by the Colonel's habit of invariably speaking his mind. It infuriated him that Colonel von Trompeter should have made his career in spite of his brutal candour. When only a Major, acting as assistant umpire at Kaiser manoeuvres, had he not curtly replied to the Emperor himself, enthusiastically seeking praise for a cavalry charge led in the All-Highest Person against a nest of machine-guns: "All dead to the last horse, your Majesty!" and been promptly exiled to an East Prussian frontier garrison for his pains?

Yet, although the victim of the All-Highest displeasure had lived the incident down, he had learned nothing by experience. To the Corps Commander's resentful fury, he flatly refused to curry favour with his immediate Chief by lending himself to the great conspiracy of eyewash by means of which, in war as in peace, the War Lord was justified of his appointments to the high commands.

And so a state of open warfare existed between his Excellency—and that signified the bulk of the Headquarters Staff—and his Chief of Intelligence. Only the Intelligence staff, who worshipped Trompeter to a man, less for his brilliant ability than for his sturdy championship of his subordinates even in the face of the epileptic ravings of his





Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus was canonized in 1925. Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin was born at Alençon in 1873. At fifteen she entered the Carmelite Convent at Lisieux, where "she set herself with touching faith to the practice of virtue, seeking to please her Lord. Her regard for Him was ever that of a child towards the tenderest of fathers." She died, aged 24, in 1897. "After my death," she once said, "I will let fall a rain of roses," and it was the many miracles attributed to her intercession that led to her canonisation.

"AFTER MY DEATH I WILL LET FALL A RAIN OF ROSES": THE "LITTLE FLOWER" OF LISIEUX.

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDGARD MAXENCE, ENTITLED "SŒUR THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS," IN THE PARIS SALON (1927).



# Christmas in South Africa amid "Snows" of Summer Bloom.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WHERE THE SLOPES ARE DECKED WITH FLOWERS LIKE A MANTLE OF SNOW: A CHRISTMAS PICNIC  
IN HIGH SUMMER ON THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DRAKENSBURG.

Christmastime in South Africa marks the zenith of the Southern summer and is usually celebrated in brilliant weather. It is the season of fruits and flowers and outdoor life. Unlike the English countryside, which is muffled in snow at that time of the year or should be, according to the familiar idea of an old-fashioned English Christmas the gardens and open spaces of South Africa are at their best in the month of December. The wonderful wild flowers of the country are also in full bloom at this period, as will be seen in this study of a Christmas picnic party lunching on the flower-decked slopes of the foothills in the famous Drakensberg area of Natal. Christmas spent under clear blue skies is a novel experience which is gaining favour with oversea visitors, especially as it offers a complete change from the rigours of the European winter and opens up a fascinating field of travel in the Dominion of South Africa. It may be helpful to our readers to know that information concerning travel in South Africa can be obtained from the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



"Send him in! Prisoner and escort remain outside." He turned to Horst as the orderly withdrew. "Herr Leutnant, a certain lady is waiting at the Hôtel du Commerce in charge of Captain Pracht, of the Brussels command. I may ask you to send for her presently. You will not say anything to her about this prisoner, and you will be responsible to me that no one approaches him in the meantime. And see that I'm not disturbed."

Then with bowed head the Colonel resumed his pacing up and down.

### III.

"As the Herr Oberst will see for himself," said Ehrhardt, rocking slightly as he stood stiffly at attention before his chief—he was a secondary-school teacher in civil life and the military still overawed him—"the prisoner is practically a half-wit. If you speak to him, he only grins idiotically and dribbles. He looks half-starved, and as for his body—well, with respect, he's fairly crawling. God knows how long he's been wandering about the Bois des Corbeaux, where the fatigue party ran across him in the early hours of this morning. According to the Herr Oberst's orders, I had advised all units that any civilian caught in our lines was to be brought straightway to me at the Divisional Intelligence Office. When this man was sent in I rang the Herr Oberst up at once. I haven't overlooked the possibility that the fellow may be acting a part; but I'm bound to say that he seems to me to be what he looks like—a half-witted Flemish peasant. Speaking ethnologically——"

A brusque gesture cut short the imminent deadly treatise on the psychology of the Flemings. The Colonel pointed to a chair beside the desk and pushed across a box of cigars.

"Ehrhardt," said he, "information of the most exact description is being sent back regularly. Our troop movements are known. The 176th Division had two hundred casualties getting into their billeting area last night. These are no haphazard notes of regimental numbers jotted down at railway stations, or of movements of isolated units strung together by ignorant peasants. They are accurate reports prepared with intelligence by someone with a thorough grasp of the military situation. The English have a star man operating on this front. Who he is or what he looks like we don't know; but what we do know is that correspondence of a very secret nature which fell into the hands of one of our agents at the Hague speaks with enthusiasm of the accuracy of the reports sent by an unnamed agent concerning our present troop movements in Belgium. You are aware of my belief that an English pigeon man has been at work here"—he bent his white-tufted brows at his companion, who was gazing intently at him through gold-rimmed spectacles. "Supposing our friend outside is the man I'm looking for . . ."

Very positively Captain Ehrhardt shook his head. "Of course," he said in his pedantic fashion, "I must bow to the Herr Oberst's experience in these matters. But for me the hypothesis is out of the question. This fellow may be a spy; but in that case he's an agent of the lowest order, a brutish Belgian peasant—not a man of the calibre you mention, an educated individual, possibly a regular officer."

"Certainly a regular officer," the Colonel's calm voice broke in.

"*Ausgeschlossen*, Herr Oberst! The thing's impossible, as you'll realise the moment you see him!"

"Wait, my friend! The English have an extraordinary fellow, with whom we of the Great General Staff are well acquainted, at least by repute from pre-war days. We never managed to ascertain his name or get his photograph; but we know him for a man who is a marvellous linguist, with a most amazing knowledge of the Continent and Continental peoples. Dialect is one of his specialities. What is more to the point, he is a magnificent actor, and his skill in disguises is legendary. Again and again we were within an ace of catching him, but he always contrived to slip through our fingers. We used to call him 'N,' the unknown quantity. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"*Gewiss, gewiss*, Herr Oberst!" Ehrhardt wagged his head dubiously. "But this lout is no English officer."

"Well," said the Colonel, "let's look at him, anyway." He pressed a button on the desk, and presently, between two stolid figures in field-grey, a woebegone and miserable-looking tramp shambled in.

His clothes were a mass of rags. On his head a torn and shapeless cloth cap was stuck askew, and from beneath its tattered peak a pair of hot, dark eyes stared stupidly out of a face that was clotted with grime and darkened, as to the lower part, with a stiff growth of beard. A straggling moustache trembled above a pendulous under-lip that gleamed redly through bubbles that frothed at the mouth and dripped down the chin. His skin glinted yellowly through great rents in jacket and trousers, and his bare feet were thrust into clumsy, broken boots, one of which was swathed round with a piece of filthy rag. As he stood framed between the fixed bayonets of the escort, long shudders shook him continually.

Without looking up, the Colonel scribbled something on a writing-pad, tore off the slip and gave it to Horst. "Let the escort remain outside," he ordered. Horst and the guards clumped out. Then only did Trompeter, screwing his monocle in his eye, favour the prisoner with a long and challenging stare. The man did not budge. He continued to gaze into space, with his head rocking slightly to and fro and the saliva running down his chin.

The Colonel spoke in an aside to Ehrhardt. "You say you found nothing on him when you searched him?"

"Only a clasp-knife, some horse-chestnuts, and a piece of string, Herr Oberst."

"No papers?"

"No, Herr Oberst."

The Colonel addressed the prisoner in French. "Who are you and where do you come from?" he demanded.

Very slowly the man turned his vacuous gaze towards the speaker. He smiled feebly and dribbled, but did not speak.

"It struck me that he might be dumb," Ehrhardt whispered across the desk, "although he seems to hear all right."

"Wait!" Trompeter bade him. He spoke to the prisoner again.

"Any civilian found wandering in the military zone without proper papers is liable to be shot," he said sternly. "Do you realise that?"

(Continued on page 26.)




The two officers watched him. He made animal noises as he ate and drank, stuffing himself until he gasped for breath.



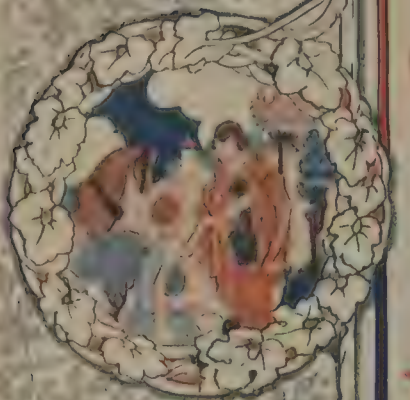
## A FRIEND OF ST. FRANCIS

## THE DREAM.



**F**RANCESCO BERNARDONE called they him  
Ere he chose poverty to be his bride ;  
His dreams were all of war and battles grim ;  
Oft from his sleep he started, eager-eyed ,  
Striving to touch the spears and shields he saw ,  
The bright casques & the banners pranked & pied.

## THE KISSING OF THE LEPER.




**I** SAW him riding forth in gallant weed ,  
And then he shrank, because beside the way  
A leper crawled . Then he leapt off his steed  
And ran to him, as children run to play ,  
His purse held forth . And then 'twas I that shrank  
Because he kissed the fumbling fingers grey .


## THE RENUNCIATION.

**O**LD Bernardone swore his wits were wild ,  
As many did . . . . I also for a space . . . .  
And when our Bishop would have reconciled  
Those twain, Francesco at the Judgment Place  
Cast off his scarlet : then in lowly guise  
Departed, with sweet laughter on his face.

## THE DARK LAMP.



**W**OT you, I was a tavern — haunter then ,  
A reveller. Francesco, passing by  
One night, came in and sought us heedless men ,  
And said, Our Lady's Lamp is dark and dry  
For lack of oil " And all our wine — stained gold  
We poured into his hands, those knaves and I.





From the Italian of TOMMASO di MONTALTO

Circa  
1232

## THE CHRISTMAS WONDER.

THEY held a Christmas pageant, and I went  
To see him play it, with his brotherhood;  
They had a manger, where Francesco bent  
Before a little painted Babe of wood.  
But as he touched its carven feet methought  
It smiled and stirred within its cradle rude.

## THE COMING OF ST. CLARE.

ABOVE the Portiuncula one night  
I marvelled me to see a ruddy glare;  
The torches of the brethren cast that light  
Upon Francesco, as he welcomed there  
A breathless maid, who knelt, and wept, & kissed  
His outstretched hands in haste, Her name was Clare.

## THE WOLF OF GUBBIO.

THIS thing I heard, my friends, but did not see:  
A fierce wolf ranged the hills by Gubbio.  
Forth went Francesco on his ass, for he  
Feared not its fierceness. They who saw him go  
Said, "There is no return;" but when he came  
Beside his ass a meek wolf ambled slow.

## IN THE COURTS OF MAHOUND.

NOR did I see him standing unafraid  
Before the Soldan and his warriors quaint;  
But some who saw have told me how he prayed  
In Mahound's courts, while they for fear waxed faint.  
Now they and I grow old, and he is gone  
Whom we loved well long ere men called him "Saint."





The tramp grinned feebly and made a gurgling noise like an infant. The Colonel repeated his warning in Flemish.

"Grr . . . goo . . . grr!" gibbered the prisoner.

Trompeter went round the desk and looked the man in the eye. "See his hands, Herr Oberst," said Ehrhardt in an undertone. The tramp's hands were coarse and horny, with blackened and broken nails. "Are those the hands of an officer?"

The Colonel grunted, but made no other comment.

There was a smart rap at the door. Reinhold, the orderly, appeared with a tray. On it were set out a pot of coffee, a jug of milk, sugar, a plate of ham, and a hunk of greyish war bread. The Colonel signed to the man to put the tray down on a side table. Then he turned to the prisoner. "Eat!" he bade him.

The idiot grinned broadly and broke into a cackling laugh. Then, while the two officers watched him from a distance, he fell upon the victuals. It was horrible to see him wolf the food. He tore the ham with his hands and thrust great fragments into his mouth; he literally buried his face in the bread, wrenching off great lumps with his teeth; he emptied the milk-pot at a draught, spilling a good deal of the milk down his jacket in the process. He made animal noises as he ate and drank, stuffing himself until he gasped for breath.

day's work, and he had an uncanny facility at need of opening, as it were, a drawer in his brain and drawing forth a file of data.

As he helped Sylvia Averescu out of her wrap and invited her to be seated he was mentally glancing over her record. Nineteen hundred and twelve it had been when Steuben had bought her away from the Russians at Bucharest and installed her at Brussels, that clearing-house of international espionage. For a woman, the Colonel condescendingly reflected, she had proved her worth. That affair of the signalling-book of H.M.S. *Queen* had been her doing; and it was she who had laid the information which had led to the arrest of the English spy, Barton, at Wilhelmshaven.

"Madame," was Trompeter's opening when he had given her a cigarette, "I have ventured to bring you out from Brussels in this terrible weather because I need your help."

Sylvia Averescu looked at him coldly. Her wait in a freezing cubby-hole full of damp and strongly flavoured orderlies had not improved her temper. She had entered the room resolved to give this Colonel von Trompeter a piece of her mind. Yet, somehow, his personality cowed her. Against her will she was favourably impressed by his direct gaze, good looks, and charming manners. She saw at once that he was a regular officer of the old school, a man of breeding, not a commercial



"Tell me"—she indicated the tramp with a comic movement of the head—"is he one of us?"

"Could an officer eat like that?" Ehrhardt whispered in his Chief's ear. But again the Colonel proffered no remark. When the last of the food had disappeared he said to his subordinate: "Take the prisoner outside now, and when I ring three times send him in—alone. Alone, do you understand?"

"Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!"

Left alone, Colonel von Trompeter strode across to the window and stood for an instant looking out. In the street a gang of British prisoners of war, their threadbare khaki sodden with the rain, scraped away at the mud with broom and spade. A voice at the door brought the Colonel about. Horst was there.

"Herr Oberst, the lady has arrived!"

"She's not seen the prisoner, I trust?"

"No, Herr Oberst. I put her to wait in the orderlies' room."

Trompeter nodded approval. "Good. I'll see her at once . . . alone."

As Horst went away he moved to the desk and turned the chair which Ehrhardt had vacated so that it faced the door. He himself remained standing, his hands resting on the desk at his back. With his long fingers he made sure that the bell-push in its wooden bulb was within his reach.

#### IV.

It was commonly said of Colonel von Trompeter that he had a card-index mind. He forgot no name, no face, no date, that came into his

traveller stuffed into uniform, like Pracht. She was flattered by the way he handed her to a chair and assisted her out of her furs as though she were a Duchess. And the Latin in her, which had always squirmed at the "Frau" and "Fräulein" of her German associates, was grateful for "Madame" as a form of address.

Still, the recollection of that icy vigil yet grated on her, and she replied rather tartly, "I don't know in what way I can be of any assistance to you, Herr Oberst." The Colonel's blue eyes rested for an instant on her handsome, rather discontented face. Then, brushing the ash from the end of his cigarette, he said: "When you were in Brussels before the war, you knew the British Secret Service people pretty well, I believe?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was what I was paid for."

"You were acquainted with some of their principal agents, I take it: the star turns, I mean—men like Francis Okewood or Philip Brewster, or"—he paused—"even our friend 'N,' the mysterious Unknown Quantity?"

She laughed on a hard note. "If you'll tell me who 'N' was—or is," she returned, "I'll tell you if I knew him. I've met the other two you mentioned." She leaned back in her chair and blew out luxuriantly a cloud of smoke. "'The Unknown Quantity,' eh? What a dance he led you, Colonel! I've often wondered which of the boys he was."

The Colonel's hand groped behind him until he found the bell. Thrice his thumb pushed the button. His eyes were on the woman as

[Continued on page 44.]



## A Painter's Vision of Beethoven: Music Translated into Colour.

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### THE MUSIC OF THE STORM: THE INSPIRED MASTER IN COMMUNION WITH THE POWERS OF NATURE.

Various artists of late have essayed to interpret music in terms of pictorial imagery, and on the three following pages we reproduce a series of particularly interesting and beautiful examples, by the well-known Spanish painter, José Segrelles, expressing in that form his impressions of Beethoven. The above picture does not represent any particular composition, but is rather a fantasy showing the master himself in communion with the elements, and drawing inspiration from the storm. "Beethoven, the

sated man of the world," writes the painter in a note on his work, "prefers contact with that light which comes from above, to blend his love of Art with the sublime power of Nature. With lingering steps, he listens impassively to the voices of the night, and afterwards creates the theme manifesting those voices to the world. Deaf, unhappy in love, and tormented in heart, he alone, through the limited notes of music, has revealed the infinite scale of sounds and visions that Nature contains."



# Music Translated into Terms of Colour: A Painter's Interpretations of Beethoven.

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

BY JOSÉ REGRELLÉS. (COPYRIGHTED) WITH NOTES BY THE ARTIST.



THE BELLMAN'S DAUGHTER: AN ILLUSTRATION TO THE FIFTH SYMPHONY OF BEETHOVEN.

"There was once a bellman's daughter who was bewitched by the sound of the bells. At a fateful hour the witches are flying abroad, all undine, with the oft-repeated theme of the clamorous bells in offering spells and poisons to attract love."



FATE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR: A PICTORIAL IMAGE OF A PASSAGE IN THE FIFTH SYMPHONY.

"'It is thus Fate knocks at our door,' said Beethoven once to a friend. 'He knows our end, and with his thread he weaves the texture of our lives in that appointed hour.'"



HUMANITY FOLLOWING ITS FATE: A VISION SUGGESTED BY BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.

"All humanity follows its fate, some with faith, others without. It is light; it is the invisible force which drags life after it, and floats in space haphazard."



MORTAL MEN AND WOMEN BORNE ONWARD BY FATE: A PHASE IN THE FIFTH SYMPHONY EXPRESSED PICTORIALLY.

"Thus are mortal men and women borne by Fate, that unknown power that urges us ever onward, with tears or joy, towards the end of our life which is fore-ordained."



AS IT WERE THE BIRTH OF A SUN—A MOMENT OF SUBLINE SPLENDOR AND GRANDEUR INSPIRED BY BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-KISS TO THERESA OF BRUNSWICK: THE PAINTER'S INTERPRETATION OF A GLORIOUS PASSAGE IN THE SONATA IN F MINOR (OP. 57) KNOWN AS "APPASSIONATA."

"Beethoven's love-kiss to Theresa of Brunswick undoubtedly inspired the great man of Bonn with that moment of unparalleled splendour and grandeur expressed in sublime musical phrases. In the sphere of art, love is, as it were, the beginning of a sun."



"NOTHING REMAINS BUT GOLDEN FOOTPRINTS OF THE FAITHFUL CHARGER, AS IF TO REMIND US, 'HERE IS THE PATH WHICH A HERO TROD': A PICTURE INTERPRETING BEETHOVEN'S THIRD SYMPHONY, "EROICA," WHOSE ORIGINAL TITLE, "NAPOLEON BONAPARTE," THE DEMOCRATIC COMPOSER DESTROYED WHEN THE FIRST CONSUL BECAME EMPEROR.

"Empires, vanities, ambition, power, love, mystery—all silently pass away into the infinite. Nothing remains. But stay! There is still the memory of the golden footprints left by the faithful charger, as though to remind us, 'Here is the path which a hero trod.'"



# A Painter Interprets Beethoven: Music Translated into Colour.

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"THE BEGINNING OF A LIFE, OF A LIGHT; THE DAWN OF A DAY": A PICTORIAL FANTASY REPRESENTING THE PAINTER'S CONCEPTION OF AURORA, AS SUGGESTED BY BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC.

"The beginning of a life, of a light; the dawn of a day. The solemn moments when our Sun rises majestically and tears asunder the thick veil of night, blending the stars into his glory, and raising to God the Infinite our life and labour, our possessions and our hearts."



VICE PURSUES THE SPOTLESS ONE, LURED BY HIS SCARLET FLOWER: A SINISTER PHASE OF THE "MOONLIGHT SONATA" DEPICTED BY THE PAINTER.

"Vice uses the mystery of night, and, in the guise of the scarlet flower he falsely cultivates, lures the spotless one to rest. Then the monster pursues and attacks her, till she perishes in the claws of Vice beneath an outraged moon blushing with shame."



"LOVE, A SUBTLE, FLEETING VISION WHICH IN THE SOFT MOONBEAMS FLUTTERS LIKE A SIGH": A DELICATE FANTASY SUGGESTED BY THE "MOONLIGHT SONATA."

"Moonlight. Love. A subtle fleeting vision which in the soft moonbeams flutters like a sigh. It is remembrance freed by the unsealing of a heart, which, like a dove leaving its nest, glides gently as a breath, to return later timidly and lock itself in the same heart. The figure is Countess Giulia Guicciardi."



"I IMAGINE THIS MUSICAL MONUMENT IN THE FORM OF A MIGHTY MAN CONVERTED INTO AN IMPOSING ROCK": THE PAINTER'S VISION OF BEETHOVEN'S "PATETICA" (SONATA IN C MINOR.)

"Strength, melancholy, fervour, and pain are the feelings which this sonata awakens in me. I imagine this musical monument in the form of a mighty man destined to remain for ever in a seat of honour and ruthless power, mutilated first of his feet and then of his arms, until he is converted into an imposing rock; but the silvered sword held in the right hand remains intact."





# GOLDENFLOWER.

## A FANTASTIC FAIRY TALE

by

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.



Illustrated by ERTÉ.



NOBODY in the island was surprised, and almost everybody was pleased, when the King announced the betrothal of his only child, the Princess Charieis, to Alkimos, the eldest son of the Master of the Royal Unicorns. Especially pleased were the parents of Alkimos, who had more than once been seriously afraid that he might refuse to wed the Princess, and insist upon wooing the fleet-footed, gay-hearted Goldenflower instead.

After the High Priestess had performed the wedding ceremony, burning spices and chanting spells while the two stood before her, linked with chains of pearls, the Master of the Royal Unicorns drew a deep breath of relief. "Let us be grateful," he said to his wife. "By all means," she replied dutifully. "We shall be the grandparents of his Majesty's grandchildren," he pointed out. "If," she answered, with a shudder, "if that foolishness about Goldenflower had gone too far, we might have had a stray mortal here and there among *ours*. I did not see her in the temple, did you?" "I don't think she was there," said the Master of the Royal Unicorns. "Tact or piqué?" his wife wondered. "Both, perhaps," opined the Master of the Royal Unicorns.

Fifteen years before, as mortals reckon years, a steamship bound from Liverpool to Bermuda had been driven out of her course and shattered upon the long, fierce reef of dark-blue rocks which guards the approach to the island where the father of Charieis was King. Next day, the Master of the Royal Unicorns, walking on the shore, heard a queer sound, very weird and unfamiliar in his ears. Immortal babies never cry; and here was a mortal baby, crying with all its might. The good man picked it up, and carried it to the palace, and offered it—much as one might offer a parroquet or a Pekinese to the infant Princess Charieis. From that day a remarkable change came over Charieis. She had been an unusually grave and apathetic child, and her lack of obvious interest in them or in anything had perturbed her parents greatly. Now, however, all this was altered. The pretty, babbling, crawling, cooing playmate which the sea had given her soon taught Charieis to babble, and crawl, and coo. The King and Queen rejoiced immoderately. For the moment they forgot that the law of the island forbade the keeping of mortals as domestic pets. Of this important fact the High Priestess promptly

reminded them. "If," she added, "the information be correct which my agents in the world of the western mortals send me, this would be a most unfavourable period at which to acquire a specimen, in any case. The wretched creatures are in the thick of what they call the Age of Steam. They think about nothing but machinery, and money, and morals." Still, the King and Queen persisted. Could nothing be done? Deprived of her playmate—whom the whole Court had christened Goldenflower—their daughter might relapse into her old state of dulness and indifference. Reluctantly the High Priestess admitted that something *could* be done. She and her four assistant-priestesses could weave a powerful spell, and make Goldenflower into a semi-demi-immortal. Then, if sixteen mortal years passed, and Goldenflower had neither felt sorrow nor told three untruths in one day—things which an immortal hardly ever does—she would automatically become a demi-immortal, practically indistinguishable from a real one. "Only," added the High Priestess, "if she should marry, some of her children might be mortals." This idea alarmed the King and Queen a little. But they comforted themselves with the thought that they had no son of their own who might one day bring disaster on the island by falling in love with the semi-demi- (or demi-) immortal in their midst.

No secret was made of all these things, and both Charieis and Goldenflower knew all about it when they were old enough to understand. The danger to Goldenflower did not appear to be great, for she was as transparent as a dewdrop and as joyous as a butterfly; and when once she realised that, by her marriage, she might bring disaster upon the island, she resolved never to marry. This resolution she confided to the High Priestess, who applauded it, but did not encourage her desire to become a priestess herself. "It would be very upsetting," the High Priestess explained, "if you were to become a mortal again suddenly—not that you would remain one minute on the island if you *did*. No, child, your best plan is to speak the truth, to keep cheerful, and to snub every young immortal who seems to be getting fond of you." Goldenflower promised.

Charieis never knew it, but the first immortal whom Goldenflower found it necessary to snub was Alkimos. He had been the playmate of both of them when they were all three children. Together they had studied star-botany and moon-geography; together they had



golden rice on the table and a bowl. In their excitement they had forgotten to get a cup of tea, and when the tiny pink and purple crabs and the little earth crabs had been arranged except out of the dinner, Ch'ang went to try to persuade the taster to eat, to allow her to keep them as pets, and to give in the end they gave them some, and then, as the wild rice and the earth crabs had flown down, he went until fifteen minutes had passed and still Alkanah reached that the Lord Goldenflower rather better than he did Ch'ang. And then he had looked upon them both, sister and brother, and had loved them equally, with a small, beautiful love. He perceived that the case was altered the first time he came home on leave from his regiment, the Union House. All the young men were very keen on dancing, and Goldenflower danced like a blown petal on the wind. Ch'ang did not all the new steps, but occasionally, but her taste in dress did not please Alkanah, and she had rather large feet—for a Princess. This was regrettable.

Goldenflower could not help noticing that Alkimos preferred her as a partner to the Princess. She was not in the least conceited, and—like most really pretty girls, both mortal and immortal—she was not quick to think that she was being especially admired. When once she saw that her old playfellow was on the verge of something more profound than their old



The King and Queen rejoiced immoderately.

In the hope she remembered  
 her promise to the High  
 Priestess, and kept it.  
 Altho' she was disconcerted  
 and heart-broken, as Golden-  
 flower went on keeping  
 her promise with ever  
 greater vigour, his concern  
 which was not inconsider-  
 able—made him very wroth  
 with her. He intimated to  
 his father that if the Prin-  
 cess would deign to send  
 him some token that her  
 gift would be acceptable,  
 he would set about wooing  
 her in good earnest, but  
 that he did not wish to  
 risk a rebuff.

The Princess sent him a portrait of herself, with two doves on her wrist. On the back of it she wrote: "There are *some* doves that do not fly away."

So it was settled. The young hussar got week-end leave, and spent it at the palace, and the date of the wedding was fixed. To the astonishment of Charieis, Goldenflower insisted on spending that particular week-end at the temple. On her return, she was made to promise that she would not play such a queer prank again. When Charieis had extorted this promise, she unfolded to her friend the delightful surprise she had planned for her fiancé at the ball on the eve of the wedding. She and Goldenflower would appear in the complete with fringed helmet, on beam woof. "You, yes," "But in the end Charieis



She and her four assistant-priestesses could weave a powerful spell, and make Goldenflower into a semi-demi-immortal.





And she had rather large feet—for a Princess. This was regrettable.

sat waiting for Alkimos, they looked charming as well as quaint. Why it was, Charieis could not have explained, but something in Goldenflower's expression at that moment made her ask anxiously, "Have you laughed to-day, my dear?" "I couldn't live for a whole day without laughing," evaded the demi-semi-immortal. "No, you couldn't," agreed the Princess; "that's just it. If you should ever feel sorrow—or tell three untruths——" "All in one day!" Goldenflower! reminded her gaily. "You haven't used any of them up yet, have you?" demanded Charieis. "Not a quarter of a one yet." The Princess seemed reassured by this reply. "As for feeling sorrow," she said, "we neither of us really know what it is. But I remember how I used to feel when the columbines flew away. If Alkimos were to fly away, I should feel like that—only ten times worse. And I think *that* would be what mortals call sorrow." "But you would still be an immortal, Charieis." "I shouldn't want to be one—*then*." "Ah!" Goldenflower's voice was very soft, but there was a new note in it that puzzled the Princess. "You haven't felt sorrow *yet*, have you, Goldenflower?" she asked earnestly. "Swear to me that you haven't!" "I swear that I haven't."

As Goldenflower pronounced these words a queer little shudder ran through her slender body, and the silver fronds on her head trembled. Fortunately, Charieis did not notice this. She was thinking how pleased Alkimos would be when he saw her in the uniform of his own regiment.

In the event, Alkimos was not exactly pleased. He had a strong sense of his own dignity, and of the dignity of the Unicorn Hussars, and, though he could not unburden himself to the Princess, he could to Goldenflower. At the first opportunity he drew the lovely little

semi-demi-immortal apart and said, "What a funny fancy-dress you two girls have chosen! Great dragons and snapdragons! I hope the Colonel won't be here to-night, that's all. I wonder what Charieis was thinking about."

"It was *my* idea," whispered Goldenflower; and a second shudder, more violent than the last, made her silver plumes vibrate.

"Look here, you are standing in a draught," exclaimed Alkimos. "None of these palace windows fits its frame! Come out on to the terrace, Goldenflower."

They went out together, and where the setting sun touched the fountain with as pure a gold as the gold of her hair they could see the three plots that they and Charieis had had as their own gardens when they were children.

"Hallo!" whistled Alkimos, "somebody is growing columbines there again! I'm sure those plots had run to seed the last time I was here. The middle one was yours, I remember." "You gave me cinnamon and pomegranate slips to plant in it," said Goldenflower. "What happened to them?" he asked. "I had to pull them up again when I planted that fresh crop of columbines." She was trying to release her hand, of which he had possessed himself. "Don't be cross, Goldenflower," he urged. "It isn't only the little gardens that are as they used to be to-night. *You* are, too. Did you think I made too much fuss about that dressing-up business?" "I hope you have forgiven me by now," said Goldenflower lightly. "Of course I have. I should forgive you whatever you did," returned Alkimos, with conviction. "Let us go and find Charieis now," hinted Goldenflower. "You *are* angry with me, then!" "No, Alkimos." "Beware," he warned her, laughing. "No untruths! Or, at most, not more than two in one day!"



"Not more than two in one day," she repeated, in a low voice. Then she freed herself quickly from his clasp. "I must change my dress for the ball," she explained, "in case your Colonel should be there, Alkimo."

Never had Goldenflower seemed such a floating bubble of joy as she seemed at the ball that night. Her feet scarcely touched the ground, and the golden beads on her gown flickered and swirled around her as she danced. It had been arranged that towards moon-rise the whole company should proceed on foot through the park to see the house of grey fig-tree wood and rose-coloured porphyry which the Master of the Unicorns had caused to be built for his son's bride; but just before they set forth Goldenflower whispered to Charieis that she was not coming she was going to the temple instead. "Now, to-night?" asked the Princess, surprised. "Why are you going, Goldenflower?" "For your sake," returned Goldenflower, with a queer, crooked smile. "Alkimos will be disappointed," urged Charieis. "I will not answer that," said her friend gravely. The Princess was pleased; she thought she understood. And she allowed Goldenflower to go.

The High Priestess was contemplating the moon from her daisy-speckled lawn when one of her scarlet-clad assistants announced Goldenflower. After the obeisances due to an authentic immortal from a mere demi-semi, Goldenflower came straight to the point.

"Oh, High Priestess, I have felt sorrow at last. And since sunrise I have told two untruths."

"To-morrow," returned the High Priestess, "Charieis comes forth as a bride. Take care that you do not tell a third untruth ere the sun rise again."

"But," said Goldenflower, averting her head, "if I should, what would happen to me—*exactly*?" "Your body," replied the High



"There are some doves that do not fly away."

Priestess, "would dissolve into a drop of dew. Your soul would pass into the body of a middle-aged spinster in the land of the western mortals."

"That dreadful land where people think about nothing but money and machinery and morals?" "Exactly." "But what is a 'spinster'?" "Is it a bird?" "No. It is a futile and joyless creature, which wears strange, cumbersome garments, vast and unbeautiful." "Can it—does it—dance?" "It neither does nor can." "Can it grow columbines and snapdragon flowers?" "Sometimes—but the flowers never turn into real doves or dragons."

Goldenflower sighed. "And if my soul were to pass into the body of one of these strangely garbed unhappy ones—should I remember this island?" "Not clearly. And very seldom. Not knowing what it was that you missed, you might dream sometimes of a different world, and a more fair." Goldenflower covered her face with her hands as if the eyes of the High Priestess were hurting her. "Poor little semi-demi-immortal," said the High Priestess, not unkindly, "I know why you ask these things to-night. For the sake of Charieis." Without removing her hands from her downbent face, Goldenflower nodded assent. "Because," pursued the High Priestess, watching her, "because you love Alkimos." "No!" "Because you

fear that some day Alkimos might turn from Charieis to you." "Oh, no—oh, no—" The voice was faint and far away, and seemed to recede into the silver dusk.

Then the High Priestess stooped down and looked with scientific interest at a drop of pale golden dew quivering and gleaming among the close-furled daisies at her feet.

"Three would have been enough," she remarked. "Why should the foolish thing have taken the trouble to tell four?"





# "GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN."

By WINIFRED DUKE.

Author of "THE LAIRD", "TALES OF HATE", ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON NICOLL.



**T**HIS has been something like a Christmas, and, by Jove! very different from the last one." Thus ran the man's satisfied reflections, while the woman's, because she was a woman, held a softer, gentler tinge. "This Christmas has been splendid, our first Christmas together; but next Christmas should be happier still, when—when there are three of us."

They sat on either side of the resined logs that blazed in the cunningly modernised fireplace; he, tall, long-limbed, handsome in a bleak, discontented fashion (a trick of nature and heredity, for by temperament he was neither); she, small, slight, a wisp of womanhood, clad in a scanty eau-de-Nil garment, swinging one slim leg to display its perfection of silken sheath and Paris slipper. The room matched both of them, with electric lamps under painted shades spilling pools of light on bizarre little tables and their litter of gay, unconsidered trifles—cigarette-boxes, bridge-markers, ultra-modern magazines—the deep mahogany bookshelves occupying the recess at each side of the mantelpiece, hoarding never-opened, immortal thoughts in calf and morocco; the grand piano, round which they and their guests had so recently gathered for a last noisy singing of "Auld Lang Syne," but ordinarily neglected on account of the greater attraction of the wireless, artfully concealed in an ancient cabinet; the blurred blues and reds and purples of old china; and the dwarfed perfection of priceless miniatures. A few of these last had belonged to Grizel, but there was no occasion to tell anybody so. Muriel, thank goodness, if a thing looked well, asked no inconvenient questions as to ownership, identity, or origin. The room, shrine for his and her particular treasures and tastes, satisfied both, and was the envy and admiration of their rapidly growing circle of acquaintances. To-night, for instance, Lady Bastable had been almost gushing over the old china.

"Give me a cigarette, darling. You do think dinner went off well, don't you?" Muriel, curled up in a deep chair, extended a bare, scented arm.

He got up and gave her what she asked for, assurance, cigarette, and a kiss. He was glad of the excuse to bring his face so close to her small powdered one and pouting mouth. Extraordinary what a fascination she had for him, this pretty, rather empty-headed girl, who had been his wife three months. People, especially his first wife's relations, were rather scandalised at the rapidity of his second marriage; but, after all, long mournings had gone completely out of fashion, and, convention apart, what was there to wait for? He had wasted enough of his life already.

It was decidedly ungrateful to Grizel to put it that way, for without her money he could never have afforded to marry Muriel. Muriel herself had told him, with a frankness which rather staggered him, that she would not have married a poor man. "Life's so dull without money, Hugh," she pleaded prettily. He had agreed cordially, having passed an incredibly dull time himself after his demobilisation with the rank of captain, an inadequate pension, and large ideas as to enjoyment far beyond his powers. He yawned now, in lazy thankfulness that that was all past. Before him and Muriel there stretched what both vaguely classified as "a good time." This comprised ease, travel, entertaining, and being entertained; the pleasures of a London season, when a man and his wife were popular for their good looks, capital dancing, and excellent company. The pageant of pleasure unrolled before his eyes:

Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes, followed by gay autumn house-parties. Thank the Lord he was done with Scotland. Neither he nor Muriel cared about the land of mist and legend and—to each—tragic memories. Muriel's father and only brother had been killed in a horrible accident, when their car collided with another at a hairpin bend of a notoriously dangerous Highland road. A few people remembered from the newspapers that Hugh Carslake's first wife had been drowned somewhere in Scotland. She and her husband were motoring home when the car skidded and ran into a loch. He was rescued, clinging to the roof, after he had held his wife's head above the water until his strength failed. It was a ghastly affair; but he had come out of it with credit, and Mrs. Carslake's will bequeathed him all her property. He had married Muriel Denham a few months afterwards, and, by common consent, although both were living on her money, Grizel Carslake's name seldom passed the lips of either. Muriel was nebulously jealous of her predecessor. Her husband had his own reasons for thinking of her as little as he could. His first marriage had been a glaring failure.

Grizel Soutar, as her name denoted, was a Scotswoman, not ill-looking in a red-headed, raw-boned way, but a clumsy giantess, despite remarkably small feet, compared with the fairy-like Muriel. Hugh Carslake had met her at a Northern hydro-pathic, adjacent to her own recently inherited property, a house and estate in one of the remotest glens of Forfarshire. Her father had made a fortune in Jute, that had duly descended to Grizel, plus Pitduthie, which he had bought shortly before his death from an impoverished and embittered Angus family. Hugh Carslake, chafing at his poverty and restrictions, considered the position carefully. He was well born and well connected, a fair exchange for a woman whose income was derived from trade. Grizel was ten years his senior, but his war service had aged him, and she really looked younger than he discovered her to be. After a brief engagement, they were married and, as Captain and Mrs. Carslake of Pitduthie, honeymooned in Paris and Italy.

He scowled now, remembering unwillingly how badly his bargain had turned out. He had thought to enjoy the pleasures and luxuries pro-

curable only through money, and found instead that he was linked for life to a rigid, narrow-minded Scotswoman, whose forebears had not acquired wealth by wasting it. There had never been any open breach or definite quarrel. His acutest disappointment was the unwelcome discovery that Grizel intended to live for most of the year at Pitduthie. He detested the place where he had "hung up his hat." She loved every stone of the gaunt house, every acre of ground, every rock and tree and blade of grass in its bleak policies. He would have spent as little time there as was possible, but, unluckily, Grizel held the purse-strings, and he paid for brief escapes to London or Monte Carlo with weeks of fretting and imprisonment in the grey stone mansion far up the weeping, mist-hung glen. It was always raining, or scourged with howling winds. He might have found it bearable with a cheery house-party and material comforts; but his wife had few friends, and disliked most of his. She refused to imperil the old walls by the introduction of electricity, to refurnish, to modernise, so that everything remained faded, bare, and Spartan. How thankfully he had sold Pitduthie after her death; for Muriel, with a graceful shriek of dismay, defined the idea of using it even for shooting-parties as "quite too dreadful, darling." The place had passed into the hands of a war-profitteer, and Hugh Carslake and his second wife,



They sat on either side of the resined logs that blazed in the cunningly modernised fireplace.



with part of the money that had belonged to his first, purchased an old mansion-house and manageable grounds in the South of England. This they had proceeded to redecorate, remodel, incidentally to ruin, and here their first married Christmas had been spent.

Half-asleep, lulled by the warmth and luxury, pleasantly fatigued after the agreeable programme of the day, replete with the best of food and wine, Hugh Carslake dropped into a doze. He was wakened from it by his wife's voice, hesitating, a little nervous.



"Last night, the same steps went past my door, and I got up to look."

"Hugh, when you bought this house, they didn't say anything to you about its being haunted, did they?"

He sat up with a jerk. "Good Lord, no! What's put that into your head, dearest?"

"I—don't—know." She spoke slowly, her eyes wide. "I—I've heard funny noises once or twice, and I wondered—"

"All rot, my dear girl." He shrugged his shoulders. "The place isn't old enough, for one thing, and with a genuine ghost the agents would have clapped on another throu, I bet. What sort of noises?"

She cupped her small, pointed chin in a useless-looking little hand. "Footsteps."

"Is that all? The wind, or one of the servants." He laughed. "Never seen anything, have you?"

"Yes." Her eyes were genuinely scared now. "Last night. The same steps went past my door, and I got up to look."

"Jolly plucky of you." He rose, and strolled over to her. "Any result?"

She stared straight into his eyes as he leaned on the back of her chair, playing with her pearls. "Yes. All up the corridor—prints of wet feet."

Hugh Carslake straightened himself with a shudder.

## II.

"Singing? Oh, waits, I suppose—or carols." Muriel threw away her cigarette and ran to the window.

It had been a real old-fashioned Christmas, with its fields lying under deep, crisp snow. As she pushed aside the heavy folds of amber velvet screening the glass and peered out, Muriel saw the white slants, pure and untrodden, and felt on her bare throat and shoulders the biting kiss of the night wind filtering through the stripped trees. Everything was very still. The singers were coming up the avenue, a party of three or four. Their voices, raised in the strains of an old carol, floated thin and not untuneful to the woman in the lamp-lit French window—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay—

Muriel Carslake, modern to her finger-tips, careless, superficial, felt a queer rush of feeling and emotion. The simple words, the simple singing, had touched her, bringing to her casual acceptance of Christmas as a time of feasting and jollity and exchange of gifts a hint of its deeper meaning, its immemorial message. She, whose secret was still her own,

for she had not told her husband (he would only begin to "fuss about her," or lament her spoilt season in London next summer), felt a throb of kinship with all mothers, going back to the Mother in the stable at Bethlehem. She dropped the curtain, calling out:

"I must tell Robson to bring them in. We'll give them something to eat, and money. Are they tramps, do you think, Hugh?"

"Very probably. Don't leave any valuables about, darling." He laughed as he followed her into the hall.

The heavy oak door, unbarred, let a flood of warmth and lamplight stream out across the steps. Just at the end of its shining pathway the singers grouped, three men and a woman. They were ragged, ill-clad, obvious "down-and-outs," flung together by fate's casual hand, glad of a few coppers or a meal in return for their unmeaning music. Muriel, an ermine wrap coiled carelessly round her, leaned just inside the doorway, listening to the rather raucous chant, unsoftened by distance. After two carols, she discovered that she was chilled and bored. She slipped away, telling the butler to bring the singers into the hall for refreshments.

They slouched in, their leaking boots making pools on the parquet floor, their eyes, sunken in unshaven, hopeless faces, glancing with dull envy or curiosity at the priceless rugs, the old oak, the contemptuous stares from the painted eyes of Carslake forebears, the grateful warmth of a fire of logs and fir-cones. Muriel sent them out coffee and sandwiches. They swallowed and gulped noisily, or munched, scattering crumbs. Muriel's Alsatian, coiled before the blaze, woke, and came slowly to sniff and inspect.

"He'll no hurt ye, Rab." The woman, a thin creature in a tattered shawl, with the remains of a sweet soprano, addressed a little man at whose frayed trouser-ends the dog was blowing uneasily.

"A'm no feared. Lie doon, ye great brute!"

Hugh Carslake, standing in the shadow of a tall, carved screen, winced at the harsh voice. They talked like that, Angus folk about Pitduthie.

It was stupid to care, to remember, but the accent, the few words, haunted him as he went upstairs. What a topping Christmas it had been, quite like the Christmases before the war, with its jollity and good-fellowship. His mind went over the day's events, partly to shut out the ghost of that Scots voice. He had covertly scrutinised the owner, a shambling, undersized figure, but could not recollect having ever seen him before. Poor beggars! Rotten luck some people had. He was glad that they had been sent off fed and remunerated. He could still hear their faint singing across the park—

God rest you, merry gentlemen—

Certainly it had been a jolly day. That leisurely breakfast, the prelude to present-giving and present-opening; then church (one must put in an appearance occasionally, and it looked well on Christmas Day); followed by a thumping good walk with Muriel and the dogs to Neston and back. They had had friends to lunch and tea, and a dozen guests had driven over for dinner. What jokes and chaff and laughter and toasts they had had! How proud he had been of his pretty, graceful wife, the perfection of a hostess in her tact and charm! Men had called him a lucky dog, and so he was. Very different from last Christmas.

Last Christmas he had spent at Pitduthie, alone with Grizel. He had raged secretly, for he had a dozen attractive invitations, and she refused obstinately to act as his banker. She, as a Scotswoman and a rigid Presbyterian, did not take much note of Christmas. She liked New Year (a beastly time, when the servants invariably got drunk), with its well-wishing and first-footing. Why, he now remembered she had been quite upset because their earliest caller on New Year's Day had been a cousin of hers, a red-haired woman, instead of a dark man. She had harped continuously, almost hysterically, on the probability of this bringing bad luck. Well—her husband shrugged his shoulders—her luck, good or bad, had not lasted very long, for in the following April there had occurred the drowning accident which cost her her life. He had been for so long accustomed exclusively to regard his first marriage—its failure, its disappointments—from his own point of view, but now it suddenly struck him that Grizel, too, had had her stake in it. Was she secretly resentful of the way in which things had turned out for both of them, even to his final good fortune in being the one to be rescued, whilst she had drowned? Until the last few seconds of their life together he had never really known what she was thinking or feeling.

In his comfortable dressing-room, with central heating and every modern convenience and luxury that the heart of man could desire, he shivered, recalling that last Christmas at Pitduthie. On Christmas Eve he had traversed its gaunt corridors, shielding a draught-swayed candle (the alternative to an evil-smelling hand-lamp) on his way to an enormous cavern of a bedroom, where a feather mattress and a four-poster insured bad dreams. The river, rain-swollen, had brawled through the darkness when he halted by the staircase-window to peer out. Nothing was to be seen but shapeless blackness, nothing to be heard but the voice of that noisy water, rushing to join the loch, a quarter of a mile away. He shivered violently. The loch had freed him, freed Grizel. Last Christmas, shut in with her, shut up alone with her, he had known nakedly that he hated her. It was not merely that he was tired of her, bored by her. No, he hated her.

The interminable Christmas Day passed in a procession of petty incidents before his mind's eye. He saw himself, cold and sullen, after tepid shaving-water and a lukewarm bath, facing Grizel across an expanse of breakfast-table. Her nose was red, her hands blue and chil-blained. Why the devil, he asked himself irritably, could not the woman have introduced some labour-saving contrivances into this bleak barrack of a place, if she were so wedded to it? She accounted for all their



discomforts by complaining that servants would not stay at Pitduthie. The (nominal) master of the house did not blame them. He would not have stayed either, had not dire necessity compelled him. He thought venomously of other couples and their Christmas. They would be spending it dancing at Monte Carlo, sight-seeing in Egypt, or even basking in sunshine at Torquay. The porridge was cold and lumpy, the tea stewed, the bread stale, and, in place of crisp toast, those indigestible baps, which Scots folk vaunted and enjoyed, appeared morning after morning.

No parcel post, no letters even, until the afternoon. It was as bad as living on a desert island. He had hung about aimlessly, chilled, unoccupied, disliking to go out when there was no object for a walk, and a wetting drizzle falling steadily. Lunch had been as unattractive as breakfast, and, afterwards, he had dropped off to sleep in the gun-room, a ghostly, damp hole, the sole attraction of which was the fact that Grizel seldom penetrated there. Between tea and dinner had yawned a chasm of time that seemed years in retrospect and eternity in endurance. After dinner (an ordinary, very bad dinner, no turkey, no plum-pudding even) they had sat in the drawing-room. It was large and comfortless, with the fire's heat swallowed up by a cavernous chimney, and hard chairs. They did not talk, because they had long since discovered that in conversation they had no common meeting-ground, no mutual tastes and topics. Grizel's father had made his pile too late for education or travel to be of any advantage to his daughter. She was naturally shy, tongue-tied, limited. Her husband's outlook and anecdotes shocked her. Bereft of graceful small talk, which made Muriel such agreeable company, Grizel took refuge in sewing or knitting, seldom opening a book. He was with her there, but why wear out her patience and her fingers making useless garments for a nebulous destination known as "the poor," when she could afford to clothe whole families in ready-made garments, and never miss the cost? He had gone early to bed, in sheer boredom, and remembered her coming in, hours later, wearing a longcloth nightgown which reached from chin to ground, and with her red hair, that she stubbornly refused to shingle, primly plaited. Muriel wore dainty boudoir caps, and in bed diaphanous garments showing low breasts, and arms and shoulders white and dimpled as a baby's. He had never seen Grizel's arms uncovered. Even in dinner dress she wore lace or net sleeves.

Why should he think about last Christmas, lapped round in the luxury and security of this? Was it that voice, that harsh Scots voice downstairs, bringing back the past unendurably? It recalled the voices of the farm labourers fetched to the scene of the accident by his shouts for help. They had righted the half-submerged car, after lifting with rough reverence to the bank the dank, dripping thing which had been Grizel. He sat on the edge of his comfortable bed, his head nursed in his hands, and thought. How hideously easily the thing had happened. Grizel and he were motoring back to Pitduthie from the nearest town, ten miles away. She had made a mystery about her business there, which annoyed him considerably, as he always went in terror of her altering her will. The road was a narrow track through a wild glen, with snow unmelted on the frowning mountains, although it was April, and neither bird-song nor bud to hint of spring. She drove well and steadily, until that treacherous bit of broken road, become a swamp from recent rains. The burn, running alongside, had overflowed, and was tilting down a mass of water that spread and melted into the chill permanency of the loch beyond the low dyke. He never really knew or realised how the accident occurred. The car must have skidded, of course. He dimly remembered being flung violently to one side, and semi-stunned, reviving under the icy embrace of water. The two-seater hung half over the dyke, its back wheels suspended on the stones, its steering-wheel and lamps and front seat in the loch. He had kept his head, and, inch by inch, had dragged himself up and backwards, feeling the floor under him sinking lower and lower, and the water creeping higher up his limbs. Grizel was on the side of the car that was furthest in the water. Entangled in the steering-wheel, she could not free herself. He had got his arm somehow under her chin, and might be able to hold her head out of the water until help came. In such a lonely spot, the nearest farm was a mile away. How thin, remote, futile his own voice shouting had sounded in the chill, empty atmosphere!

It was too late for her when assistance at last came. The car was nearly under the loch, and his own escape had been so narrow that even now he wondered and shuddered at it. As the affair had happened in Scotland, he was spared the horrors of an inquest, but a prying person calling himself the Procurator-Fiscal came to Pitduthie to ask endless questions. He was satisfied eventually that it was a pure accident, and nobody to blame.

Hang it! if this went on he should never sleep. It was useless to go to bed only to lie awake. He had better go down to the library in search of some cheery magazine. He opened the door and peered out. The corridor, with its frequent lights and thick carpet, looked normal, reassuring. He thought of Muriel's ghosts and ghostly footsteps, smiling contemptuously to himself. He could imagine Pitduthie haunted well enough, but not this cheery, modern place which called him owner. Pitduthie! He stood very still. Instead of engravings and mellow panelling and cunningly-placed lamps, he saw its black, forbidding passages, and wondered fearfully whether a dripping thing with sodden plaits walked those eerie windings to-night.

He pulled himself together as he opened the library door. Utter rot! Why should the dead come again, and to a house which they had never known in life? Grizel was safe in her grave in Pitduthie kirkyard, and he was here, Muriel's husband, master of Rakeley Manor.

## III.

Darkness hung over the library, thick, opaque darkness, which re-treated, shamed and cowed, before the assault of the nearest electric lamp. The switch clicked gently, and by the sudden illumination he saw the room, its cosiness, its emptiness. But stay! A second glance showed him it was not empty. His hand went to the bell.

"You infernal thief! I'll just lock you in the cellar and 'phone for the police!"

"Ye'd better no dae that."

Hugh Carslake, his hand on the telephone, paused, arrested by the words. The little man—he saw now that it was the one whom the woman had spoken to, calling him 'Rab—rose leisurely from Muriel's chair. Her husband choked with fury. The damned impudence of the fellow!

"I'll give you in charge for stealing." The leaves of the telephone book whirled in a furious search for the number of the police-station at Neston.

"A've no stolen aught."

"How can I take your word for that? I'll have you searched, anyway."

"A tell ye, A've no stolen aught, and if ye send for the poliss, ye can dae it at yer ain risk."

The master of the house stood very still. "My—own—risk?"

"Aye. A've seen ye afore, though maybe ye didna see me. Ye tellt yer ain story at the time till the Fiscal. A can tell mine till the poliss."

There was a stark, dreadful silence. The two men looked at one another, the well-groomed figure in evening clothes, the undersized tramp with rent coat and broken, sodden boots. Hugh Carslake asked slowly a trivial question to beat off the greater issue.

"How did you get in? My butler saw you all off the premises."

"Ay, but A crept roond, and found a windy open. A kenned ye'd come doon." The tramp smiled grimly.

Muriel's husband stammered desperately: "What do you want? Mind, I'm not the sort to be scared by threats. You don't know anything about me—"

The other's dreadful chuckle turned his blood to ice. He felt colder than when the waters of that fated loch had crept up, and he had seen in the loch's kiss the end for one of them. The tramp grinned, showing a few yellow stumps. They were like a dog's teeth, bared to bite.

"That's where ye're wrang. A ken plenty." He trod nearer. "Yon day o' the accident, A wasna far aff. There was a wee bird—A dinna mind its name—buildin' doon by the bank o' yon loch, an' A was watching for a chance tae see it. A'm fond o' birds, but A saw mair nor a nest that aifternoon."



The singers grouped, three men and a woman. They were ragged, ill-clad, obvious "down-and-outs."

The listener sought blindly for a chair, found it, fell into it. The tramp went on coolly:

"There was a moty-car, wi' twa folks, yersel' an' a leddy. She was no the leddy o' this hoose. The car was owre the dyke, and ben the watter, and I saw what ye did."



"I—I shouted for help. If you were near, why the hell didn't you come to us?"

The tramp licked his lips.

"A thocht, for ane thing, ye wouldna want witnesses, and for anither"—he hunched his tattered shoulders—"A was trespassin', ye ken, an' as a maitter o' fact, A got sax months for that, an' a wee brùsh wi' keepers that same nicht." He chuckled. "Itherwise, A've nae doot ye'd hae had a veesit frae me afore this."

Hugh Carslake demanded in harsh, strained accents: "Have you been—tracking me down?"

"No exactly." The tramp leered up at him. "It was chance the nicht, or maybe what ye eddicated folks would ca' Providence. A made a few inquiries at Pitduthie Hoose when A came oot, but it was sellt, and ye was awa, but A kenned ye directly we was brocht in a whilie past. Sae ye've marriet again, hae ye? Weel, weel. Does yer leddy ken?"

The man addressed shook his head. He was too broken, too afraid for bluster or denial. He had felt so secure, so safe, his grisly secret buried with his victim, and now this horror had come to betray

he sneered, "wi' yer fine hoose, an' yer braw claes, an' yer bonny wife, a' bocht wi' a deid woman's money! Ye murderer! A saw ye, wi' my ain twa eyes, haudin' her heid doon in the loch——"

"Damn you! Shut up!"

They looked at one another, each suddenly silent, awed, after the putting of the thing into words.

"It's no sae muckle what ye did, but daein' it till *her*." The tramp was staring at the carpet. "A'd been till the hoose a few days afore, an' she cam' herself, puir leddy, an' give me food an' money, an' ye droon her like a dog, juist because she wasna young an' bonnie, and ye wantit tae marry yon lassie wi' bare airms that A saw in the hall."

The man accused said nothing. This last had not been his motive, as at the time of Grizel's death he had not met Muriel Denham. No, it was the horrible, overmastering impulse to be rid of her, the woman herself, which had driven him to the deed. He laughed aloud. What jury would believe that? The motive—his wife's money—was overwhelming. And, in any case, did the motive make the crime less black, less cruel? The scene hung before his eyes; the surrounding fields, so bleached with rain that they too looked as if under water, the swollen,



"You infernal thief! I'll just lock you in the cellar and 'phone for the police!" "Ye'd better no dae that."

him. The man might not be able to prove his story. It was his word against Hugh Carslake's, gentleman *versus* tramp; but his statement was certain to start a most unpleasant train of enquiry. Grizel's relatives, clannish like most Scots folk, close-fisted, resentful of her willing her entire fortune to her husband, would pounce upon the excuse to have the whole circumstances of the accident thoroughly gone into all over again. His skin grew damp and clammy. Evidence of what this tramp had seen—they had hanged men on lesser proofs.

Was his crime really anything more than the hastening of the inevitable outcome of the accident? Grizel could not have been saved. The men from the farm on the hillside took so long to hear his shouts, to come, to proffer clumsy aid, that she must have been gone before they reached her. He had only precipitated matters by a very few minutes in—his fear-sharpened conscience now admitted motive and everything else—terror lest they *should* be in time.

He asked dully: "What do you want?"

"Money." The tramp voiced the desire of most people.

"If I give you money now, it'll be the thin end of the wedge. I know your sort. You'll bleed me white." He saw himself followed pitilessly by this creature, incessantly demanding greater and greater payment for his silence. He might never shake him off. Muriel would suspect, question. He might talk in his sleep——

The tramp was scowling at him. "If A tellt the poliss, it'd be nae mair nor ye deserve." He flamed into weak anger. "Luik at ye,"

opaque expanse of loch, narrowing into the river that ran through the policies of Pitduthie, the sodden bank that spelt safety; the far-off, indifferent hills that framed the road along which they had driven; and the roots and stems of treacherous, resilient things, rushes, water-weeds, bog-myrtle, that afforded neither clutch nor foothold. His one idea at first had been to save himself. He admitted that now, and then in the awful silence, with, as he rashly imagined, no eye to see, no human thing to witness, the sickening temptation darted into his mind. It would only take a few seconds. She could not struggle, nor free herself. Afterwards he could say that he had held her head above the water as long as possible. He did say it.

Suddenly he became conscious of a fierce draught of wind, billowing the amber folds of curtain into the room. The French window was open, as Muriel, careless darling, had left it, and this horrible little man had utilised it to make his stealthy entrance. He must be got rid of, temporarily at all events. If the servants should overhear what he had said, or Muriel, coming in search of her husband, see him! An idea, a possibility, was insistently forcing its way into Hugh Carslake's dark mind.

"Look here"—he spoke abruptly, his heart thudding—"this is Christmas night, as you know, when I've very little money in the house, and the banks will be shut to-morrow. The day after, meet me outside the lodge gates, and I'll give you a cheque, like a fool, to hold your tongue; but it's the last you'll get from me."

"A'll no tak' a cheque."

[Continued on page e.]





"Oh, charming youth! in the first op'ning page:  
So many graces in so green an age."

*M. Muenier*





### THE CHALLENGE.

"For lady's suit, and minstrel's strain,  
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain."





" . . . Blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears."

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD OSMOND.



The other shrugged his shoulders in irritable agreement. "Very well, banknotes, then. Mind, it's blackmail. If I went to the police about it, you'd look pretty blue."

"Ye'll no dae that. Ye dinna want the poliss speirin', and they'd wonder what way ye gave me money." The tramp looked cunningly at him. "The lodge? Oh, ay, I mind it."

"I'll give you enough now for a night's lodging at Neston." Hugh Carslake counted out a handful of small silver. "No blabbing to that woman you're with, or——"

"She's my wife." The sunken eyes smouldered dangerously.

"Indeed? You surprise me. I'd no idea that folk like you troubled about legalising your connections."

The tramp's face grew darker and more dangerous. "She's as muckle my wife as yours was that ye drooned, Mr. Murderer."

of discernment in this night's blackness. There was just a chance that, as water had sealed one pair of unwanted lips, so it might serve again to lock this dangerous mouth.

He parted the glass an inch or two and listened. Nothing but a faint wind, and on the wind, thin notes of music. He strained his ears. It was the tramp singing to himself the first bars of the old carol which they had heard as he and his companions trudged up the avenue—

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay——

What a mockery in the words!

The notes lessened until they became lost in the silence. He stood listening, listening, straining to hear what he craved for: a splash, a shout for help. Grimly he resolved that none should be forthcoming. Hark!



At the foot of the stair lay a crumpled bundle of georgette and lace. Muriel's neck was broken.

Hugh Carslake's fierce gesture bade him begone. "Don't go down the drive. The lodge gates will be shut by now. There's a short cut across the park into the fields and the high road." He spoke without glancing at his unwelcome companion.

The little man took the money, and shuffled towards the window. He halted, looking like a malevolent gnome, and then stepped over the sill. Hugh Carslake dropped the curtain after him, drew together the glass, and stood waiting. It was pitch dark outside, the moon obscured, her guiding lamp useless, the way unknown to this wandering tramp from the north. He leaned against the window, putting his hand to his brow, and bringing it away wet. He had not lied. There was a short cut, leading from the park across the fields that skirted it, and so out to the high road; but he had omitted to mention that a deep and swift stream cut the meadow nearest to the park fence, difficult, if not impossible,

was that a cry? He leaned out, but when it was repeated, suddenly realised with horror that the sound came from inside the house. The cry was his own name: "Hugh! Hugh! Hugh!"

He turned, and dashed madly across the room, blundering against the furniture, heedless of bruises, or damage to fragile knick-knacks, wrought in his haste. As he flung the door open he heard a louder scream, followed by a thud.

The great hall was dark, save for the fitful glancing of the dying fire. At the foot of the stair lay a crumpled bundle of georgette and lace. Muriel's neck was broken, and when they carried her to the luxurious bed-room from whence she had fled in her panic—why, no one ever knew—Hugh Carslake saw the print of wet shoes—a woman's feet, from the small size—reaching along the polished corridor, and halting at the bed-room door.

[THE END.]





## Miss Pardew and Mrs. Thole,

By SUSAN ERTZ,

AUTHOR OF "MADAME CLAIRE," "NINA," "NOW  
EAST NOW WEST," "AND THEN FACE TO FACE,"  
"AFTERNOON," ETC.

Illustrated by

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



ALICE PARDEW told herself that it was quite true she was nobody, but it wasn't very nice to be made to feel it all day long. She didn't expect to do all the things her rich cousin Harriet Thole did, but it was a little dull sitting in the hotel bed-room every night mending that lady's clothes, while she gambled at the Cercle Nautique.

"It would be quite pointless for you to go, Alice," Mrs. Thole had said. "The stakes are high, people dress a great deal, and I'm afraid you would only feel uncomfortable."

"Oh, dear me! I wouldn't dream of going," Miss Pardew exclaimed nervously. "I wouldn't know how to act when I got there."

She had been in a fever of excitement when she first got her cousin's telegram asking her to come. The Côte d'Azur, Monte Carlo! It was like a dream. Harriet had never bothered about her before; and now to invite her, all of a sudden, to the "playground of the world"—what an amazingly kind and generous action! Not until they had actually started did it dawn upon Miss Pardew that her cousin had quarrelled with her maid a few days before, and that she was expected to take, more or less, that indispensable person's place.

"It's true you don't know anything about travelling," Mrs. Thole said, with a sort of hard frankness, "but neither did Frogg. She was worse than a child in a foreign country. I feel sure you'd rather make yourself useful than not, so, as I'm paying all your expenses, I'll let you do what mending and darning there is to be done. I never could sew myself."

It was soon clear to Miss Pardew that she was merely a kind of unpaid maid. The days weren't so bad, for they took trips and walked about, looking at the shops; but she really did mind being left alone in that little bed-room of hers night after night.

She had never known her cousin well. She had married a rich man and gone to live in London, and her relations had seen nothing of her. Mr. Thole had very likely spoilt her, Miss Pardew thought, trying to find excuses for her. She had been very pretty when she was younger, and was still quite attractive, though she would have done better to leave herself alone a little more; all this dyeing and curling and massaging made a woman look so hard.

Miss Pardew let herself entirely alone. She merely covered her body as cheaply as possible, and hoped people would know she was a lady by the way she spoke and behaved. She was plump, dowdy, and eager to please; but at the same time she had no intention of being "put upon," and had a watchful eye for a slight or insult. Ten years ago, at thirty-six, she had been about to marry a widower, a bank clerk in Rochdale, where she lived; but a month before the wedding he had been removed from her by a younger, prettier woman. It was her one "offer," her first and last, and this experience had left her with a permanent wound. Her full blue eyes looked a little indignantly upon the world, and she seemed to be asking it what it was going to do to her next.

Mrs. Thole thought she looked like a broody hen thrown suddenly off the nest. She was one of those women who, if there be someone about who is extremely easy to bully, will bully them, just a little. It gave her a feeling of superiority, and kept her in a good temper. She liked going off to the Cercle Nautique in her best black sequin evening dress, leaving Miss Pardew sitting over a book, or some mending. Mrs. Thole had always longed to gamble at Monte Carlo, and now, for the first time in her life, she was doing it, and the fact that Miss Pardew would have looked out of place and ridiculous there enhanced her own satisfaction. But there was no real enmity between them until the affair of the buckle.

Miss Pardew had made up her mind that if she saw something she liked for forty or fifty francs, she would buy it as a souvenir of Monte Carlo. When her eye fell on a curious and interesting-looking buckle in an antique shop one day, she knew it at once for the thing she wanted. Everything on the tray was forty francs, a card informed her, so she didn't even have to ask the price. She thought, with satisfaction, that she could now spend ten francs on some little toy for poor Janet Hopkins's little girl. She waited while Mrs. Thole talked to the shopkeeper in her hard,

uncompromising French, about a cornelian necklace. When at length she could get in a word on her own account, she held up the buckle and said: "I'd like to have this."

"That's pretty," said Harriet, and took it from her to examine it. "Quite pretty." She spoke to the shopkeeper, gave him the buckle, and asked him to wrap it up with the necklace.

"Oh, Harriet!" exclaimed Miss Pardew, overcome. She thought Mrs. Thole had bought it for her.

"It will do very nicely for the belt of my brown kasha," said Mrs. Thole. "I've been looking for a buckle like that for days."

Miss Pardew could hardly believe her ears. It was almost as if Mrs. Thole had stolen the buckle. It was as good as hers . . . she had practically bought it . . . she was horrified, shocked, and wounded. And because she had once been so bitterly disappointed; because she led a cramped, repressed, unhappy existence, the thing assumed enormous proportions; she could think of nothing else; and Harriet became in her eyes a hard, cruel, selfish woman . . . a devil.

But she would never have said a word against her, she would never have been disloyal, but for the presence of Sir Beverly Erskine.

He was staying in their hotel. He had gone up and down in the lift with them several times, and one day said good-morning. After that they spoke whenever they met. He was staying in Monte, he said, for a couple of months. Delightful place, wasn't it? Perfectly ripping. He was slight, not more than thirty-three or four, and there was something very boyish and pleasing about him. He had a small moustache and a ready smile, and the moment she saw him, Miss Pardew was aware of a certain "going out" of the feelings toward him. It was very rarely that she felt motherly, but now she knew she did. He was so agreeable and friendly. She had known very few men, and on the whole she was disposed to like them better than women. Women she didn't know frightened her; men she didn't know made her feel a member, at least, of a charming and interesting sex. And this man, though he looked, of course, mostly at Mrs. Thole, when he did look at her, looked very pleasantly.

Mrs. Thole was forty-nine, and, in Miss Pardew's opinion, ought to have known better, especially with Mr. Thole dead only a year and a half; but it was quite evident that she was thrilled by this encounter. The combination of Sir, Beverly, and Erskine, together with youth and good looks, was entirely too much for her; also Sir Beverly was a bachelor, and, from his accounts of the sums he lost gambling, rich. His marked liking for Mrs. Thole was soon apparent to both ladies, and affected them in different ways. It went straight to Mrs. Thole's head, and it disgusted and alarmed Miss Pardew. It alarmed her on Sir Beverly's account. She had heard of the infatuations young men sometimes had for older women, and here, obviously, was a case of it. Of course, there was no telling what Harriet had *done* or *said* to lead him on; these were mysteries, as far as Miss Pardew was concerned, as dark and unknowable as pagan rites. Certain things went on between the sexes; certain things were said, looked, done, to bring about what Harriet Thole had brought about; but how or what she had no idea.

Certainly the young man had attached himself to the widow, and Miss Pardew was more alone than ever. Indignation swelled in her heart. That young man ought to be told a few things; he ought to be told that Harriet Thole was a good fifteen years older than he was; he ought to be told what a hard, mean, unlovely character she had; he ought to be told that she dyed her hair and had to have massage every day of her life to keep her figure down. All this sun and freedom, the romance of the Côte d'Azur, had blinded him to the facts, Miss Pardew thought, trying to make excuses for him. A young man like that, a baronet, ought to be able to marry anybody. And with his name, Harriet had thrown some occult spell. She was a dangerous woman. She wanted to be Lady Erskine, and she didn't care what means she employed to bring it about.

Miss Pardew, the affair of the buckle still rankling and festering, lonely, suspicious, and genuinely concerned for the young man, made up her mind to speak, and speak frankly.

Mrs. Thole was dressing to go out to lunch with him the next day,



and various things delayed her. Alice Pardew fetched and carried for her, hooked this and buttoned that, and still Mrs. Thole was not ready.

"Just run down and tell him I'll be there in fifteen minutes," she said; and off Miss Pardew went. No wonder she couldn't get ready; her shoes were too tight; her stays were too tight; her dress too elaborate; she had too many hats to choose from; it took her a good half-hour to make up her face. Miss Pardew found the young man in the hall.

"Mrs. Thole will be fifteen minutes late, I'm afraid," she said, looking at him almost affectionately out of her prominent blue eyes. "Some people have so much to do, haven't they? A bit of powder here, a bit of rouge there; 'Where's the eyebrow pencil gone to?' 'There, I've broken my stay-lace!'"

Her face flushed as she spoke. She had never mentioned stays to a man before.

"Oh, well, there's no great hurry," he said; but she noticed that he was fidgeting nervously; fidgeting with his tie, with his hat, with his cigarette. She was certain that he meant to propose, and to-day. She thought: "He's only a boy. What can I do to save him?"

"It's been very nice for my cousin, finding you here," she said, pleasantly. "Women of our age—only, of course, Harriet's older than I am—don't often get a charming young man to go about with. There, how bold you'll think me! If I'm ever born again, and there are people, you know, who say we will be, I'd like to be a young man like you, born into a good family, and with a title—how lovely it must be!"

"Oh, it has its advantages, no doubt," said Sir Beverly, adjusting his tie. "Only, dammit, one ought to have the money to go with it. Not that I'm poor," he hastened to add, "but you can't have a bit of a fling on my income without running into debt. I'm just about fed up. That's why I came to this b—y hotel, instead of going to the Metropole."

Miss Pardew had never heard anyone say "b—y" before, and she was rather thrilled. These young aristocrats didn't mince their words.

"If you hadn't come here," she said, "you wouldn't have met my cousin." She added darkly. "Not that I don't think it would have been just as well. This is quite between you and me, Sir Beverly."

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "She seems a good-hearted sort."

Miss Pardew thought he looked tired, haggard, worried. There were deep lines about his mouth and under his eyes. She knew that he gambled every night, but so did Harriet, and she was inclined to think that his worn appearance had something to do with his love affair. Bitterly, she thought: "If you only knew it, you needn't worry. She made up her mind to have you the moment she laid eyes on you."

"Of course, you don't know my cousin very well," she suggested gently. "How could you on such a short acquaintance? I always think, a word to the wise, don't you? I'm sure you'll understand me when I say a little caution might be an excellent thing."

His eyes slid round to hers with an odd look in them.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, my dear boy—may I call you that?—it takes a long time really to know anyone. A long, long time. I don't want to tell tales out of school, but, oh! I wish you knew Mrs. Thole better than you do! Now, just let me tell you a little incident . . ."

She told him the affair of the buckle. When she had finished, he said:

"God! Isn't she ever coming!"

He hadn't even been listening. Just then, Mrs. Thole, her full figure oscillating as she came, hurried down the stairs.

"Do forgive me, Sir Beverly. I know I'm shockingly late, but never mind. We shall both have marvellous appetites. Good-bye, Alice dear. I should go out after lunch, if I were you. It's such a nice day."

Alice dear! It was the first time Harriet had ever called her that—and it was simply and solely because the young man was there. Horrid! thought Miss Pardew, really horrid! So insincere; so hollow. And what would the young man think, after the things she had just been saying to him about Harriet? That she was a mean old cat. She went up to her room with tears of mortification in her eyes. She hadn't meant to be mean. She wasn't trying to get a petty revenge for all the small humiliations she had had to suffer. She just wanted to save that young

man from himself—and from a scheming, middle-aged woman. It seemed absurd when one came to think of it, but she was *sorry* for that young man. Yes, sorry for him. She didn't really know why. She had better keep her pity for herself, she supposed.

After lunch she went out for a short walk. Trudging along toward Monaco, breathing heavily, for she was a bad walker, she saw a car flash past with Mrs. Thole and Sir Beverly sitting in the back seat. And sitting close together. A kind of rage filled Miss Pardew's heart. She'd cast a spell over that young man . . . she'd hypnotised him. She wished she'd spoken more plainly that morning. She made up her mind that she'd save him somehow, by hook or crook. Harriet had had her life; that young man's was still before him.

"Why, he could marry anybody," thought Miss Pardew. "Anybody. I wish I knew how she'd done it."

Mrs. Thole returned in time to dress for dinner. She was highly elated, and her face was flushed.

"Now help me get into my black jet evening gown, Alice, like a good soul," she said. "I'm dining with Sir Beverly at the Metropole, and I mustn't be late again."

"If that young man's lost as much money gambling as he says he has," remarked Miss Pardew, with astonishing boldness, "I don't see how he can pay for all these lunches and dinners. He'll be ruined."

Mrs. Thole looked sharply at her.

"I think you had better mind your own affairs, Alice," she said briskly. "I didn't ask you to come here to chaperon me, or to make comments on what I do. So please remember that in future."

"You asked me as a kind of unpaid lady's maid," answered Miss Pardew, astonished at her own daring, "and I know it perfectly well. But even maids take liberties at times, and I just want to say that I think you'd better take care. You think you know all about that young man. You think just because he calls himself Sir, that he's quite respectable. Well, I'm not so sure."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Thole. "How dare you make insinuations of that sort! You know nothing about him."

"Neither do you," retorted Miss Pardew. "That's why I say you'd better be careful."

The two ladies were both angry, and their eyes flashed at one another. Mrs. Thole, however, looked a little frightened, and Miss Pardew saw that her words had had an effect, and pressed her advantage.

"Young men in debt will do queer things, sometimes," she said darkly. "They'll even marry people old enough to be their mothers, if they've got money."

"I am not old enough to be his mother," replied Mrs. Thole, keeping her temper admirably, "and he doesn't know whether I've got money or whether I haven't. We've never discussed how much money I have. I don't want to quarrel with you, Alice, but if you say any more, I shall. Please fetch me my

black dress, and put this coat and hat away. Now, not another word."

"I tell you there's something queer about him," said Miss Pardew, as she did as she was bidden. "It wouldn't surprise me," she said, from the depths of the cupboard, "if he wasn't Sir Beverly Erskine at all."

Mrs. Thole glared at her, but made no reply.

When she had gone, Miss Pardew sighed.

"When people are in love," she said to herself, "it doesn't seem to matter what you say to them. Well, I've done what I can. If there were such things as love potions, I'd say she'd given him one."

The next day, when Miss Pardew went into Mrs. Thole's room to help her dress, she found her sitting up in bed writing letters.

"Good-morning, Alice. I'm just scribbling a few letters to people at home to tell them the good news."

"What good news?" asked Miss Pardew, staring at her from the foot of the bed.

"The news of my engagement to Sir Beverly, of course. What else? I've written to Aunt Maud, and Uncle Alec, and Catherine Poltriss. And I'm just finishing a letter to my poor mother-in-law. She'll hate the idea of my marrying again, but it can't be helped."

Her pen flew over the paper, while Miss Pardew stood perfectly still, as though she were turned to stone.

"There. That's done. You haven't congratulated me, Alice."

Miss Pardew was looking indignant, as though someone had insulted her.

"No, and I'm not going to—or him, either. I think it's a shame. I do, and I don't care who knows it."



When at length she could get in a word on her own account, she held up the buckle and said: "I'd like to have this."



"Alice, if I weren't so happy, I'd pack you off to England this minute. I suppose you can't bear the idea of my being Lady Erskine. You were always envious and jealous. That's why none of the family are very fond of you. But you've had an unhappy life, so we try to forgive you. Please take these down and post them."

"My family are just as fond of me as I am of them, I'm sure," said Miss Pardew, her face growing redder, "and, as for envious, I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money in the world. Thank heaven I'm no slave to hair-dressers and masseurs and corset-makers. My hair's the colour the Lord meant it to be, and as for my disposition . . ."

"Take those letters down and post them," commanded Mrs. Thole. "I don't know how I put up with you. You'd try the patience of a saint. And when you've posted them, please go to Sir Beverly's door, room twenty-seven, and tell him I'll be ready for lunch at half-past twelve. And then come back and help me dress."

Miss Pardew left the room, the letters in her hand. She felt that as soon as she put them in the letter-box that poor young man's doom would be sealed. He, with his youth and good looks, married to Harriet Thole! It was a dreadful, dreadful thing. Little did she think, when Harriet asked her to come and spend the winter in Monte Carlo, that such a thing would happen. She reached the hall and approached the box. She lingered in front of it. Why should she, who would do anything to prevent this marriage, be obliged to send off the letters announcing it? Why should it be her hand that despatched them? She was going to see Sir Beverly in a minute. She would ask him if this thing could possibly be true. Perhaps it still wasn't too late. Guiltily, she put the letters into her leather hand-bag, and turned to go up the stairs. As she did so, she saw the manager in consultation with two odd-looking men. She heard Sir Beverly's name mentioned, and observed that the manager looked nervous and upset. One of the men remained by the front door, the other went with the manager into his private office. Wondering a little, Miss Pardew went up to room number twenty-seven. She knocked, and received no reply. Knowing that young men are often heavy sleepers, she knocked again. Still there was no reply. A faint sound within, such as a man might make in his sleep, encouraged her to try again. Then she turned the knob of the door and opened it; but discreetly, for it was not correct for a spinster to look into a gentleman's bedroom. She opened it a little wider and a little wider, then suddenly her brain took in what her eyes saw, and she screamed, and screamed again. When they came upstairs, they found her on the floor, with the dying man's head in her lap, wiping his forehead with her handkerchief.

"My poor boy," she was sobbing, "my poor, poor boy!"

He died with her tears on his face; the revolver, with its silencer, lay on the floor beside him. He had shot himself a glancing shot through the heart and lungs. He lived for about four minutes.

Mrs. Thole lay in a darkened room, eau-de-Cologne on her forehead, and an aspirin bottle beside the bed. She had been crying steadily for more than three hours. Suddenly she started up.

"Alice! Those letters! Those letters! Oh, Alice! It will all be in the papers, and just when they read it, my letters will arrive. Oh, I wish I were dead; I wish I were dead."

Miss Pardew was sitting beside the bed, her face buried in her hands. She could never forget, never—his face—oh, poor boy—so good-looking, so young, so . . . so bad, they all said. Harold Tunny, his name was; or Tanney; something like that. He'd done almost everything he oughtn't to do. Unpaid hotel bills were the least of his crimes. And if he could have kept out of the hands of the law for a few weeks more, he'd have married Harriet, and got her money. She had paid his hotel bill for two weeks, and paid for all the lunches and dinners—he'd told

her some story of a letter of credit that had got lost, of losses at roulette—and she'd believed every word of it.

"It's all right, Harriet," Miss Pardew said in a muffled voice, "they're here. I didn't post them. I just *felt* I oughtn't to. Here they all are."

Mrs. Thole fell back on her pillows with a groan of relief.

"Oh, Alice, how can I ever thank you? Oh, it seems like a miracle! Tear them up, stamps and all. Tear them into little tiny pieces. How wonderful you are! You knew all along. I don't know how on earth you knew. I never guessed. I suppose I was an old fool. But an on-looker sees most of the game, I expect. Oh, Alice, I'm so thankful. There's a big bit there, that you dropped. Tear it up. How could I have thought . . . but a woman can never believe she's too old or unattractive to be loved. And just a few hours ago we were dancing together at the Metropole!"

Fresh tears ran down both their faces. Miss Pardew was shattered, because she had seen a man die. She thought she would never be the same. She knew she could never forget. He had opened his eyes and looked into her eyes, and seen her tears, and recognised her, and died with her name on his lips.

Mrs. Thole was shattered because she had had such a narrow escape, and because a man who had so lately been talking to her and laughing was now lifeless. Only one person in the whole world knew what a fool she had been. Alice Pardew. And Alice Pardew had tried to prevent it. Somehow she had *known* . . .

"Alice," she said, in a gentle voice Miss Pardew had never heard from her before. "Alice, how did you know . . . that he wasn't what he seemed? Tell me how you knew."

Then Miss Pardew broke down again. She had looked into the eyes of a dying man. She wasn't going to tell a lie.

"I didn't know," she sobbed. "I was only pretending. I didn't want you to marry him. I thought it was terrible for a young man like him, with his life in front of him, to marry a middle-aged woman like you. And a selfish woman, too; and a hard woman, and artificial, and mean. . . . Yes, you are mean, Harriet, you are! After what I've been through I'm not going to say anything that isn't true. We're a pair of horrid, horrid women. I suppose I was jealous of you, and envious, as you said I was. But you humiliated me—yes, over and over again, and when you bought that buckle I was going to buy, it just seemed as

if I couldn't bear you any longer. I thought you'd cast some sort of spell on . . . on him . . . and I wanted to save him from you. I warned him against you . . . I warned a stranger . . . a man who was wanted by the police . . . against my own blood relation . . ."

She was overcome by her grief, her shame.

Mrs. Thole put out a hand.

"Never mind," she said, "never mind. It's been a terrible experience. I feel we know all about each other now, Alice. I want to *give* you that buckle . . . I really do . . . and that amethyst brooch of mine that you admire. Yes, I want to, please—it will make me feel better. I'll help you pack to-morrow, and we'll go to Cannes and get away from all these horrors. You've been a good friend to me, Alice, even without meaning to be. I can never thank you enough." She added: "When we get to Cannes, I'll look about me for a maid. You've done quite enough waiting on me. You shan't do any more."

"Ah, no," protested Alice Pardew, "please don't get a maid. Oh, please don't, Harriet. What would I do with myself if I couldn't do little things for you? Oh, please don't get a maid. I couldn't bear it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thole, not without satisfaction. "I'd really rather wait till we get back to London, if you don't mind. Just wet this handkerchief with Cologne again. And fetch me my hand-mirror from the dressing-table. And while you're up, just raise that blind a few inches, will you?"

[THE END.]



Miss Pardew found the young man in the hall. "Mrs. Thole will be fifteen minutes late, I'm afraid," she said.



They found her on the floor, with the dying man's head in her lap, wiping his forehead with her handkerchief.





### MISGIVINGS.

THE SPIDER:

"Come hither! Come, and do not fear;  
For I am not a spider, dear,  
Your mother can't have told you so,  
For they are horrid things, you know;  
And I am not, am I?"

THE ELF:

"Thanks, but I think I'd rather not;  
You've such long legs, and such a lot.  
You may not be a spider, ma'am. . . .  
But, oh! how very glad I am  
That I am not a fly!"





### THE REVELLER REFORMED.

"Sir, will Madam let you play  
With us three bachelors to-day?  
In almost all the games there be  
Four have better fun than three."

But the feathered Benedict  
Had a Beatrice somewhat strict.  
Fain had he gone, yet might not go;  
For he thought "Yes," but she said "No."





### SYCAMORE PLANES.

Look how they float; look how they spin!  
The one that waggles least will win;  
For wagging ones go round and round,  
Instead of sinking to the ground.

Lord Robin said he would be judge;  
Yet from his twig he will not budge.  
He sits and whistles to the sun;  
How can he tell which plane has won?





"TATTENHAM CORNER."

Hurrah! here's the yellow  
Tassel at last!  
Buck up, old fellow,  
The corner is passed . . .  
Isn't it great?  
We're into the straight!

We mustn't be cocky . . .  
That's folly, of course . . .  
But you've the best jockey  
And I've the best horse,  
And we'll win, sure as fate,  
Now we're into the straight!





## ANCESTORS.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY OF BYGONE DAYS PORTRAYED IN THE ART OF MINIATURE.

These charming miniatures, taken in order from left to right, are thus described—  
 Top row: (1) A miniature on enamel by N. Hone (1718-84); (2) "A Young Woman Unknown," by Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830); (3) "Le Comte de Saint-Abens," by P. H. Hall (1739-93); Middle row: (1) "The Bather" (French school of the 17th

Century); (2) "La Comtesse d'Angivillers"; (3) A painting on porcelain (period, 1810);  
 Bottom row: (1) "A Young Woman Unknown" (English school of the end of the 18th century); (2) "A Young Woman," by P. H. Hall; (3) "A Young Woman in Rustic Attire" (French school of the end of the 18th century).



# Once-Upon-a-Time Land: Fairy Tales for Christmas.



## The Ass's Skin.

ON his wife's death, a King had the extraordinary idea of marrying his daughter. She, to discourage him, demanded a dress the colour of the sun, then one the colour of the moon, and then one the colour of the weather. At last, in despair, she asked for the skin of the ass which got the gold that enriched the Court. The ass was killed, and the skin was given to her. Then she ran away, wrapped in the ass's skin, and became a servant on a Prince's farm. After her work, she would shut herself in her poor room and put on her fine dresses. One day the Prince, happening to pass by, peeped through the keyhole. He saw her in the dress the colour of the moon, fell in love, and asked her to marry him. She consented, and great was his joy when he found she was a Princess.

## Little Red Riding Hood.

LITTLE Red Riding Hood was sent by her mother to take food to her sick grandmother. She was warned not to talk to anyone. In a thick wood she met the Wolf, whom she took to be a nice dog, and started talking.

"Where are you going?" asked the Wolf, and she told him all. The Wolf went on ahead to the grandmother's cottage, and devoured her. He then took her place in bed, put on her nightcap and spectacles, and awaited the little girl. He was just going to eat her when some wood-cutters rushed in and killed him.



## Once-Upon-a-Time Land: Fairy Tales for Christmas.

**Tom Thumb and the Seven-League Boots.**

**T**OM THUMB was a ridiculously small child, and the youngest of a large family. His parents were so poor that they decided to abandon their children. Lost in a forest, the little boys encountered an Ogre, and it was only due to Tom Thumb that they escaped being devoured. The Ogre pursued them until he was tired, when he lay down under a tree and fell asleep. Tom Thumb seized the opportunity to steal the Ogre's boots. Thanks to these magic boots, which covered seven leagues at each stride, Tom Thumb was engaged as First Courier of the King, who allowed him to help his brothers and his parents.

**The Blue Bird.**

**A** CERTAIN widower married a widow, whose daughter was the same age as his own. Prince Charming visited their castle, and fell in love with the widower's daughter, Florine, who was very beautiful. The step-mother, who wanted her own child to be a Princess, became very envious and swore vengeance. She shut Florine up in the highest tower of the castle, and changed Prince Charming into a Blue Bird, for she was a sorceress. Florine cried her heart out, but the Blue Bird did not forget her; he came to see her every night and brought her magnificent jewels. It was only after many adventures that, aided by a good fairy, the lovers were able to be married.



**"THIS IS THE EMPIRE'S STANDARD OF QUALITY"**

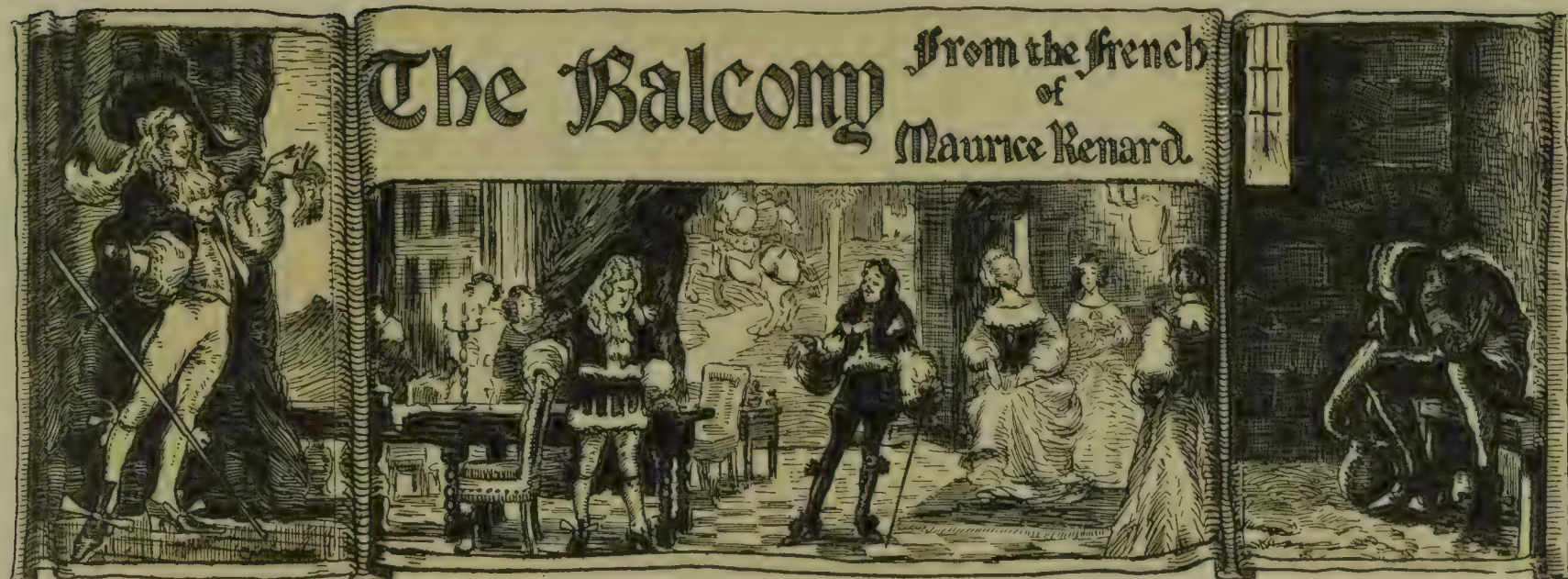


In whatever part  
of the world you  
happen to be, you  
will get the best  
“ if you say ”  
Crosse & Blackwell  
to your grocer.



**CROSSE & BLACKWELL**  
*The name that is known to the ends of the earth*





**F**OR the fifteenth time dawn found me on my feet, frenziedly brooding over my disgrace, and pacing with angry strides that same chamber, lit by a narrow, grated window, where my rival had lodged for two long years. Yes, only fifteen days earlier the arrogant and fatuous Borso Borsini had still been held captive there, thanks

to my influence with the Prince in whose good graces I had taken his place—even as I had now taken it in that Bastille of Verenza, the *Tour des Seigneurs*.

My exasperation remained as fierce as on the very night of the outrage. It was the most bitter that a man can feel. For, however I might vilify the proud, tyrannical little potentate who had dared to cast me off, I well knew that I alone was responsible for my own downfall. And this knowledge made me blanch with fury, made me grind my teeth, and clench my hands inside my silken pockets, and tramp, tramp to and fro, till my brain almost reeled, between the massive door and the thin cleft through which stole the light of dawn.

So then, I—I—had allowed myself to be blinded by fortune—I, whose patience and astuteness had raised me up so high. I had lapsed into luxurious repose, and pride, my damnable pride, had wrecked me. To fall, to fall thus in one single plunge, for a blunder, for a piece of bravado, I, the favourite; I, the king of the world—in short, I, Caradossa! I was intoxicated, I tell you. I was drunk with power, gorged with honours, and I did not see—so confident was I of Teodoro's affection for me—I did not see his lassitude increasing, or my ruin taking form.

In one single plunge, did I say? Nay. That *bonbonnière* was merely a pretext, and my audacity was merely an excuse. Now, by dint of living over again, incessantly, incessantly, incessantly, the final stages of my reign, I could perceive the signs, the symptoms, all the circumstances that ought to have made me aware of the impatience of his Highness. The cup was full. When that *bonbonnière* fell, it made the cup brim over. That is all.

Verily it was not worth my while to play that detestable part so long, a part so alien to my character! But what would you? In order to oust Borso Borsini from the mind of Teodoro was it not essential that I should charm him with new whims, and with sports very different from those with which his boon companion had been wont to divert him? Before hatching the supreme plot which was to land Borso in the *Tour des Seigneurs*—here, *mordieu*, in this very spot—was it not necessary

that I should lower his credit? Was it not indicated that I, Caradossa, should usurp his place by amusing his Highness with the manifestations of a personality exceedingly unlike that of Borso, since I felt myself unequal to beating him with his own weapons?

Ah, if only I could have wielded a rapier, aimed a gun, managed a horse, better than that great bully! But those were exercises

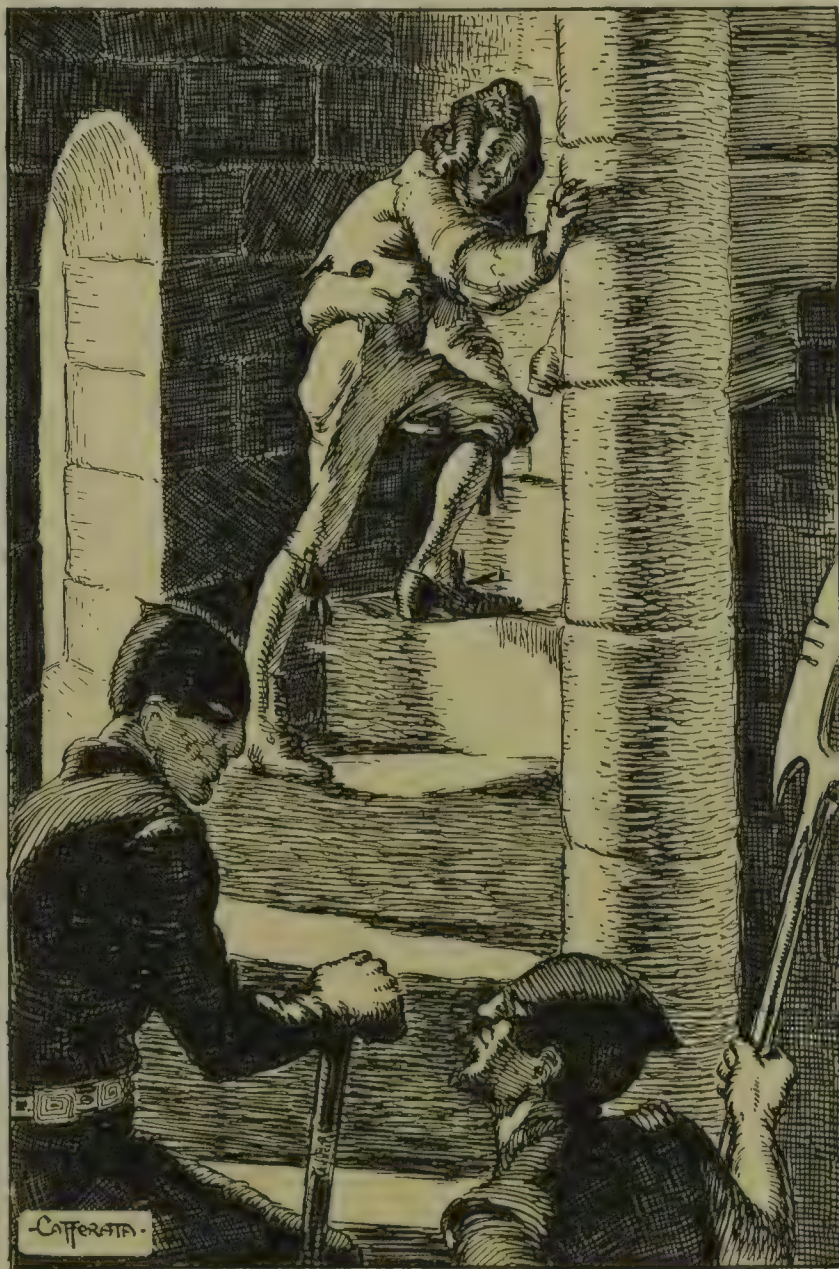
in which the Corsican could outstrip me, and they happened to be exercises which, under his influence, Teodoro found strangely fascinating.

Strangely! When I arrived at the Court of Verenza the ascendancy of Borso Borsini was expressed in a mighty clashing of steel and thundering of firearms, and a perfect symphony of horn-blowing and neighing. Fencing was the rage, horsemanship was the order of the day. Everyone was given over to shooting and hunting. Tennis was the reigning pastime. In brief, brutality triumphed over all elegance.

Egad, I, too, loved fencing! I, too, loved to bestride a thoroughbred, and to bring down a bustard. Yes, I loved all these things; and, above all, I love a gallop, jumping hedges and ditches, and crashing through the greenwood, swept onward by the eagerness of a mettlesome mount. I love to press my knee against the flank of a prancing and curvetting horse on the race-course or in the riding-school, making him rear and subside, caper and caracole, at my will. Yes, yes; I, too, love the rush of the wind of action, the sense of suppleness and strength, of sweat on the taut muscles, and the delicious fatigue that follows upon a hard-spent day.

Well, well, I sacrificed all this to my destiny. I dissembled all these tastes of mine with care, simply because Borso Borsini was an ass, a brute, awkward in a minuet, incapable of turning a set of verses, a dolt who could do nothing but grin inanely at the sound of an aria or the sight of a picture.

My countenance pleased his Highness—as, indeed, I had thought that it would. As soon as I had grasped the main features of his Court I resolutely adopted my line of action, and vowed that the sight of so much crude materialism revolted me. At the same time, I affected an overwhelming enthusiasm for music and poetry, painting and sculpture, and pretended to attach supreme importance to all questions of elegance and taste. I forced myself to devote infinite care to my attire. My wigs came from Paris, my ruffles from Flanders or Holland. I invented new perfumes, new trinkets, new dances. I was seen to toy with a tiny painted fan, to carry a muff, to caress damnable



It seemed to me that the climb would never end.





### DON JUAN AND THE SPECTRE.

Don Juan, making merry with his friends,  
Turns pale with death, a jest still on his lips,  
As Pedro's ghost, accusing finger stretched,  
Claims forfeit for foul slurs' upon his name.

Tradition has it that Don Juan once insulted the memory of one Don Pedro by an insolent challenge made before his statue. At a feast given by Don Juan to his many doubtful friends, when wine and song were flowing, the outraged spirit of Don Pedro appeared in the hall to claim forfeit the life of Don Juan in retribution.





### THE SPUR.

A Scottish hostess fired with greed of spoil  
Commands her clansmen gather round her board;  
And lo! the cover raised reveals a Spur  
To goad them forth to ravin for their meat.

Here is depicted a legend of a borderland hostess, in the old days of cattle-raiding forays, who gave a banquet to her clansmen and warriors. When the cover was removed from the dish there was disclosed a spur in the place of the anticipated joint. The inference was: "If you want meat, raid for it!"



little lap-dogs dragged after me, by a lacquey, on a beaded leash. I would swoon at the sound of a harpsichord; I was skilful in the singing of villanelles and barcarolles of my own composition, accompanying myself on the guitar. I concocted gallant and subtle quatrains for the delight of the ladies. And I paraded a delicate and aristocratic aversion for all those rough pursuits in which Borso Borsini excelled me most.

No great efforts were necessary in order to gather round me a group of ladies eager for elegance, of half-wits too feeble to shine unless it were by reflected light, and of watchful folk who followed whither I led because they saw that the Prince was beginning to appreciate my graces. My star rose steadily. His Highness Teodoro, Prince of Verenza, distinguished me by his friendship. Before long, the fencing-masters, the gunsmiths, and the horse-dealers were cursing me, while the painters, the lute-makers, and the dancing-masters wove garlands for my brow.

I had my hangers-on, after the fashion of the Ancient Romans. His Highness did me the honour to copy my way of dressing. He imitated my tones and gestures. He filled his snuff-boxes with my favourite snuff. He became enamoured of poems and operas, canes and ruffles, parrots and marmosets. After a time the whole Court took to sniffing whenever I had a cold.

Borso Borsini was a beaten man. To make his downfall complete it was only necessary for one of the courtiers in my train to slander him a little. The Prince incontinently clapped him into the *Tour des Seigneurs*, and declared that the blockhead had made a fool of him by dragging him into the dismal paths of ignorance and barbarity.

When, in my cell, I recalled the incredible delights of those days, when I beheld the height to which I had climbed, I, the wretched prisoner now striding to and fro like a caged beast in a space twelve feet square, my despair became so intense that it was like a physical seizure in which all my vital forces ebbed and sank low. "Yes," I said to myself, "I have tasted power—I have made the ridiculous ruler of a venerable State dance to my piping. I had my coach and my palace. I dipped my fingers into the public exchequer. Ministers studied my whims. My beringed hand has even turned aside the course of international affairs. But then—then that *bonbonnière* fell."

The scene was re-enacted in my memory for the thousandth time. A game of faro was nearing its end. I had had the most astonishing luck. The table was brilliant. During the game I had chaffed Teodoro unmercifully on his bad luck. At last we rose. It was time to disperse. My evil genius decreed that the Prince and I should be surrounded entirely by ladies. I pulled my *bonbonnière* out of my pocket. It fell to the ground. And then—intoxicated by my own arrogance—I looked haughtily at the Prince, pointed to the golden object gleaming on the flag-stones, and said, half-expectantly and half as if surprised, "Well, Teodoro?"

But a woman—it was the adorable Delia—a woman, aghast at my audacity, picked up the *bonbonnière*. She actually picked it up!

The Prince, however, took it from her. "Madame," he said, "I



The shelf whereon I stood was receding into the wall.

cannot permit——" Then, turning to me with a white face, and abandoning the familiar thee-and-thou, he said, "Monsieur, you shall receive this in due course—from the right person."

Disconcerted, I swung round on my scarlet heels. "My servants!" I called out, in a voice which I tried to keep unconcerned. Not long afterwards the *bonbonnière* was delivered to me by the hands of certain police-officers, with an intimation that I must follow them forthwith. And I followed them—to the *Tour des Seigneurs*, that high, square, ancient tower, built of dusky red stone, which dominates the palace square. For fifteen days I ate my heart out in shame and fury. And on every morning of the fifteen a gaoler brought me a little note, sealed with his Highness's private seal, a note which I, stiff-necked in my conceit, crumpled up and tossed out of the window every time.

"Are you ready to beg my pardon?" That was the question which Prince Teodoro reiterated, day after day. One morning the missive made its appearance much earlier than usual. Verenza was barely awake. I could hear its murmur, rising with the dawn, and through the bars of my window I could see the gorgeous spectacle of the great crimson-and-black city emerging from the shadows of night.

I broke the scarlet wax whereon the princely seal had imprinted the image of a saint standing upon a crocodile, and read:

"For the last time, do you sue for mercy?"

Then the gaoler silently slipped an ivy-leaf into my hand. Upon it a needle had pricked three words and a sign. As a symbol, the leaf itself spelt constancy. The message ran: "Danger—submit." The cryptic monogram showed me that the warning came from Delia.

Meanwhile, the fellow awaited my answer. For once I hesitated. Danger? What danger? Was I not in prison? And was not that a punishment too heavy for my crime? I was guilty of having first pleased a Prince and then displeased him. Was I not expiating both my cunning and my awkwardness very bitterly? So be it. But had I not also humiliated a vindictive Prince? And was not Borso Borsini restored to favour, that same Borso Borsini whom the calumnies of my partisans had once thrust into this very cell? I remained wrapped in thought, gazing through the window at the bell-tower of San Gabriele silhouetted against the eastern sky. I was reckoning up the number of my enemies. I recalled the gibes of ironical pamphleteers at that effeminate pose, that womanish excess of sensibility which I had made the height of fashion. The populace had little love for me, and I had turned them against their prince as well. What blindness! What blunders!

The remembrance of all these false steps of mine served only to re-kindle my wrath. By dint of acting the capricious idiot I was in a fair way to become one. Before the impassive face of the gaoler, I screwed the august missive into a ball, and cast it scornfully into space. "There," I said, with extreme hauteur, "there is my reply."

That was why I was taken to the balcony.

[Continued on page 43.]



# *Always trumps— Bird's Custard!*



"The Queen of Hearts, was  
baking larks, The King  
was — wooing BIRD'S"





# Helping himself to good health.....



He knows what's good! Mother knows, too, that HOVIS is, of all breads, the most nourishing and delicious. It contains the LIFE and heart of the wheat. It builds bone and muscle. No other bread is so rich in the health-giving vitamins as well as in Phosphates which feed brain and nerves. And so digestible, too!

## TO HOUSEWIVES:

There is 25% of added wheat-germ in HOVIS—a quarter of its entire bulk.

Let your next loaf be HOVIS, but for your own satisfaction, be sure it is HOVIS.

# HōVIS

(TRADE MARK)

## Nourishing—and Nice

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT



About a quarter of an hour after mid-day, a group of rascals came to fetch me. I recognised them, not without alarm, as the official torturers. Stupidly, in the belief that they were going to put me to the question, I made ready to descend to the lowest dungeons of the tower. On the contrary, they made me clamber up a spiral staircase. It seemed to me that the climb would never end. But at last we entered a shadowy chamber, entirely empty and bare. Outside I could hear a far-off, confused murmuring. Then, suddenly, a door opened. Through this door I could see nothing but the blazing sky, the Italian sky which is blue even as blood is red. A great uproar arose from the unknown depths beyond.

The abrupt light had almost blinded me, after the perpetual twilight of my cell. Through my eye-lashes I could see, however, that the door gave upon an unrailed balcony. Instinct stiffened my limbs, terror made me throw myself backward with uncontrollable violence.

"Sir, I swear to you by God Almighty that you are not going to be thrown over."

It was an honest voice; it inspired conviction. "What then?" I stammered, turning my head, "What is that?"

Three voiceless Titans dragged me forward. They led me to the threshold of the balcony. A second uproar, more formidable than the last, greeted my appearance, and the door was shut behind me.

At a glance I understood. Lashed by anger, swollen with pride, my whole soul rose up within me; and, from the summit of my arrogance, I looked down into the abyss.

A hundred feet below, the palace square, covered with a crowd of tiny figures, seemed like a well of which even the rim was far beneath me. Higher up, and immediately opposite the tower, stretched the terrace of the palace, and there I could make out a group of men and women in glittering attire. Yellow parasols, and pale blue and pink ones, moved to and fro. The Prince was seated on a sort of dais draped with orange colour. Near him, leaning on his shoulder, a comely cavalier—Borso—stood looking at me.

With uplifted faces they all stared. All of them, they in the square, they at the windows, they on the terrace. Some of them shouted, "Caradossa! Caradossa!" towards the tower, and added insulting epithets.

And Caradossa understood. Vertigo!

My double ordeal was to be exposed there, and to succumb to dizziness.

Ah, Teodoro, sly and cruel, but none the less stupid Teodoro, you had remembered my absurd fears, my morbid apprehensions, demonstrated so often during my foppish career. The sight of blood almost made me swoon, didn't it? I was afraid of deep water. And heights—oh, above all things I dreaded heights! I fled from terraces, didn't I? And when there were *autos-da-fé* and triumphal processions, and I had to appear beside you on the great balcony of the palace, I used to shut my eyes and scream out that the abyss had a fascination for me, and that dizziness held my knees rigid with agony, didn't I? So this is your vengeance—a dizzy pillory!

"Poor fool," thought I, "you wanted to feast the eyes of your subjects upon my degradation! You saw me dithering on this ledge! You heard me howling with terror. Very good—look at me!" And, hand on hip, I advanced to the stone brink, whence, coldly and calmly, I surveyed the vast scene.

Verenza, the black and crimson city, with its churches, belfries, and domes, lay spread beneath my eyes like a map in high relief. Far beneath, the motley and tumultuous crowd surged to and fro. Halberdiers, wearing the striped uniform designed not long since by me, were keeping a space clear.

Just below the balcony, at the foot of the precipitous tower, the pattern of the bare pavement merged into a mesh of flagstones. They had taken precautions lest I should fall. And, indeed, that would have been the exact spot. Mockingly I allowed the famous *bonbonnière* to crash down upon it. After which, leaning negligently against the

doorway, I fanned myself with an embroidered handkerchief. The sun was beating fiercely upon my strange prison.

Then, suddenly, I felt the stone move beneath my feet. I could not suppress a start. Had it really moved? Motionless, stiffened desperately to attention, I put all my senses on the alert. From within the tower I heard a dull whirring of machinery, and I saw that gently, with ghastly slowness, the shelf whereon I stood was receding into the wall.

A horrible shudder, like the creeping of a host of ice-cold insects, covered me from head to foot. My brain reeled. With a gigantic effort I mastered myself. After all, this might only be a refinement of cruelty. The stone would stop receding when the platform was a mere ledge, and the door would open, and I should be saved.

The door—it was solid and immovable still. When I pressed against it, it seemed like a wall of wood. The actual wall, of crimson stone, the blind, stark wall, offered neither projection nor cranny. It was absolutely perpendicular. I glanced upwards. The summit of the tower was beyond my reach. And grave faces—oh, terribly grave—looked down from it at me. The stone continued to recede; my ledge was steadily dwindling.

An extraordinary silence paid tribute to my agony. I felt that it was now time to make ready for the supreme struggle—perhaps to make ready for death. But not without a struggle first! I jibbed at the idea of stripping off my coat. A last shred of pride deterred me. By way of clearing for action I merely slipped my rings from my fingers and put them in my pockets. This done, I lay down full length, afraid of losing my balance if I remained upright.

Already the ledge was too small for me, and its continued retreat was pressing me against the door. I realised that if I remained thus immobile, the final effort would soon become impossible, and I determined to make it without more delay. Gripping the edge of the stone with both hands, I allowed myself to slip down and swing free.

All my life—ah, all my life long—I shall remember the thrilling cry, a woman's cry, that rose from the terrace of the palace. Delia, Delia, my dearest heart—your love was betrayed by your despair! Ah, how I adored you at that terrible moment when I was about to die, to die alone before a callous multitude. I tried to call to you, "Farewell, Delia!" but only a hoarse rattle of anguish came from my throat.

The force of gravitation began to drag at my limbs: my head was buzzing; an infernal prickling sensation pervaded my frame. My skull was a beehive and my body an ant-heap. Then I felt like a leaden image hanging from two hands of ice. Suddenly, my fingers came in contact with the wall, and it began to thrust them away from it. And the wall was pressing itself against me, hot and sinister. Already my eyes were too dim to see it. It was then, at the moment when I was about to let go, that my wrists were gripped by powerful fingers and that, as I was hoisted upwards like a dead body, I lost consciousness.

That same evening, at the hour when the sky had newly decked itself with all its starry jewels, I clambered unsteadily into the post-chaise which, with a cavalry escort, was to bear me out of the territories of Prince Teodoro.

Weakly I sank back on to the leather cushions. My nails were still bleeding, I still had the illusion that my throbbing fingers were clinging to something angular and hard. An inexpressible distress overwhelmed me. But at the root of it lay neither exile, nor disgrace, nor loss of fortune. Delia, of all the treasures that had been snatched from me, I regretted thee only at that hour!

And I wept bitterly. For I little guessed that the diminutive page, perched unobtrusively at the coachman's elbow, was only waiting till his Highness's hussars had half-wheeled their horses homeward in order to jump down from the box. Then, in the light of the rising sun—oh, Delia!—you appeared at the door of the carriage, your face all transfigured with love!

[THE END.]





**"THE PIGEON MAN."** [Continued from Page 10.]

she reclined gracefully in her chair staring musingly at the ceiling. His watchful gaze did not quit her face even when the door was suddenly thrust open and a tatterdemalion figure hobbled into the room.

Trompeter, his face a mask of steel, saw how, at the sound of the door closing, the woman at his side looked up—saw, too, the little furrow of perplexity that suddenly appeared between her narrow, arching eyebrows. But the swift, suspicious glance she shot at her companion found him apparently intent on studying the end of his cigarette, yet, even as her gaze switched back to the outcast, cowering in forlorn abandonment in the centre of the floor, the Colonel's bright blue eyes were quick to note the expression of horror-struck amazement which for one fleeting instant flickered across her regular features.

But the next moment she was bored and listless as before. So swift was her reaction that it was as though her face had never lost its wonted air of rather sulky indifference. She darted an amused glance at the impassive visage gazing down upon her and laughed.

"You have some queer visitors, Herr Oberst," she said. "Tell me"—she indicated the tramp with a comic movement of the head—"is he one of us?"

"No," replied Trompeter, with quiet emphasis.

"Then who is he?"

"I was hoping you would be able to tell me that."

She stared at him for a moment, then suddenly broke into a peal of merry laughter.

"Oh, my dear Colonel," she exclaimed, "you do their ingenuity too much honour."

"And yet," observed Trompeter quietly, "he's one of their star men." His eyes were on the prisoner as he spoke. But the tramp, leering idiotically, stared into space and dribbled feebly.

Sylvia Averescu laughed incredulously. "Then they've changed their methods. All the British Secret Service aces I've known were serving officers, or ex-officers. You're not going to claim that this miserable creature is an English gentleman, Colonel. Why, his hands alone give you the lie!"

"Specially roughened for the job!"

"What job?"

But the Colonel left the question unanswered.

"The English are devilish thorough," he added. "I'll grant them that!"

The woman left her chair and went boldly up to the idiot. With a pointing finger she indicated a "V" of yellow skin that appeared below his uncollared neck between the lapels of his jacket.

"Look," she vociferated in disgust, "the man's filthy. He hasn't had a bath for years!" She turned about to face Trompeter, who had followed her. "If this man is what you say, he would have white skin, a properly tended body, under his rags. But this creature is disgusting!"

Trompeter stepped swiftly up to the prisoner and with brutal hands ripped the ragged jacket apart. The man wore no shirt; his coat was buttoned across his naked body. The Colonel recoiled a pace and clapped his handkerchief to his nose. "*Pfui Deibel!*" he muttered.

Something had rattled smartly on the floor. Trompeter stooped quickly with groping fingers; then, drawing himself erect, stared fixedly at the prisoner. The outside pocket of the idiot's jacket had been almost ripped away in the vigour of the Colonel's action and hung lamentably down. Trompeter's hand darted into the torn pocket and explored the lining. His fingers dredged up some tiny invisible thing which he transferred to the palm of his other hand.

With an air of triumph he swung round to the woman. "Well," he remarked roughly, "he's for it, anyway. If he were a friend of yours, I should tell you to kiss him good-bye."

At that she faltered ever so slightly. "What do you mean?" Her voice was rather hoarse.

"What I mean," Trompeter gave her back brutally, "is that he's the pigeon man we've been looking for. He'll go before the court in the morning, and by noon he'll be snugly under the sod!"

So saying, he unfolded his clenched hand and thrust it close under her face. Two little shining yellow grains reposed in the open palm. "Maize," he announced grimly. "Food for the birds. Pigeon men always carry it."

With that, he shut his hand and joined it to its fellow behind his back, while he dropped his square chin on his breast and sternly surveyed her.

"And do you mean to say," she questioned unsteadily, "that the military court would send him to his death on no other evidence than that?"

"Certainly. There was an identical case last month. Two English flying officers. They shot them in the riding school at Charleroi. Game lads they were, too!"

"But this poor devil may have picked up some maize somewhere and kept it for food. He looks half-starved, anyway."

Trompeter shrugged his shoulders. "That's his look-out. We're not taking any chances on pigeon men. They're too dangerous, my dear. Not that I want the poor devil shot. I'd rather have him identified."

The woman raised her head and gazed curiously at the Colonel. "Why?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

Trompeter drew her to the window, out of earshot of the prisoner. Outside, the whole town seemed to reverberate to the passage of heavy guns, monsters, snouting under their tarpaulins, that thundered by in the wake of their tractors.

"Because," he said in an undertone, "I can use him to mislead the enemy. Our dear English cousins shall get their pigeon service all right, but after this the birds will carry my reports instead of our friend's. For this I must have the fellow's name." He paused and bent his bushy eyebrows at her. "You know this man?"

"Wait," she bade him, rather breathless. "Let us get this clear. If this man were identified, you would spare his life?"

The Colonel nodded curtly. His eyes never left her face.

"What guarantee have I that you will keep your word?"

"I shall hand over to you the only evidence there is against him."

"You mean the maize?"

"Yes."

She cast a timorous glance across the room to where the prisoner was



She said no more, but moved slowly towards the door. The Colonel saw her put forth one little hand towards the pigeon man.

standing, his head lolling on his shoulder. He had not changed his position. His eyes were half-closed and his tongue hung out under the ragged moustache. The reek of him was pungent in the room.

Silently she held out her hand to Trompeter. Without hesitation he dropped the two grains of maize into the slender palm. She ran to the stove and dropped them in. Impassively the Colonel watched her from the window. The maps on the walls trembled in the din of gun-wheels in the street.





*The Spirit of Cheerfulness abounds at Christmas-time —*  
*Dewar's*



Slowly the woman returned to the Colonel's side. He noticed how pale her face appeared against the flame of her hair. She looked at him intently, then said, in a sort of breathless whisper, "You're right. I know him."

A steely light glittered in the quick blue eyes. "Ah! Who is it?"

"Dunlop. Captain Dunlop."

Trompeter leaned forward swiftly. "Not 'The Unknown Quantity'?"

She made a little movement of the shoulders. "I can't tell you. He never attempted to disguise himself with me."

"Did you meet him in Brussels?"

She nodded. "He used to come over from London almost every week-end..."

The Colonel grunted assent. "Yes, that was the way they did it before the war." He flashed her a scrutinising glance. "Did you know him well? You're sure you're not making a mistake?"

She shook her head, and there was something wistful in the gesture. "He was my lover..."

Trompeter smiled broadly. "Ah," he murmured, "Steuben always managed that sort of thing so cleverly..."

"Steuben had nothing to do with it," came back her hot whisper. "No one knew him for a secret agent—at least, not until I found him out. He told me he was an English engineer who came to Brussels on business; I was jealous of him, and one day I discovered he was visiting another woman, a Belgian. Then—then I followed things up and found out the rest. He was frank enough when I confronted him—the English are, you know. He told me he had only been carrying out his orders. And I"—she faltered—"I was part of those orders too..."

She clenched her hands tensely, and turned to stare forlornly out at the rain.

"You were fond of him, Madame?"

"My feelings have nothing to do with the business between you and me, Colonel," she told him glacially over her shoulder.

He bowed. "I beg your pardon. And you have told me all you know. What is his full name?"

"James, I think. I called him Jimmy."

"How did he sign his reports? Can you tell me that?"

She nodded. "'J. Dunlop,'" she answered.

"How do you know this?"

"Because I made it my business to find out... afterwards!" she answered passionately, and was silent.

"And he is a regular officer?"

"Of the Royal Engineers." She turned to the Colonel. "And now, if you don't mind, I should like to go back to my hotel. I—I don't feel very well. I expect I must have caught a chill. This awful weather..."

The Colonel rang. "I'll send for Captain Pracht—"

Like a fury she rounded on him. "For the love of God!" she burst forth, "am I never to be left alone again? Can't I go back to the hotel by myself?"

Trompeter bowed. "Certainly, if you promise to go straight there. It's in your own interest I say it. The P.M. is very strict about civilians just now."

"I'll go straight back," she retorted impatiently. "And you'll keep to our bargain, Colonel?"

The officer inclined his head.

"What—what will you do with him?" she asked, rather unsteadily.

"Oh, prisoners of war camp, I suppose," was the brisk answer.

She said no more, but moved slowly towards the door. There she paused and let her eyes rest for an instant on the scarecrow shape that mowed and gibbered between them. The Colonel saw her put forth one little hand towards the

pigeon man and stand thus as though she hoped that he might turn and greet her. But the tramp with his melancholy imbecile stare paid no heed. She seemed to droop as she turned and passed out.

Then Trompeter went up to the prisoner and clapped him encouragingly on the shoulder. "It's a wonderful disguise, Dunlop," he said pleasantly and in flawless English, "and I don't mind telling you that you nearly took me in. But the game's up, my friend! You're spotted. Let's have a friendly talk. I don't expect you to give anything away, but I'm anxious for news of Colonel Ross, my esteemed opposite number on the other side of No Man's Land. I heard he'd been down with this damnable *grippe*..."

"Goo...!" mumbled the tramp, and the bubbles frothed at his mouth. The telephone on the desk rang. The Colonel left the prisoner to answer it. A well-bred voice said: "His Excellency desires to speak with Colonel von Trompeter." The next instant a high-pitched, furious voice came ringing over the wire.

"Is that Trompeter? So, Herr Oberst, a new division can't come into the corps area without being shelled to ribbons! What the devil are your people doing? What's that you say? You're investigating.

Investigating be damned! I want action—action, do you understand? The whole Corps knows that there's a spy in the area sending information back, and when I ask you what you propose to do about it you tell me you're investigating! *Verdammt nochmal!* what I expect you to do is to catch the lousy fellow and shoot him, and by God, if you don't, I'll have the collar off your back, and don't you forget it! *Himmelkreuz-sakrament!* I'll show you who's in command here, you and your investigation! You'll report to me in person at six o'clock this afternoon, and I shall expect to hear then that you've laid hands on this spy. If you fail me this time, Herr Oberst, I give you fair warning that I'll get somebody I can rely upon to carry out my wishes. And you are to understand that the General is extremely dissatisfied with you. Is that clear?"

"*Zu Befehl, Exzellenz!*" replied the Colonel stiffly, and hung up the receiver. He lit a cigarette and sat at the desk for a full minute, contemplating through a swathe of blue smoke the wretched-looking outcast before him.

"Sorry, Dunlop," he said at last. "I'd have saved you if I could, but charity begins at home. My General demands a victim, and my head is the price. I'm a poor

man, my friend, with no private means and a family to support. I've got powerful enemies, and if I lose this job my career's over. As God is my judge, Dunlop, I can't afford to keep my pledged word." He paused and pressed his handkerchief to his lips. "If there's anything I can do about letting your people know..."

He broke off expectantly, but the pigeon man made no sign. With his head cocked in the air his whole attention appeared to be directed to a fly buzzing round the wire of the electric light.

"You'll at least give me the honour," Trompeter went on rather tremulously, "of shaking hands with a brave man?"

But the pigeon man did not even look at him. His grimy right hand stole furtively under his tattered jacket and he writhed beneath his verminous rags. His gaze remained immutably distant, as though he were peering down some long vista. Slowly the grizzled head at the desk drooped and there was a moment's pregnant hush in the room.

Then the Colonel stood up, a stalwart figure, and moved resolutely to a press in the wall. He opened the door and disclosed, neatly hung on pegs, his steel helmet, revolver, Thermos flask, map-case, and saddle-bags. He unstrapped one of the saddle-bags, and, dipping in his hand, brought away in his fingers a few shining orange grains. Then he rang

[Continued on page 48.]





# Suggestions for Christmas Gifts.



3273



M 156



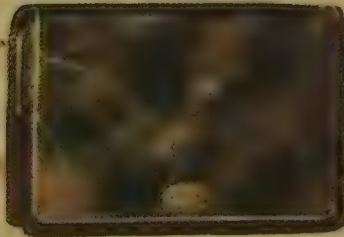
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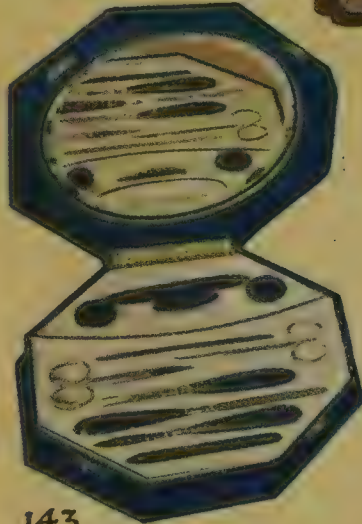
4C. 76



4H. 106



2H. 126



143



65

776



V.C. 27.

3273

"BOBBED" CASE in Lizard, with blue enamel brush. 25/6

M. 156

PARTY CASE in cross-grained morocco, in various colours, fitted with brush, comb, mirror, lipstick and powder-box. 15/6

4J. 156

SABRETACHE BAG in real jazz morocco, lined suedene, with embossed sprayed front and flap. 15/6

2H. 126

SABRETACHE BAGS in real jazz morocco, embossed sprayed front and flap, fitted with large mirror and captive purse. 12/6

4H. 106 Smaller size 10/6

4C. 76 " " 7/6

143

MANICURE CASE in real leather, fitted as illustrated. Obtainable in various colours. 35/6

65

POWDER BOWL, hand-painted, in various colours and designs. 8/11

776

PERFUME SPRAY, to match. 12/6

V.C. 27

BATH CRYSTALS in presentation vase, red or blue design. Four perfumes: Violet, Verbena, Lavender and Cologne. 5/9

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and told the orderly to send in Captain Ehrhardt. The officer recoiled at the grim severity of his Chief's expression.

"Also, Herr Hauptmann," was the Colonel's greeting, "you searched this prisoner, did you?"

"Jawohl, Herr Oberst!" said Ehrhardt, in a quaking voice.

"And found nothing, I think you told me?"

"Nothing—that is, except the articles I enumerated, Herr Oberst, namely——"

The stern voice interrupted him. "Would it surprise you to learn that I discovered maize in the prisoner's pocket when I searched him? See!" The Colonel's hand opened and spilled a few grains of maize on the blotter. "It appears to me, Herr Hauptmann, that you have grossly neglected your duty. You've got to wake yourself up, or one of these mornings you'll find yourself back in the trenches with your regiment. Now pay attention to me! The prisoner goes before the tribunal to-morrow. You will have him washed and disinfected and issued with clean clothes immediately, and hand him over to the Provost Marshal. Horst will warn the P.M. The prisoner can have anything he likes in the way of food or drink or smokes. Your evidence will be required at the trial, so you'll have to stay the night. See Horst about a bed. March the prisoner out!"

The door shut and the escort's ringing tramp died away. Grimly the Colonel shook his balled fist at the telephone.

"Break me, would you, you old sheephead!" he muttered through his teeth. "But my pigeon man will spike your guns, my boy! *Verdammt*, though, the price is high!"

Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he brought his heels together with a jingle of spurs and gravely saluted the door through which the pigeon man had disappeared between the fixed bayonets of his guards.

#### V.

A week later, in an unobtrusive office off Whitehall, high above the panorama of London threaded by the silver Thames, a large, quiet man sat at his desk and frowned down at a type-written sheet he held in his hand.

"Well," he said, addressing an officer in khaki who stood in an expectant attitude before him, "they've nabbed Tony, Carruthers!"

"Oh, Sir!" ejaculated Carruthers in dismay. "You were right, then?"

"'Fraid so. I knew they'd pinched him when Corps forwarded those Dunlop messages that kept reachin' 'em by pigeon. Prendergast, of Rotterdam, says here he has word from a trustworthy source in Belgium that at Roulers on the 6th the Boches shot a half-witted tramp on a charge of espionage. The trial, of course, was held in secret, but the rumour in the town is that the tramp was a British officer. That'd be

Tony, all right. God bless my soul, what an actor the fellow was! I'd never have lent him for this job, only G.H.Q. were so insistent. Well, he had a good run for his money, anyway. Our friends on the other side used to call him 'N, the Unknown Quantity.' They never managed to identify him, you see. My hat! old Tony must be smilin' to think that he managed to take his incognito down to the grave with him."

"But did he?"

"Obviously, otherwise the old Boches would have signed his real name to those pigeon messages of theirs which have so much amused Ross and his young men at Corps Headquarters."

"But why 'Dunlop,' Sir?"

The large man smiled enigmatically. "Ah," he remarked, "you weren't in the service before the war, Carruthers, or you'd have known that 'Dunlop' was one of our accommodation names in the office."

Most of us were Captain Dunlop at one time or another. I've been Captain Dunlop myself. We run up against some rum coves in this business, and it ain't a bad plan to have a sort of general *alias*. It prevents identification, and all manner of awkwardness, when the double-crossin' begins." He broke off to chuckle audibly. "Let's see, it's old Trompeter on that front, ain't it? I wonder where he got hold of the office *alias*, the foxy old devil! He's probably put up another Iron Cross over this! He'd be kickin' himself if he knew the truth. That's the catch about this job of ours, my boy—to recognise the truth when you find it!"

So saying, the large man unlocked his desk and, taking out a book, turned to a list of names. With the red pencil he scored out, slowly and methodically, a name that stood there.

THE END.



His grimy right hand stole furtively under his tattered jacket. . . . Slowly the grizzled head at the desk drooped and there was a moment's pregnant hush in the room.





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The Author wishes to make acknowledgment of the kind co-operation of John Fane in the writing of this tale.

**A** BAG of gold, honourable suicide, or thrusting a despised antagonist over a cliff." Kai Lung was wise, she mused, but there were many problems in life, including her own, which appeared difficult to face, if these were the only three solutions. The bag of gold might be of use to Michael, if all that people said about Jews was true; and Alec would probably thrust his antagonist over a cliff. There remained for herself "honourable suicide," but, intolerable as life sometimes appeared, that remedy was too drastic.

The book slipped through her fingers, and her thoughts began to stray through memories of the last few months, months which had seemed so much longer than all the rest of her life. She had met and married Alec Sinclair in London, and as he had inherited a business in Calcutta, she went to India with him some few months after their marriage.

She had always loved pageantry and colour, and the glamour of the East attracted her. She came to Calcutta, eager for new visions, and found there a third-rate imitation of the life she had left. Alec spent his days in office, and returned too tired to be a companion to her. His friends were boring—large, practical men, who conversed in a strange jargon of "jute and hessians, lakhs, marwaris, and piece goods."

Their women were even worse. She was invited to interminable female banquets, at which they ate elaborate food, wore their last year's race frocks, and alternately discussed beaux and babies. She had nothing in common with them, and, as the inevitable result, she had been lonely, utterly lonely, until Michael came to Calcutta.

She had known him slightly in London, where she had never given him more than a passing thought. It was curious, she reflected, that there his brilliance and his charm should never have struck her, whilst here, in Calcutta, he seemed to embody all the life she had lost. Immensely rich, artistic, musical, with a vast knowledge of men and their affairs, he had been everywhere, and known everyone, and, moreover, he could discuss with taste and sensibility all the things which she loved—pictures, books, old lace, and Chelsea china. It was only

for his companionship that she needed Michael, she assured herself rather desperately. It was only because she was lonely that she anticipated with such intense eagerness the hours which she spent with him.

She picked up Kai Lung, and tried to concentrate her thoughts on China and the Chinese. She was waiting for Michael to take her to Chinatown. He had promised to come at three o'clock, and the hands on her watch seemed to drag maliciously. It was precisely over this visit to Chinatown that she had quarrelled with Alec the night before. It had been horrible, undignified. She hated scenes. Obscurely they made one want to laugh, and if one did, things became worse than ever. Now, when she wanted to forget the whole tiresome affair, scraps of their arguments came back to her mind, and, turning inside her head, refused to be banished. Alec had reproached her because she did not like Calcutta, this horrible place, which was so unlike the golden East as she had pictured it, this place where everyone deteriorated into mere money-making machines.

Alec had said: "If I weren't so busy making money for you, perhaps I would have time to talk about art and make epigrams."

"I don't ask you to do either," she had retorted. "All I want is a little of your companionship, or, failing that, tolerance of those friends who give me what you refuse."

It was curious, she reflected, the average Englishman's aversion to and suspicion of the Jew. She had thought that Alec would be above such petty insularity, would be finer, more broad-minded than the ordinary man. But he had called Michael a "damned Israelite," and had warned her that she was dealing with a man of a different race. "I

don't mind how often you see that Hebrew, if he amuses you, but for Heaven's sake don't have any illusions about him! I know Jews better than you do—I wouldn't be where I am if I didn't. All these Semites are the same—Pathans in frock-coats."

It was foolish of Alec to treat Michael with contempt, and foolish of him to adopt that rather patronising attitude towards herself. She was not an ignorant school-girl, and it was absurd to treat her as such. She was quite old enough to be able to form her own ideas about men and things, and the sooner that Alec realised that, the better it would be for both of them. He had changed since they came to India. All the practical, business side of him had developed at the expense of the other, the Alec whom she had known in London. There he had been utterly delightful, and they had seemed to have so much more in common. Though he was no connoisseur, she knew that somewhere lurked—rather shamefacedly—in a corner of his soul a real love of

beauty. But now they were poles apart. Alec would never understand her, and she was not going to allow him to spoil her life and forbid her the one person who made it bearable in Calcutta—Michael.

Someone knocked at the door, and then a servant came in to announce that he had come. She rose to greet him, and found herself looking up into his dark face, where the eyes, startlingly, unexpectedly blue, always surprised her. One imagined that they would be brown, and it was such a relief to find they were blue. They prevented him from having that rather shiny appearance which black eyes give to a face. Yes, she decided, he looked Jewish, but not too Jewish, and he was marvellously different from everyone else. Even his hands, when he helped her into the car, were like no other hands she had ever seen. They were exquisitely sensitive, and, looking at them, she knew at once that he cared tremendously for beautiful things, and would handle them tenderly, sensuously.

The car bumped and swayed as they drove through the hot sunshine, threading their way through an amazing assortment of traffic. There were motors of every kind, tikka



The Pathan looked at her boldly, an appraising, admiring glance, and said something to Michael, which made him laugh.

gharries like overflowing boxes on wheels drawn by horses of incredible leanness and garnished with bundles of grass, bullock-carts, babus on bicycles, trailing clouds of dhoti which miraculously never caught on to the other vehicles, as their owners insinuated themselves through the crowded streets. The noise was terrifying, a pandemonium. The trams clanged; the native-driven motors used their horns as if they were mechanical pianos; the drivers of carts and carriages yelled abuse and encouragement impartially; and on the pavements brown, oily humanity jostled and shouted at each other. She leaned out of the car so as to miss no sight of this clamorous, restless crowd. They fascinated her. They were like strange animals let loose, and she felt she was like a spectator of some monstrous circus. There was a block in the traffic, and the car was penned close to the pavement behind the huge, palpitating bulk of a motor-lorry. As she watched the passers-by, there stood out a new type. He swaggered through the crowd, a tall man, with a dagger in his belt and a mat of curls framing his face. His air was so truculent and debonaire that she exclaimed, and Michael, following the direction of her pointing finger, smiled.

"That is a Pathan. They come from the North." He leaned out of the car and called: "Starre mashe," to the man, who shouted the same greeting, and then a phrase which she could not catch. She saw his teeth flash in his great black beard, and, like lighthouse answering lighthouse, the same gleam in Michael's face, as he beckoned the man up to the car and began to speak to him in Pushtu.

The Pathan looked at her boldly, an appraising, admiring glance, which at the same time offended and yet amused her by its frankness. He said something to Michael, which made him laugh and look at her

(Continued overleaf.)



in his turn. It was odd, tantalising, and she longed to know what they said. The lorry in front of them moved on, and Michael waved a hand to the disappearing Pathan.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"Do you really want to know?" he tantalised her.

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well, he asked me where I had bought you, and when, regretfully, I had to confess that you didn't belong to me, he said he had once paid five cows for a woman less beautiful. And that, dearest lady, is the highest compliment you have ever been paid." He smiled his secret, sleepy, Jewish smile, as of one knowing good and evil, and, looking up at him, she laughed happily. It was absurdly incongruous to be worth five cows, and he was perfectly right. She never had been paid such a compliment before.

"We turn to the left here," said Michael. They were on the edge of Chinatown, and she could see rickshaws waiting in a stand by the side of the road, rickshaws with red velvet seats and enchanting little bells, which made inadequate tinklings as the coolies pulled them along. The street grew narrower, and in front of crumbling gateways hung sign-boards, painted with golden lettering. In the doors stood groups of women, some of them Chinese, with neat black clothes and prim, dolls' faces; others were half-castes or poor Armenians. They wore curious, high-waisted, befrilled frocks, such as little girls wore in the Du Maurier illustrations of *Punch*.

The street was not much wider than the car, and at a word from Michael to the driver, they drew up before a butcher's shop, standing on one side of an archway leading into a courtyard. Gobbets of meat festooned with flies hung over a greasy board, and a woman, surrounded by amber-coloured children, chattered with the stallholder over the price of a kidney. The smell was appalling, and, as she stepped out of the car, she averted her eyes swiftly from the intimate interiors displayed on the booth. It was disgusting, she thought, and almost she wished she had never come. Perhaps Alec was right after all. He had told her it was a horrible place. They walked through the archway set in the wall, above which hung a wooden placard with the words "A. Minnan. Curious Dealer," printed on it in straggling letters. On the verandah stood a little, smiling Chinaman in a white suit, who bowed them into a room and promised them "Many vallybles just come from China."

Inside, the street and its horrors were forgotten, for on shelves reaching up to the ceiling were vases of porcelain and brass, carved lanterns of painted glass, and, in a little lacquer cabinet, snuff-boxes, a crown of kingfishers' wings, and plaques of carved jade. She was a child again, a child on a holiday, and her eager fingers dragged out the treasures one by one, as she cried her delight in gay little exclamations, whilst Michael stood by, watching her and fingering a small lacquer box, which was the only thing he had picked up.

"I love this," she said, laying a circle of carved white jade lovingly on her palm, and secretly admiring the pale tint of her flesh through the carving. "Ask him how much he wants for it."

"Forty-five lupees. Vellee ancient old piecee," said Mr. Minnan, ingratiatingly.

"C'est trop." Michael took it gently from her hand and replaced it in the cabinet. "Il ne faut pas lui montrez si clairement les choses que vous préférez. Nous reviendrons plus tard."

"Bien. Je comprends."

How curious it was that speaking in a foreign language should give one such a feeling of conspiratorial intimacy. It was almost embarrassing. Then, quite suddenly, she felt that she had behaved stupidly, childishly. She might have been a tourist, exclaiming at everything. He must have thought her idiotic. The day's pleasure was tarnished, and the street seemed more sordid than ever.

"I'm sorry I spoiled your bargaining," she said, as he shut the door of the car and folded the linen rug over her knees.

"We can go back there later. It will make our expedition the longer, and so give me added pleasure. It is a joy to find someone with enthusiasm." He smiled again that secret, Jewish smile. He had not thought her stupid, and immediately the squalor of the place disappeared and the people became picturesque. They turned a corner and came to an alley filled with shops. Great blue-and-white ginger-jars stood on shelves, and mysterious foods were spread on pottery dishes, where "Chinese Restaurant, First class cuisine" hung over a door.

"Oh, how delicious!" she breathed. "I long to taste 'cuisine.' Is it the Franco-Chinese for 'chop suey'?"

"You shall dine here with me one night, and we will eat sharks' fins and drink Ah Sing's incomparable liqueur."

"What an enticing menu!" she said lightly. "Do we smoke opium for dessert?"

"No, it's a disappointing affair. There shall be no white poppy at the feast—except yourself."

Marvellous man, she thought, to have smoked opium and not liked it! It was perfect to be with him, perfect to be called a white poppy. Alec never said things like that, poor Alec!—going to the races like everyone else, betting, and looking through field-glasses at small, coloured specks flying round a track, whilst she came to Chinatown. . . .

Through her thoughts she heard Michael's deep, rather suave voice. "At night one has to come with a police escort; but in the daytime it is really quite safe, particularly if one knows the Chinese as I do. . . . We must go and drink tea with King Fu. Would that please you?"

There was nothing that she wanted to do more. They left the car, and walked down a street even narrower than the others, and through a low, arched door into a noisome courtyard, filled with sheeted, sleeping figures which looked like corpses. It was very still inside the house, still with an ominous silence, and they stumbled up dark, worn steps to a balcony which ran round the four walls which surrounded the courtyard. At the head of the stairs they found a little sleeping boy, whom they woke and sent in search of King Fu. The balcony was horrible, bestrewn with cans of refuse, dying plants in pots, and the remnants of strange shellfish.

King Fu appeared, and greeted them with a pleasant, crinkled smile. He was an old man, with wayward grey moustachios and a coat of faded blue brocade. He beckoned them into his room, which was as clean as the balcony had been dirty. The matting was spotless, and the covers on the bed in the corner were of a surprising whiteness. She sat down on a little square stool and fingered a minute junk of carved agate, which lay on a table close to her, whilst King Fu conversed with Michael in a queer mixture of pigeon English, Chinese, and Hindustani.

[Continued overleaf.]

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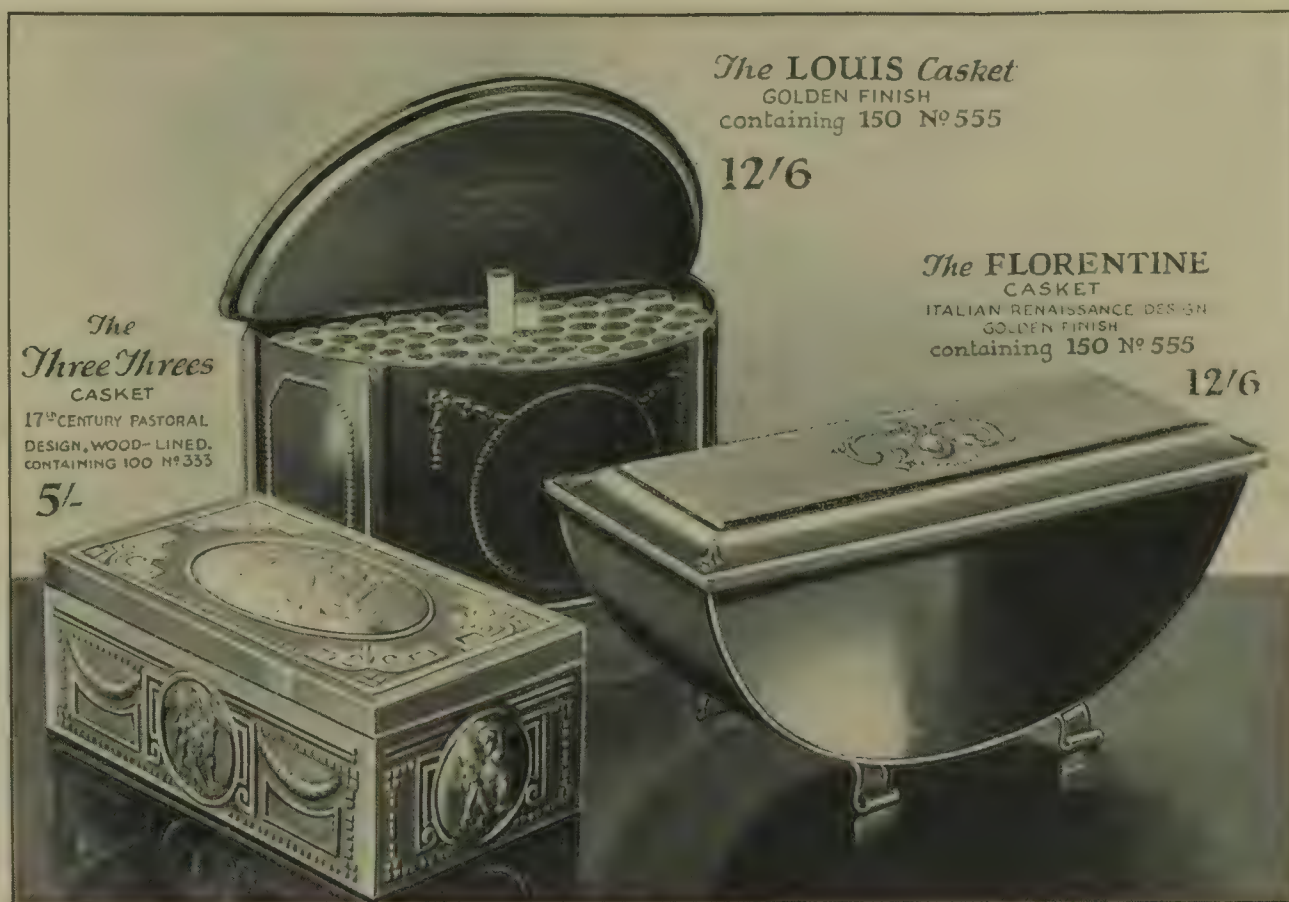
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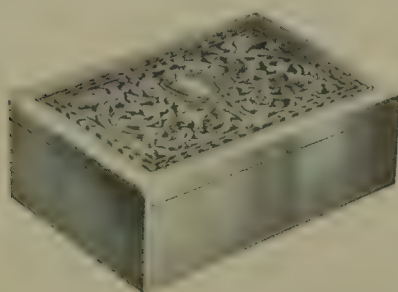
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Michael turned towards her. He looked extraordinarily big in the small, cabin-like room, towering above the diminutive Chinaman. "King Fu is going to fetch us some silks, and give us some tea. You'd like that, wouldn't you? They have here such tea as one finds nowhere else, scented with jasmine and the colour of pale amber."

"I should love it," she answered, and leant back gracefully on her stool, so that he should understand that she was the least bit tired, and be sympathetic accordingly. He understood at once; in fact, so quickly that she caught herself wondering if his experience of women was very wide.

He drew up a stool and sat close to her. "Yes, this tea is the honey-dew of Paradise, and when you have drunk it you will never care for any other kind. To taste it is to be like the Pierrot of Versailles who loved a moon maiden, and afterwards could love no mortal woman. . . . But then . . . Pierrot never came to Calcutta, did he?"

There was a faint clashing outside the door, and King Fu brought in small porcelain bowls and filled them with the tea. It was, as Michael had said, nectar. . . . She had never tasted anything quite so delicious. Both its taste and its colour reminded her of that field flower, agrimony, with its warmed, aromatic scent and yellow petals. After one sip she felt different. It was as if the subtle, fragrant fluid had given her all its own qualities of rarity, had warmed her most delicate sensibilities, and had made her more acutely alive and more sensitive to everything around her.

How enchanting it all was!—the yellowed, crumpled face of King Fu, the smiling eyes of the little boy, the jewel-coloured cases on the walls, the shimmer of the mulberry and scarlet silks, and Michael's face as he watched her drape the pliant richness of the brocade. Jews were fascinating; there was no doubt of that. They seemed to understand everything, and yet hid themselves away in their own personalities, so that one was never quite certain of their thoughts.

The silks were perfect. She bought yards of stuff that was sunflower coloured, and a great square of blue, on which two dragons danced a slow, formal dance, waving their scaly bodies and pointing delicate silver claws. When she had chosen her stuffs, they were rolled in odd-smelling, soft paper and presented to her

by King Fu with a little solemn bow. "Now we will go upstairs. New vellee clever man come. You likee see?"

"Would you like to see the new man?" said Michael, as he took her parcel. "One never knows what one may find here. I think it may be worth our while to follow King Fu. I am never amazed by anything in Chinatown."

They climbed more stairs, and reached another balcony, where three Chinamen were cooking over a clay fireplace, and there were more amazing smells. A door stood open, and King Fu motioned them to go inside. On the threshold she hesitated as if spellbound, for the scene in the little room resembled an illustration to a fairy tale, and it was as if she had stepped into another world.

Crouching over a black wood table sat an old man. He was the colour of age-worn ivory and like some exquisitely carved netsuke; his face, under the shining dome of his head, was modelled with a thousand wrinkles. On the satin darkness of the table in front of him the sunshine, filtering through the slatted shutters, danced and shimmered on a pile of jewels; above these hovered his delicate, yellowed hands, which gathered up now turquoise for a flower, now jade for a leaf. They were hands as fine as a Durer engraving, and as sensitive as withering flowers.

Set before him, so that he could lift his eyes and gain from it inspiration, stood the crown of his craftsmanship, a little tree. Planted in a bowl of scarlet lacquer, its stem rose straightly, but the branches, curving with such perfection of line as only a Chinaman could devise, were laden with flowers of turquoise, of pale shaded amethyst and warm cornelian, fantastic blossoms of transparent crystal and golden amber, all set amongst leaves of dark jade. Perfection bloomed in that little dark room, and she and Michael gazed at it silently. Then she lifted up a finger and very gently touched the topmost turquoise petal. It was hard and incredibly cold.

"It's beautiful," she breathed. "It's beautiful. I'd give anything in the world to possess it." She turned towards Michael eagerly. How well

he would appreciate all that she felt, how perfectly he would share in her ecstasy of delight over this exquisite, this rare treasure!

"Oh, Michael!" she began, but the words she meant to say were never

[Continued over the f.]

### Hebridean Christmas Song.

Colour and sound have gone;  
Gold and red of the hill  
Blotted out by the snow,  
And the melodious rill  
Frozen, and still.

The heather's amethyst  
And garnet ceased to shine.  
Amorous roar of the stags  
Silenced. Only the whine  
Of wind over brine,

And the honking of geese.  
Whence then this sudden mirth,  
This invading sweetness?  
Has every rose on earth  
Warred against Winter's dearth?

Men loving and giving!  
Giving without measure  
Children mad with mirth.  
But whence comes this pleasure  
And sweet leisure?

From long ago.

A day  
When angels sang a psalm  
That echoes yet.

When Love  
Came bringing summer's balm  
Our storms to calm.

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*Continued.*

spoken. They were checked by a look in Michael's eyes which she had never seen before. For an instant he seemed not worshipping, but calculating: not the devotee of beauty gazing at a work of art, but rather the appraiser of its value.

"That's quite a modern piece," he said, turning to King Fu. "But I may buy it, if he doesn't want too much for it." Then he caught her arm. "Tu l'auras," he whispered, and smiled his dark, Jewish smile.

She moved away, ostensibly to look at a picture on the wall, but in reality because he had shocked her, jarred on her. Why had he suddenly used the "tu" of intimacy, and used it in such a fashion that vaguely it had displeased her? It was absurd of her to be so fastidious. King Fu was talking to the old man, and the syncopated rasp and chuckle of Chinese sounded between them, whilst Michael stood by, watching them closely. King Fu made a little ducking bow.

"Old man, he say wellee sollee, little tlee belong him joss. No wanchee sell."

"That's absurd," Michael interrupted. "He's only holding out for more, because he sees we want it. . . . Kitna dam? How much?"

He looked at the tree disparagingly, and then stretched out his hand to pick it up to examine it more closely; but his hand remained suspended in mid-air, as the old man very gravely lifted up the scarlet pot in his frail hands and moved it out of Michael's reach. Then he turned with unhurrying dignity towards King Fu, and began to speak again. Watching him intently, she noticed in the rising cadences of his voice the intonation of a master speaking to an inferior, and she was suddenly struck by the difference between the manner of this old man and the subservience of the Indians with whom she came into daily contact.

"What is he saying, King Fu?" she asked.

The old man folded his hands inside his sleeves, and sat in impassive silence whilst King Fu interpreted. "Old man he say he no wanchee your money. Old man he say he pleased lalee likee little tlee. He say he Emperor's jewel man, and have much honour in Yamen. In China Padshah ke koti. . . .

He makee little tlee for temple. . . . He say little tlee belongee in temple of god allee same know evelly thing."

"Kong Fu Si, the God of Wisdom," she murmured, with memories of Kai Lung still in her mind. The old man caught the sound of familiar syllables, and nodded his head, smiling at her benignly, and spoke again to King Fu.

"Old man he say this vellee wise lalee. . . . Old man he say he save little tlee when foleign soldiers come . . . foleign soldiers allee same devil men, blake allee fine things in palace. . . . He fightee for Emperor. Foleign soldiers wanchee makee die, so he makee hide in tea junk. . . . India vellee bad place. . . . When he makee die then he go back China. Will makee show lalee lacquer coffin. . . ." King Fu waved his hand towards a dark shape covered in cloth which stood at the back of the room.

Michael tapped his foot impatiently on the floor. "All this yarn is curio-dealer's patter, and has been made up to enhance the price."

"No, Michael," she said, queerly hurt by his unbelief. "I'm quite sure it's all true. You've only to look at the old man's face to see that. What an amazing life he must have had! A refugee Boxer, carrying with him the greatest triumph of his craftsmanship. I'm not surprised that he won't sell the 'little tlee.' But I'm disappointed. I should have loved it so much. It's a perfect treasure."

She touched one of the delicate flowers, and this time the old man made no attempt to move it out of her reach, as he had done when Michael tried to touch it. He only nodded his old head gravely whilst King Fu evidently translated what she had just said to Michael.

"Don't be disappointed yet, dear lady. Of course, you'll have it. Money always has the last word where human nature is concerned." He drew a roll of notes from his pocket, and began to count them rather ostentatiously.

The "dear lady" jarred almost as much as the "tu," but she walked away quickly from the table, and stared out of the small, square window on to the roof-tops below. . . . But even so, she could not avoid hearing the discussion in the room behind her.

*[Continued overleaf.]*

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(Continued.)

"I'll give him fifty rupees," said Michael.  
 "No wanchee sell," King Fu laughed politely.  
 "Fifty-five rupees." Michael increased the bid acidly.  
 "No wanchee sell."  
 "Sixty."

Suddenly there flashed through her mind the memory of the Pathan, the Pathan who would have bidden up five cows for her, all that he had, and now Michael, with his thousands, was haggling, a mite at a time, for a gift which he knew she desired more than anything. . . . Was it typical? "Only a Pathan in a frock coat," Alec had said, and suddenly, horribly, she realised he was right. But then the Pathan without the frock coat was the better man.

"Sixty-five . . ."  
 "Old man no wanchee sell."

She turned round quickly. She felt she could not bear to listen to the bargaining an instant longer. But before she could say anything, the old man had climbed disdainfully off his stool, and walked out of the room, saying something in Chinese as he went. King Fu waved distressed yellow hands.

"Old man vellee sollee you no makee understand. He say he no bunnia, but allee same sahib. Long ago he mandalin, having muchee placee honour in China."

"It doesn't matter anyway, Michael," she said coldly. "I couldn't accept it from you."

"But, dearest lady . . ." he began.

Why did he call her that? Irritated and disillusioned beyond measure, she was just going to answer him, when the door opened and the old man returned. He had taken off his faded linen coat, and dressed himself in an embroidered robe of ceremony. The rainbow colours were frayed and lustreless, but the folds of rich silk swept to the ground, and the necklace of amber and jade clashed as he walked.

He strode past Michael, not even deigning to glance at him, and, taking the lacquer pot between his hands, he came to where she stood by the window. The leaves and flowers of the little tree shone in the gliding sunshine, and the strong light revealed the seamed wrinkles in the old face and hands. Standing there in his frayed and splendid robes, he had a kind of pitiful dignity which caught at her heart-strings. He spoke in Chinese, a long, winding sentence, and placed the little tree in her hands, making the formal bow of presentation.

"Old man he say you makee allee same treasure," said King Fu, edging nearer to them, whilst Michael watched them from the back of the room. "He say you keep, allee same ancestor. . . . He vellee old man, go makee die soon . . . so give you one piecee tlee. Little tlee bring knowledge good things, bad things, you muchee want. . . . Little tlee allee same blessing. . . . But you never makee sell. What he once give to a king no can sell. . . ."

Sell it! As if she would ever sell anything as lovely as that! She was overwhelmed with delight, and could only stammer out words of thanks, and beg King Fu to tell the old man how touched and enchanted she was by his gift. "Tell him I shall keep it always, and that it will have the place of honour in my house. . . . Tell him I have never wanted anything so much . . . that if we have children, they shall treasure it too."

"Old man he say he savee that. He vellee pleased."

The frail yellow hands wrapped the tree in a square of Imperial silk and placed it in a black lacquer box, tied with red cord. When all was ready, Michael stepped forward to take the parcel, but, ignoring him, the old man gave it to her, and with another bow they were ushered out of the room by King Fu.

Michael shrugged his shoulders. "Quels drôles de gens . . . c'est gratis. Dieu sait pourquoi."

"I think He does," she answered gravely. "Chinese gods are very wise." And she hurried down the dark stairs before Michael could take her arm, or offer to carry the tree. They got into the car and drove away.

"Well, did you enjoy it?" he asked.

"Yes, it was a revelation."

"I told you that one never knew what one would find in Chinatown. It was amazing luck, getting that piece for nothing. But quite as it should be. The two most perfect things in this city should belong to one another."

She smiled rather wanly at the compliment. It was another discord. And he, thinking she must be tired, was silent for the rest of the drive. The streets were hot, and humanity seemed very ugly. She felt at the same time disillusioned and comforted, and she longed more than anything else to be alone with the little tree. On the steps of her house she said good-bye to Michael, and thanked him.

"When shall I see you again?" he called after her.

"I'm rather busy. I'll let you know."

Poor Michael, how different he had seemed! From the moment when they entered the craftsman's room she had seen him with new eyes. Perhaps the little tree was enchanted. The whole adventure might have come straight out of a fairy-tale—the enchanted tree, which makes people appear as they really are, she mused, as she walked into the twilight of the house.

She carried the lacquer box into her drawing-room and put it down on a mahogany table, standing framed in an alcove. She undid the red cords slowly, and then unwound the yellow silk, which she laid like a little sunset island on the lake of polished wood. Then, reverently, as if it were part of a ritual, she planted the tree on the island. Its fantastic flowers were reflected in the polished wood, and a gust of wind blowing through the door made its leaves of jade rustle and tinkle together, like those crystal bells which the devout hang outside the temples in China to keep away evil spirits.

She looked at the little tree for one long minute, then she leant forward and lightly kissed the topmost turquoise petal. "Oh, you lovely, lovely thing!" she whispered.

Alec stood in the doorway. He had come in quietly, and was watching her, unseen. How young she was, he thought, how childish, and how pretty! It was no marvel that she found the days long and empty. . . . The little tree.

"Did an old Chinaman give you that?" he asked her softly. "I tried to buy it for you once, but he would not take my offer. I thought then that it was beautiful. . . . If he gave it to you it should bring us luck."

"He did . . . and it has," she said tenderly.

The tree of the knowledge of good and evil!

[THE END.]



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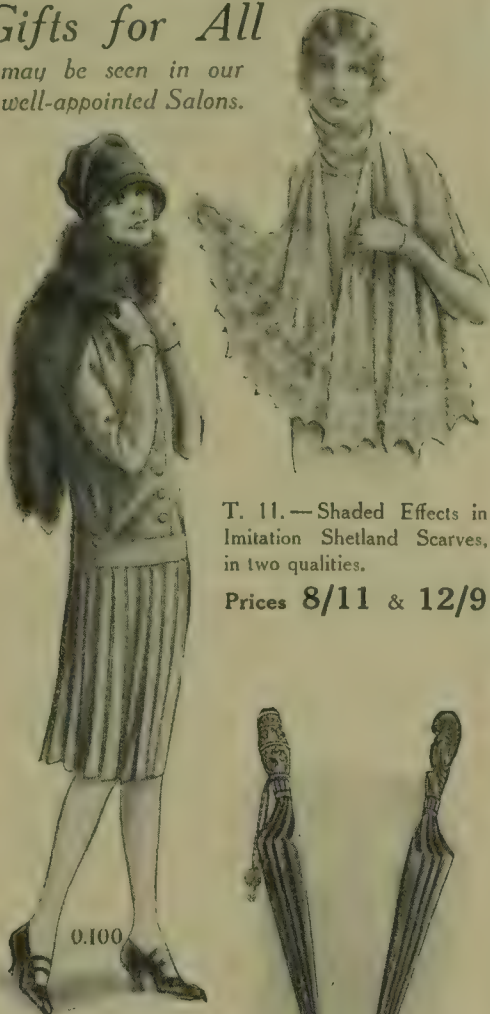
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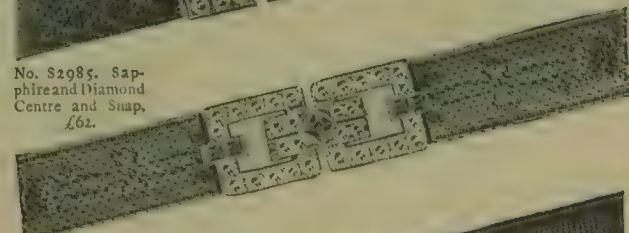
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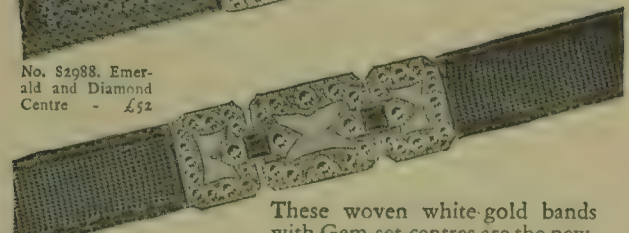
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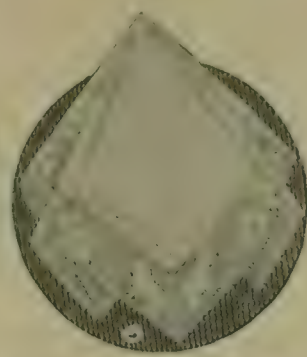
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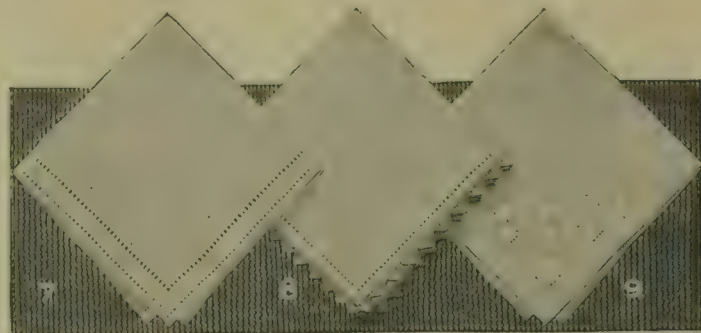
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Per dozen 10/-

## Handkerchief Gifts for Xmas



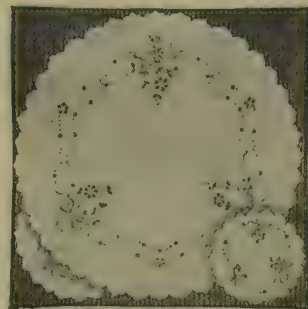
7. Ladies' linen handkerchiefs, with border of hand-embroidered dots.  
Per dozen 11/-

8. Ladies' linen handkerchiefs, edged hand-made Armenian lace.  
Per dozen 15/9

9. Ladies' linen handkerchiefs, with hand-rolled edge. Appliqued in one corner, hand work.  
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# XMAS GIFTS

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Height 25 in. **17/6**



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9 pieces **50/-**



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Novelty Car  
Mascot. Wax  
face, dressed in  
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Fine French Suede Gloves, round  
seam, one pearl button,  
fancy reversible corded  
silk cuff, embroidered  
motif real "Petit Point"  
of the smartest effect. In  
Light Beige, Mauresque,  
Medium Grey. **12/11**



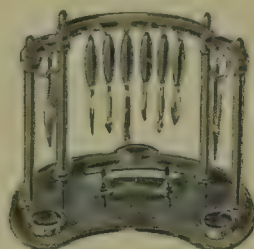
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Poucet size, with real  
Lizard Skin Crook  
Handle, edged real  
ivory. In Browns  
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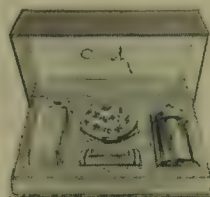
"Ibry" perfume most  
fragrant and lasting  
The flacon, in a  
beautiful leather  
case **£3**



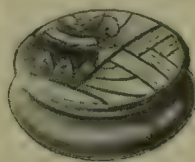
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case, with  
lipstick **£3 10**

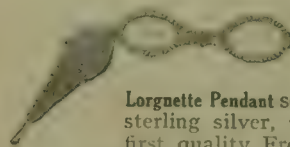


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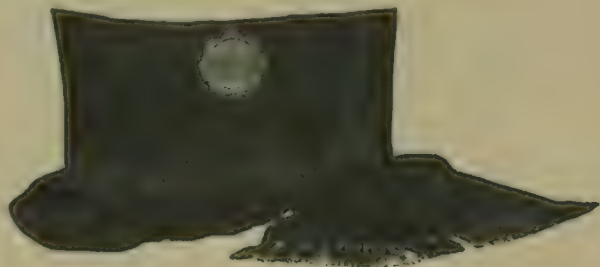
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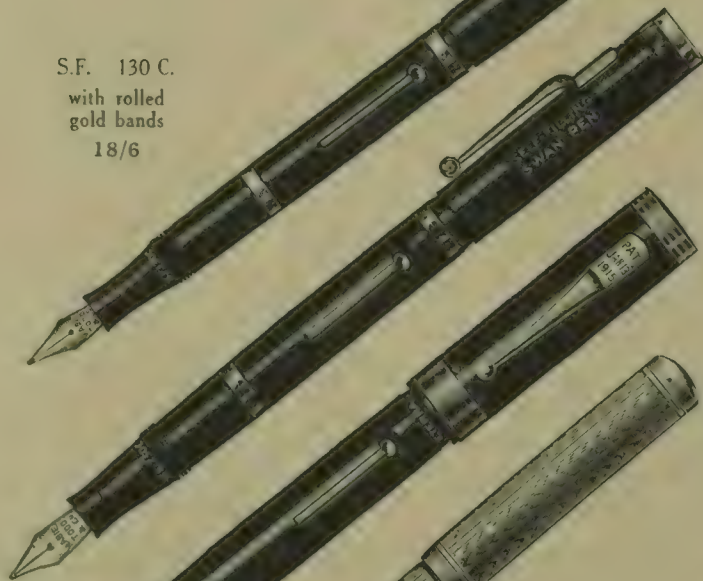
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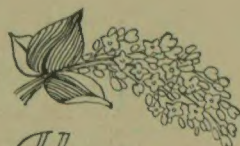


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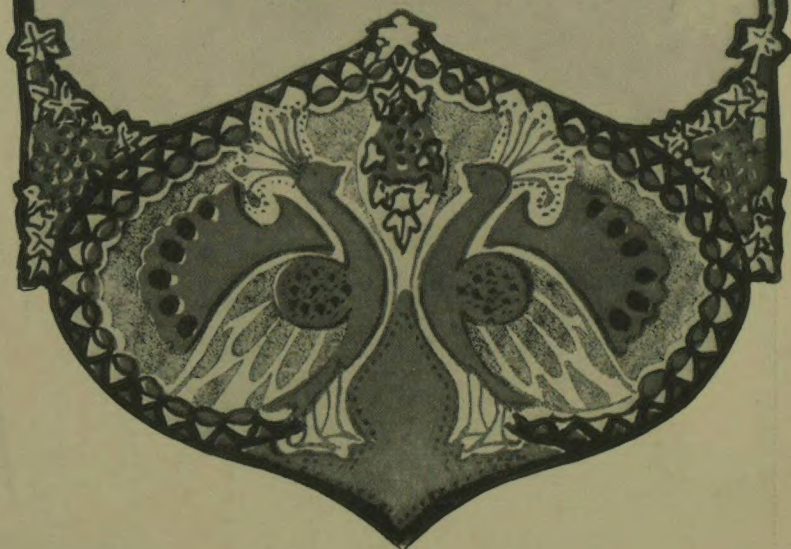


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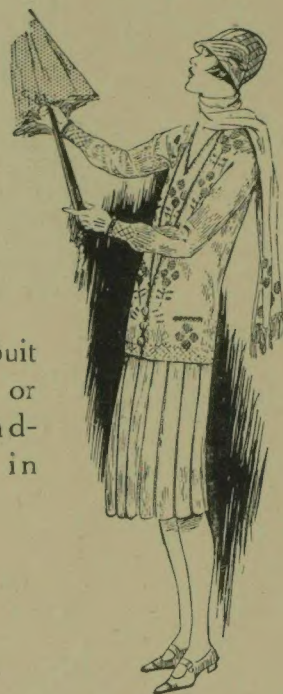
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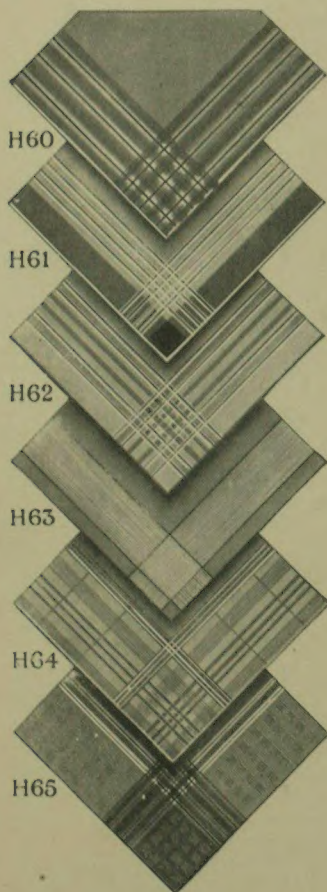
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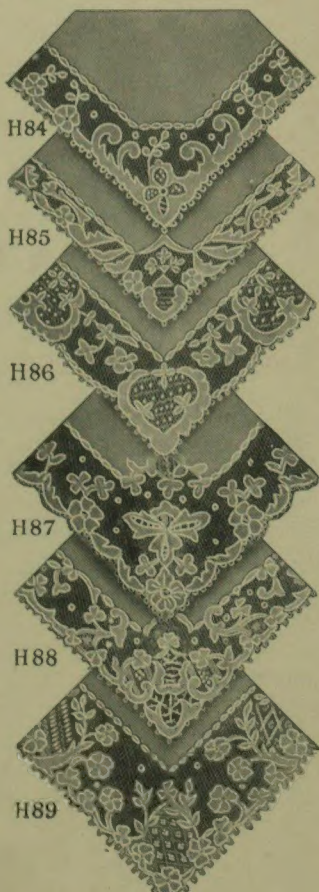
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